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LOVELL'S FOLLY.

NOVEL,

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,

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LOVELL'S FOLLY.

CHAPTER I.

"Sweet Auburn! leaviest village of the plain, Where health and penny cheer'd the laboring swain, Where smilling Spring its earliest visit paid, And parting Summer's linguring bloom delay's! Dear, lovely bowers of janocence and sase."

"A stranger! sayst them? Is she young and fair?"

THERE is a beautiful valley in New England, which I will not call by its geographical name, but by the rural appollation of Cloverdale; a so briquet, once given it by a poet, while it was receiving the bounteous sprinkling of a summer shower. There are many reasons why I prefer the poet's fancy to the plain, downright matter of fact-one is, that while I give a faithful description of the loveliness of nature, I would wish to call in the charm of imagination and the illusion of novelty as auxiliaries of truth. By the adoption of an innocent artifice of this kind, the drapery of faucy may be suffered to float lightly and gracefully over some of the realities of life, like the soft mist of the valley; and never was misty veil so transparent, silvery and fantastic as that which, every moonlight night,

name is so descriptive of pastoral plenty and rural beauty. It presents at once to the eye an image of luxuriant intervals, "redelent of sweets," fertilized by beneficent streams; of indolent cattle, ruminating on the riches of the land; of blooming dairymaids, and those luxuries of the country, butter and cheese. But Cloverdale possessed other distinctions than those received from the direct bounty of nature, who had adorned it as "a gem richer than all its tribe." It had long held an aristocratic rank every inhabited vale and village is thus honorably titled.) This was owing to the only aristocracy acknowledged in our country, the superior intelligence and refinement of its inhabitants. It was some of the metropolitans, whe, debilitated or dised for the chartered air and liberal shade. There watering places, where bustling invalids annually resort, who are laboring under the most insupportthought the waters of the winding river, (which, still were purer and better than all the waters of Saratoga and Ballston. And several travelers, who had journeyed themselves three successive summers into unutterable admiration of the falls of Niagara,

declared it was deliciously soothing to the eye, wearried by excessive grandeur, to rest on its modest waves, that flowed on through banks shadowed by such "bonny spreading bushes," that the sheltered stream could never sympathize with the recorded woes of Brain Water.

finement, its venerable oracles sometimes sighed for the rustic simplicity of olden times. The greyhaired dame, when she saw her grand daughters preparing for the evening party-arraying themselves in silks and batistes, with sleeves en gigot, and zephyrs, and zelians, and many other of the light conceits of fashion, "fine as the fairy web Arachne weaves,"-would lift the spectacles on her silvered brows, and talk of those good old-fashioned visits such as were made when she was young-when a plain muslin or calico frock was thought fine enough for the belle of the village, and the company assembling at the creditable hours of two or three in the afternoon, enjoyed their supper, in true patriarchal style, around the hospitable board; while many a eradle was dragged from its dusty nook, to accommodate the infant warblers, who were then early initiated into the mysteries of sociality. Alas! these golden days were passing away. Children, instead of being the privileged companions of their mothers in the festive party, feasting themselves to the eyes with flapjacks and pumpkin pies, were beginning to endure the hard discipline of the nursery; fashion, with her silver sandals, was fast treading on

the wild flowers and dewy herbage of the valley. Where the wholesome musle of the spinning-wheel was wont to charm the echoes from their sylvan retreats, the ivory keys of the piano made melody at the touch: in short, Cloverdale, like a rustic beauty, inflated by the consciousness of her charms, began to assume the refinements and graces of the metropolitan belle.

There was one family, which had been but a few years resident there, to whose influence might probably be attributed many of these modern innovations. Wealth and its accompaniment, leisure, a passion for agriculture, and above all, a desire to be predominant in society, had induced Mr. Marriwood to dispose of his property in the city, and to purchase the most expensive, conspicuous and magnificent looking establishment in the place. It had been built by a rich old bachelor, whose affections having no legitimate channels, diverged into many eccentric courses. Architecture became his ruling passion, and having no children to transmit his name to posterity, he determined to leave a monument more enduring than fruil flesh and blood, and which should link his memory to future generations, by the most venerable and classic associations. For this purpose, he caused to be crected a stately mansion, which heat first intended to be a model of the purest simplicity, but his taste luxuriating as the work went on, he relieved the severity of the Gothic pillars, which supported the plazza, with the richest Corinthian entablatures, and added many funtastic devi-

windows, which descended to the floor in front, and opened into a yard, whose velvet green was beautifully contrasted by flights of white marble steps. But as if resolved to mar the effect of this fair union, he had placed on high pedestals, in the centre of each square, statues of general Washington and Buonaparte; not cold and spotless, like the ancient gods, but dressed in full regimentals, and colored with the hues of life: The garden, too, was decorated with statues of party colored nymphs, and Adonises, and last, not least, his own figure, stowed like a household divinity in the vestibule of the temple. But the ill-fated Benedict was not destined to enjoy the fruit of his labors. He had studied architecture more deeply than economy, and was confounded when he found his purse was not as inexhaustible as his genius. The workmen became importunate, creditors clamorous; he heard his taste ridiculed, his madness condemned; ruin glared him in the face, and unable to sustain all these accumulated horrors, the reason, whose suggestions he had slighted, utterly forsook him. He became a brainstricken wanderer mid the shade of the valley, and fled from the companionship of men, to hold fellowship with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, while the monument he had built in his pride, became famous in the surrounding country, by the name of "Lovell's Folly," derived from its unfortunate owner. The celebrity of this mansjon, first attracted Mr. Marriwood to Cloverdale. He saw

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that by making those alterations and improvements which a cultivated taste and ample fortune enabled him to plan and execute, it would make a very desirable and elegant abode. A noble but neglected farm belonged to the establishment, which would furnish a liberal field for his agricultural talents. and in the simple and unostentatious inhabitants, he thought he should find characters which he could mould at his will. Being thus at once established in his own imagination as the honored nabob of the country, he became an immediate purchaser, and hastened to communicate the result of his examination to his only daughter, Miss Penitence Marriwood, who began forthwith to bulld her chateaux en Espagne-though of different materials from her father's. To this young lady nature had been somewhat niggard of her bounties; but fortune, as if determined to indemnify her for the parsimony of dependent of the reversion of her father's unincumbered wealth, she was the heiress of an opulent maiden aunt, and well had she carned the dowry. by bearing the rueful name of Penitence, in honor of her puritanical relative. Some averred that her name was doubly significant, and that Marriwood was an orthographical corruption of Marry-would. But as envy, like the sun, falls with most power on the loftiest objects, it is the natural supposition, that the superior privileges of the heiress, exposed her to censorious observations, in the new sphere in which she now moved.

One of Mr. Marriwood's first movements was to displace the statues of the Gallic warrior and American chief from their marble thrones, transport the nymphs and swains from their sylvan beds, and disenshrine the faded image of poor Lovell, which stood in melancholy desolation, amid the wonders he had wrought. Mr. Marriwood was, however, too well aware of the value of worldly goods, to throw aside these relics of insane fancy, as uscless rubbish. He sold the venerated father of American glory to the keeper of a neighboring hotel, who hoisted him on the pinnacle of a huge white pillar, as a sign peculiarly fitting and imposing, it. being called the Washington hotel. Buonaparte. being considered of infinitely less value, was disposed of, at an inferior price, to the same purchaser, as an ornament to a whitewashed pump contiquous to the stable, where the imperial Corsican was doomed to see the lilies of France, emblazoned on his chapeau de bras, daily and hourly bespattered by incessant jets d' eau, without the power to repel or resent the insult. A carpenter, who was building a pleasure-boat for the accomodation of the strangers and young people of the valley, bought one of the naiads for his barge, which he christened 'Lady of the Lake,' Finding the lord of the mansion rather unsaleable, the new owner, with ready ingenuity, converted him into a scare-crow, for his own rich corn-fields. Sic transit gloria mundi.

While Mr. Marriwood was thus embellishing and improving the exterior of the edifice, his daughter was no less indefatigable in fitting up the interior, in a style which was intended to dazzle the untried gaze of the villagers. Furniture, from the very heart of the city, was arranged with patrician pomp, in apartments carpeted with the most showy Brussels. A grand upright piano, the upper part covered with rich crimson silk, drawn in regular folds towards the centre, where a gilded ornament in the similitude of a sun, shone as a focus, occupied a conspicuous place in the drawing-room. A library of splendidly bound books was claborately displayed; paintings, in broad gilded frames, adorned the walls; every thing was studied for effect, and Miss Marriwood was for a white fully satisfied with the result. The next thing was to give an appropriate name to the place, thus modishly fitted up. The father thought Urbs in rure, would be a very imposing title, but the daughter objected to it as too dry and scholastic. She suggested Bellevue, but that was too common; then Roseville, and Grassville, and Elmgrove. At last they both united in preferring La Grange, in compliment to our transatlantic friend; so henceforth, the name of La Grange supplanted that of Lovell's Folly.

At first the people kept at a respectful distance from the new comers—some from bashfulness, because they were afraid to speak to such grand follers, others from honest pride, not wishing to court the actice of the affluent, and a few because they were

independent enough to think their society would not increase their felicity or honor. When the ice of ceremony, however, was once broken, their drawing-room, particularly in the summer season, was generally filled with those guests, most welcome and courted. Travelers soon learned that it was very pleasant and convenient to bring letters of introduction to the master of La Grange, whose turkeys were pronounced most inviting; and whose wine of superior flavor. The young lawyer, wearied with the drudgery of his profession, found the soft cushioned sofa, or luxurious lolling chair, always ready for his accommodation, more tempting than the hard Windsor frames of his land-lady. The physician, who proverbially loves a lounging place—a kind of privileged resting spot in his toilsome lifepath-had fact enough to discover, that by paying the easy penalty of listening attentively to Mr. Marriwood's good stories and anecdotes, and Miss Penitence's very impressive marches and songs, (for she gave every key its most sublime expression,) he had installed himself in their best graces and was invested at once with all the privileges of a familfar friend. Rusticated students and aspiring graduates, by using the same passport, were almost equally honored; and the heiress often condescended to admit them as gailants in her rural perambulations, or equestrian excursions. Delighted with attentions which she attributed to her own fuscinations, she began to imagine herself the cynosure of all eyes and hearts, when a circumstance occurred

that clouded, or threatened to cloud, the brilliancy of her prospects. She had an exceedingly beautiful had just finished her education, in the fashionable sense of the expression: that is, was just released from a fashionable boarding school and received as courtship before this formidable rival should enter the lists for public admiration. But she saw the and deportment, than from the most studied descripthe two cousins were for a short time the only speakers.

It was one of the last hours of the loveliest day. in the loveliest season of the year,-young, unfolding summer. A faint shade of purple was beginning to soften the intensity of the sky, and deepening as the sun declined, it hung in imperial folds over the outline of the neighboring hills, and tinged the winding Devon with the same mellow hue. The two young ladies were walking to and fro in the pillared piazza, their arms affectionately twined in titudes, to admire the beauty of the landscape or perchance to observe if no admiring eyes were turned on them. Mr. Marriwood was promenading in the garden, with his two inseparable companions a shaggy-cared dog and a gold headed cane, apnarently too much absorbed in horticultural cogitations to indulge in romance about so common an

"My dear Penitentia," said Florenco,—who shrunk with horror, from such an odious, old-fashioned name as Penitence, and after racking her invention to refine it, had chosen the Latin as more classic and musical,—"my dear Penitentia, when shall we have those delightful riding and sailing purities, you have so often described as so pastoral and romantic? I begin to be tired of this monotony, and long for some excitement, some interesting event to break in on the prevoking sameness of our every-day existence."

"Why, this is a sudden fit of ennui, Florence," exclaimed Penitence, "it is no later than last

evening, on this self-same spot, I heard you talking in raptures to Russel Rovington, of the charms of a country life. But I suppose there is more excitement, when your companion is a handsonue young man, instead of your humble cousin."

"You may spare your sarcasms, Pen," replied Florence. It is worthy of remark, that when displeased, she always addressed her in this money linbic manner, "You, who have such boistorous spirits, can make no allowance for the alternations of feelings to which persons of sensibility are ever subject. They are happy without knowing wherefore, and sad without knowing why. The shades of sensibility are too delicate to be analyzed; at least by the rulgar eye,"

"I hope you would not insimunte that my eye is vulgar," retorted her cousin, "it does not require a microscopic vision to discover that you are happy, when Russel Rovington is near and dispirited when he is absent. Can you deny it, my fair sensitive cox?"

"Al scorn to deny what there is no shame in acknowledging," said Florence, assuming the dignity of a Minna Troil, when avowing her love for the Pirate Cleveland, "I do admire Russel Rovington. He is so different from the poor working mortals of the present day—he is one of these etherial beings".—

"I don't know what you call etherial, Florence," interrupted Penitence, "but I'm sure he doen't live upon air. He did ample justice to our roasted

turkey and plum pudding the other day, and he likes a good glass of wine, in the bargain."

"I am astonished at your coarseness, Pen," roplied Ference, withdrawing her arm as she spoke, "you always come like a blighting middew over the flowers of sentiment and feeling. But I shall soon learn to concoal every emotion in the deep foldings of my own heart."

"Well, do not be nagry, my gentle coz, and I will promise to be more sentimental in future; I do not think he eats more than is necessary for existence, or drinks wine but for the picasure of drinking to you with his eyes, while he asks you to partake of the sparkling glass. Admire the brother as much as you please, but do not, if you love me, extend your admiration to the sister. If there is one girl I more cordially hate than another, it is Cathavine Rovington."

"You should not suffer your prejudices to be so violout, Penitence. I cannot say that I exactly like her myself, she is to self-possessed, too uninqualize, if I may use the expression, to be congenual to my taste. But why you should hate her, I cannot imagine."

a There are a thousand reasons. I disliked her the first moment I saw her. She has such a look of conscious superiority; then she has constantly slighted all my attentions,—condescensions, I might call them, considering the vast difference in our situations, for if they were not very poor, she would never have engaged in the mean employment of school keeping. Yet she carries herself with such an air, when she walks the streets, with her train of pupils, you would think it was some princess with her retinue. I wonder her brother permitted her to undertake such a thing, he is so very proud. Then there is Mrs. Elmwood, who has always been cold to me, treats her with such marked distinction; constantly inviting her to her house, presenting her books, and vaunting her takents to the geutlemen; in short, making as much fuss about her, as if, to speak frankly, she had my wealth or your beauty to books of.

"Oh! Penitentia, I am sure she is handsome, and then her younger sister, the sweet Viola, is a perfect angel."

"She might be an interesting child, if every body didn't spoil her, by making such an idol of her. Her family make themselves ridiculous by it. Indeed, they think too much of each other, ever to care much about any body else. a Don't blush so migrily, Florence, I can't help speaking the truth at least. They are too sellish, too shockingly domestic. But see, whose carriage can that be, that glitters through the shade trees? It is a very stylish one."

The carriage, whose approach interrupted this edifying conversation, was evidently a traveling equipage, from the dark colored canvass, which covered its body, and the trunks inshed on behind; and it was as evident that it was occupied by persons of style,—to use a favorite phrase of Miss Marriwood's,—from the brilliancy of its rich plated

ornaments, and the dainty sleekness of the burnished bays, which lifted their white fectocks, as if fearful of soiling them with plebeian dust, to say nething of the huge negro, who sat on the coach box, lazily swingling his whip lash in the air, and rolling his ivory balls towards the setting sun. As it passed the mansion, they could discorn the figure of a lady in a dark riding dress, and green calash on the nearer side of the back seat, and opposite, a sable visage was pecping out, whose darkness was relieved by a gay-colored, high-coiled turban of surprising height.

"Who can they be?" exclaimed Miss Marriwood, with irresistible curiosity, "I am sure they must be travelers of distinction, and if they remain here I am as are they must have letters of introducted to to papa. Every body of any note is introduced at La Grange. Dit yousee any gentlemen in the carriage? Oh! here comes Dr. Chandler, perhaps he can tell us who they are."

The gentleman in question, opened the gate and sauntored up the steps, with an air of easy familiarity and indifference, which marks the security of the consciously welcome guest.

Penitence, in her engerness to pursue her inquiries, ran down the steps to meet him-

"Doctor, do you know whose carriage passed you? Did you see the lady, with the green calash? Was she young, was she pretty?" were questions which assailed him in one brenth. "I know one thing," replied the Doctor drily,
"that a pair of young, bright eyes, sparkled on me,
from under the green calash, and they dazzled me
so I could not see any thing else distinctly."

"Were her eyes," said Miss Fairchild, who was much in the habit of speaking between inverted commas, "were they of the light azure of sunny day, or the deep blue of starry night."

"I could no more tell their color," answered the Doctor, "than that of a shooting star,"—
"They were bright and heavenly, but they've

pass'd."

"They certainly resembled a shooting star, in one respect," said Miss Marriwood, who prided herself upon her brilliant repartees, "they reflected their rays on a midnight expanse."

"Very good, Miss Marriwood, like Dr. Ollapod, I
we you one." A startling scream from Miss
I sirchild, checked the encounter of their wits.
Following the direction of her glance, they ascertained the cause of her terror, and for a moment silently participated in her alargo.

Just as the object of their speculations, was turning towards the Washington Hotel, whose white sign post, so singularly surmounted, stood an unerring beacon to the passing traveler, a stage coach came rushing along with a fury which showed there was no guiding hand to restrain the motions of the fiery horses. The black driver reined in his bays, and skilffully turned them in another direction, but the runaway steeds had been accustomed to make

a graceful circumvolution in front of the hotel, and suddenly turning, came in violent contact with the carriage, which being of lighter frame, crashed and overturned.

"Oh! how unfortunate!" ejaculated Florence, clasping her hands most feelingly, and looking up to heaven.

"Your meteors have fallen, Doctor!" exclaimed Penitence, "but directly in your own path. It is all for the benefit of your profession."

The sensibility of this speech was entirely lost upon Dr. Chandler, who was already on the wing, and soon in the midst of the group which surrounded the shattered vehicle, and its suffering occupants. "Oh! here comes the Doctor, make way," was repeated by many voices and a ready passage was immediately opened for him, to the spot where his professional services seemed imperiously demanded. The young lady with the starry eyes, was kneeling by the prostrate body of another female, whose immovable features and marble complexion, were scarcely more resembling death than her own; which were now fully exposed, as her green calash, and even her combs had fallen amidst the wreck. The negress, who was also deprived of her variegated turret, bent her "diminished head" on the other side of the pallid lady and gave vent to the most clamorous lamentations. Dr. Chandler was too actively benevolent to remain a passive spectator of distress, which he had the power to relieve, and commending the kneeling maiden to the care

of her sable attendant, at the same time assuring her, her companion was only in a swoon, he raised the insensible stranger in his arms, bore her into the hotel, and placed her on a soft, in one of the inner apartments. She of the green calash, with the bewailing daughter of Africa, closely followed his steps, the former supported by the intenseness of her solicitude, utterly regardless of her disordered apparel, or the curious gaze of the bystanders, the latter muttering through her sobs, "No good Yankee land. Me thought Misses only come to die, Venus dit lock,"

The repeated application of cold water and hardshorn at length aroused the sufferer from her death-like swoon; opening her eyes, with a bewildered dreaming expression, she attempted to move her right arm, then closed them again with a low she of agony. "Lorelly! Lorelly!" she murmured, "where is no child?"

"Here, dearest mother," exclaimed the young lady, kneeling by her side, while her appealing glance fixed on the physician, seemed to deprecate the knowledge of the extent of her misfortune. "Oh! break, dear mother, and tell me where you suffer."

Instead of answering this camest address, the mother, whose sacred claims were so feelingly acknowledged, raised her left hand to her neek, and passing her fingers along a golden chain, which encircled it, seemed anxiously to follow its course to where its links were concealed in the foldings of her robe, then pressing her hand on her bosom,

she drew a deep inspiration and a faint expression of pleasure was perceptible on her pallid countenance. The consciousness of still possessing a treasure, whose home was near her heart, was evidently the source of this transient emotion. The Doctor, who perceived from her first motion that her arm was broken, and that her daughter's fears ombodied a still greater calamity, communicated the intelligence with all the kindness of his nature, his best sympathies being enlisted in behalf of the interesting strangers. Lorelly, for as such she had been addressed, received it at first with no additional emotion, excepting a mere deadly paleness and a more quivering lip, then hiding her face on the arm of the sofa, she wept as if incapable offersignation.

"I knew it," sobbed out the dusky Venus, "I knew Miss Fanny, 'twould all be so. No good in Yankee country. November said we be all done dead, forc wo go back to Virginy."

"Peace, peace, Aunt Venus, for mercy. You will distract her?" cried Lorelly, who made an effort to recover her self-possession, when she saw the poworless grief of the negro.

Dr. Chaudler looked from the fair speaker to the dingy being she so affectionately addressed, then turned towards the faded, but still surpassingly beautiful woman who lay reclining before binn. For a moment every thing looked double to him. He was a biberally educated, but true, untraveled Yankee, who like many other crudite students, knew much less of the peculiarities of his ow country, than of other lands.

"The young lady calls her mother," said he to himself, "and then Blackey styles the mother Miss Fanny; and stranger still, this fair girl addresses Mrs. Blackey as her own aunt."

Very disagreeable conjectures began to float in his mind, but he did not slacken his humane attentions. As a building was being creeted in the immediate neighborhood, he found no difficulty in obtaining the dismal beards, to encase one of the fairness arms that was ever doomed to such "durrance vile." When the drapery that covered it was withdrawn, and the sable locks, which, loosened by the accident, escaped from beneath the rich lace that shaded them, fell over its dazzling whiteness, the contrast was almost as striking as if folds of black satin were thrown around the pure, chisseled marble.

"What a pity!" half grouned the poor doctor, and continued he to himself, "what a pity that black raven called her Miss Fanny."

"Will not the operation be exquisitely painful?" asked Lorelly, shuddering, and averting her eyes from the splinters just placed in his hands.

"It shall be performed, Madam, with all the gentieness of which I am master," he replied. "But let me entreat you to retire to another apartment, and suffer some one, who feels less acutely interested, to support your mother during the momentary trial." "Leave her? Because I should suffer? No! Think not of me."

"Compose yourself, my Lorelly," said the sufferer, in a voice of melancholy sweetness, "I fear not physical suffering. I believe the surface is impassive." The deep sigh which followed these words, implied, that if the surface was impassive, "the bitter waters of Marah flowed beneath the ico."

aShe is unhappy," thought the doctor, "very unhappy. There is a shade of native sadness over the face of this sweet young lady too. I cannot think she can be her own daughter. She looks too young to be the mother of a girl in her teens. There is exertianly something very mysterious and interesting about them both?"

Thus ruminated the self-inquisitive physician, as he commenced his poinful office. It is unnecessary to higge on this process, which differed not here from similar scenes, except in the unshrinking fortitude of the patient, and the ludicrously pitcous manner in which poor Venus manifested her concern for her mistress, and her indignation against the Yankees, who had brought this misfortune upon them.

November, the hero of the coach box, was too busy in attending to the wounded vehicle, and brushing the dust from the soiled limbs of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, to share the sorrows of his dusky bride.

There is nothing new or remarkable in the event I have described. Every newspaper may speak of

was ordained to have an enduring influence on the destiny of many individuals. It was a link in that apparently unconnected but unbroken chain of

events, with which an Almighty hand has girdled

zone to zone and age to age. It is in vain, and

worse than in vain, to talk of this or that lucky ad-

venture, or unfortunate mischance. The same Power

that watches over the fate of empires, marks the falling of the dying sparrow. The same heavenly

munificence that fed the glory of Solomon, clothed

the lily of the field in its surpassing robes. There is no incident, however trivial or chance-directed

the most interesting, wonderful and awful dependen-

cies: and though many a rural village may boast

of more hair-breadth adventures than those which

befel the Virginian travelers, and detained them in

the valley of Cloverdale, I question if any of their

simple annals contain a record more interesting

than that which remains in consequence in the me-

mory of some of its inhabitants.

CHAPTER IL

44This world has not a feeling given. So hely or to fair. So like the intercourse in heaven, Which blessed spirits share,

Young kindred hearts around, And make an earthly Eden shine In home's delightful bound, "-STRICKLAND.

And who was Russel Rovington, that etherial being, admired of the beautiful Florence?

Russel Rovington, to speak in the touching language of Scripture, "was the only son of his mother, and she a widow;" he was, moreover, the only guardian of two orphan sisters. But let us not be so unjust to departed worth, as to introduce this interesting family, without paying a passing tribute to the memory of that husband and father, who was, in the most emphatic sense, what Pope describes as the "noblest work of God." He was one of those rare beings, of whom it might be said, "that he must have had defects, for he was mortal, but envy itself never had been able to discover them." An inflexible republican, he continued his unswerving course, through the stormy elements of political life, without forfeiting the respect and esteem of the opposing faction. A warm, practical Christian,

with religion of the heart, rather than of the head, the most bigoted and sectarian could not deny his claim to that holy title. A true philanthropist, his love embraced the whole human race; but as the planets which approach nearest the sun become more radiant and burning, his affections deepened and brightened as they drew near that concentration of all life's best hopes and feelings-home-Holding an office of high public trust, he was removed for a portion of the year from the bosom of his family, but whenever he returned, what a holiday of the heart-what a holiday throughout the valley. From the honest farmer, who left his plough to shake his cordial hand, to the little school girl, who dropped her lowest courtesy as he passed, the septiment was as pervading as sincere. It may be asked, why an individual so highly gifted, should have located himself in so retired a spot, so comparatively humble a sphere? It was not that he

4_____loy'd man less, but nature more, '7

and having most obsolete ideas of domestic happiness, and thinking that the years of our pilgrimage are few and short, he wished his resting place from the turmoils of business to be somewhat aloof from the gay and encroaching many. To him, Cloverdale was an Eden, without one trace of the primeval curse; but he was driven from it, not by the flaming sword of justice, but the cold hand of death. By one of those dark Providences, which must ever be inscrutable to human penetration, this man, so beloved and honored, was suddenly snatched away, in the unwasted vigor of his manhood, and meridian of his usefulness. The salarry, which had afforded his family a liberal support in his life, ceased at his death; and as he had no real estate, independent of his country seat, hie left his widow dowerless, and his children portionless, save the portion of an honored name, and the inheritance of an irreproachable example.

The ruddy bloom and sunny brightness of adolescence, still mantled on the check and revelled in the eye of Russel Rovington, when he was invested with such sacred responsibilities. Passing through a cloudless boyheod, the conscious object of pride, hope, and affection, his character had never been tested by that ordent, through which, if it had no other influence than developing the latent energies of man, the pligrims of earth should unmurmuring pass. But when it is acknowledged to be the only ordeal that brings out the hidden glories of the sonl, the probationer of eternity should joy as he endures it.

The friends of the widowed Mrs. Royington doubly compassionated her, that she was left with so oppressive a charge, as the education of a wild, impetuous youth—just placed in the very heart of temptation, though it were the cherishing besom of the most venerable Alma Mater of our country. They knew not the mine, whose yet unfathomed treasures were to pour their lustre to the day, and unlike the dark caverns of nature, which remain

chill and unenlightened, while they lavish their gems upon the world, was destined to feel the reflection of all the beams it imparted.

Had no unusual solemnity attended the circumstances of this bereavement-had he merely lost a father, however venerated, it is probable that after the stunning effect of the blow was past, his feelings might have rebounded from the pressure, with the usual elasticity of his age. But a circumstance occurred, which had as commanding an influence, as if the voice of his dead parent had addressed him from beneath the sods of the valley. While he was examining some of his own papers, which he had left in his father's secretary, when he entered the university, he found a sealed letter, directed to himself, in characters now more than ever sacred curiosity, he broke the seal and read, what we may be pardoned for transcribing at length, as it has so important a connection with the history we are relating.

"My beloved, my only Son:-

I am Ill.—My friends believe it a transient indisposition, but though the cold fingers new only gently touch me, I feel that it is the hand of death. Something whispers that you will soon be summoned to the bedside of a dying father, to receive the holiest trust that ever devolved upon a poor, untried boy like thee—the guardinuship of such a mother and two young, orphan sisters. Russel, as you

hope for an inheritance in the kingdem of heaven. he faithful to this trust. As you hope to lay your head in peace, on the death-pillow I soon may press, remember my parting words. But it is not alone to give you this solemn injunction I triumph over the weakness of disease, and trace these trembling lines. An event, which took place before your birth, I am about to leave in your confidence, as it may hereafter have consequences of weight. Soon after my marriage, an unexpected misfortune brought me to the brink of ruin. Poverty, and its spective. I could not break your mother's heart by telling her that I was undone, innocently, but irremediably; but I disclosed the secret to a friend. who had ever been to me as a brother. The sum of twenty thousand dellars, loaned me in timely hour. by that kind friend, rescued me from unknown miseries. This benefactor is Mr. Charles Lacey, whose son is now your class-mate and companion. The salary I receive for my public labors, has liberally supported my family, and that is all. I have never been able to refund the debt; but whenever I spoke of it, he turned from the subject, and avowed his determination never to demand it, promising the same in behalf of his son after his own decease. He is now in Europe. In a few years his son will be of age, for he is much your senior. I know not that he is the heir of his father's virtues, but I fear he is mercenary. Should Mr. Lacey be taken from his family, and Charles, upon his majerity, demand

his due, I cannot give another pang to your mother. in addition to those she must soon bear. She knows it not. To you, my son, young as you are, I confide the honor of my name and every thing dependent on a link, which has never yet been tarnished. Should evil days come, when I am low in the dust. which God in his mercy avert, be thou, my son, ail, and far more than thy father would have been, had he been spared on earth. Sacrifice every thing but integrity, for the sake of her who bore thee, and who loves thee with a love even passing a mother's Keep together, my children, and may the home of your parents never be taken from you. Bind closer and closer the silver cord. Let fillal devotion, strengthened and sanctified by Christian picty, be the directing, sustaining principle of your life. May everlasting blessings follow you, as you fulfil these prayers are answered in thec. God forever bless thee, as I now bless thee.

R. ROVINGTON."

Russel had been summoned from the University in accordance with the prophetic words of the letter, to the dying bed of his father, scarcely in time to witness, for the first time, the most affecting and and grand of all carthly scenes, the transit of an immortal soul. The recollection of the last glance his parent had turned on him, so solemn and coutiding, came back upon him with a sublimity and power almost supernatural. He remained long moveless and silent, his eyes riveted on the contents of the paper, then placing it in his bosom, he knelf down on the spot where he had perused it, and offered up his self-sacrificing vow to that Beling whose omnipresence his spirit felt and acknowledge ad. "God of the widow—Pather of the fatherless," centinued he, "do thou bless or curse me, as I am true or false to this vow." He rose, and it seemed to him, that new energies and capacities were born within him—that he had gained the experience of years, in the moral discipline of that hou. When he returned to the University, his fellow students perceived that "a change had come over his spirit," and waited impatiently for the revival of that hi-larity, which was the charm of their convivial meetings. But they waited in vain. His cheerfulness was gradually restored, but he henceforth lost all relish for the mere follies of youth. The bold westler, the uniting racer, the here of the gymnasium, became the deep and indefatigable student, he successful competitor for the highest literary bonors.

It is necessary here to record one circumstance, which happened a short time before his graduation. Since his return to college, his intercourse with Charles Lacey, which had never been very endearing, partook of inevitable coolness and restraint. Conscious of the obligations which Charles had unwittingly imposed upon him. Russel was too

proud to pay any additional court to one whose character he despised. Lucey, on his part, began to dislike Russel, for the superior influence he had acquired, notwithstanding his own superior wealth.

There was a pale, sickly youth in their class, a charity scholar, second only to Russel in literary rank. It may not be irrelevant here to remark upon the elevated stand this class of students has assumed in our country. With national pride, we would do honor to their talents, worth, and fame, and bless those liberal institutions which receive into their fostering bosoms the unportioned sons of genius, and nurture them for future dignity and glory. Full many a feverish lip, thirsting for the dews of Castalia, has been freely bathed from the fountains of knowledge, that are opened in the gardens of Harvard! Full many an cagle spirit, panting for an upward flight, has there been plumed, as from the mount of Pindus; and many a devotee to abstract science has there wooed the "muse of Philosophy," as in the groves of Academus. Venerable Harvard! honor to thy classic walls, and honor thou hast received. The lips thy fountains have bathed, have oft breathed within thee strains of Ciceronian eloquence and Virgilian harmony. The spirits thou hast plumed, have brought thee back the treasures of the mountain, the vailey, and the sea; the pearls of fancy, the fruit of science, and the gem of wit. Again I say, peace and honor to thee, most munificent Alma Mater.

The pale child of penury, mentioned before this digression, was the object of Russel's especial kind-

ness and even respect; and was proportionally scorned and neglected by the purse-proud Lacey. He had not only to contend with the ills of poverty, but the feebleness of hereditary disease; and often when Russel saw the anxious blush on his sallow check, over the uncompleted task, he would assist him in its accomplishment, even at the hazard of slighting his own. In the gymnastic exercises, Russel always managed to get near his feeble friend, to guard him from the rough sports of his more athletic companions. Once, as they were assembled on the large common, where they were accustomed to cultivate the rudiments of their constitutions, while they gave relaxation to their minds, the protege of Russel chanced most unintentionly to exasperate the pride of Lacey to such a pitch that he gave him a most cowardly blow. Russel. placed himself before his insulted friend, glowing, with generous indignation.

"Dare not Lacey," he cried, "dare not lift your hand a second time. Strike me if you will, but this young man shall be sacred from your insults."

At this honest rebuke, most of the students burst out in an applicating huzza,

"Rovington forever! He's the ind for my money. That's your sort. Huzza for Rovington."

Shouts like these, gruted most discordantly on Lacey's ear; while the hats, which they tossed in the air, came down on his head and shoulders like so many black crows, and he almost fancied he could bear their hideous cawing. "Roylngton," muttered he, shaking his clenched ist at him, as he darted from the play ground, "remember, you shall pay for this."

Russel thought of his father's letter, but he could not repent. He had been true to his integrity, and he felt that the had forfielted no blessing. Covered with collegiate bonors, he was graduated the following autumn, and immediately commenced the study of that profession, which, though proverbially dry at the outset, leads to the most magnificent results:—I mean the study of the lawy, a profession in which man may exercise the noblest faculties of his heart and intellect. He remained a resident graduate, till his probationary studies were ended, that "he might sit at the feet of the Gamaliel" he most reverenced, when he returned to his native taley, to the mother who had followed his brilliant caveer with tremblings and rejoicing, and the sisters becomethed to his cave, as a leaver so dear.

Catharine, the elder of the two, was new in the morn of womanhood, with the rose of New England blooming on her check, and its spirit of intelligent independence enthroned on her brow. With the full approbation of her mother, she had solicited the office of assistant instructress, in an academy recently established in their immediate neighborhood, and engaged with all her heart and soul, in what Miss Marriwood deemed the wigar employment, to quote an expression which we admire for its freshness and novelty, "of teaching the young idea how to shoot." For this purpose, she had cul-

tivated the fine powers of her vigorous mind from earliest dawn to latest eve; for this, after she was freed from the restraints of a boarding school, she had been the assiduous pupil of her brother, during his vacations and visits, and enriched her memory with scholastic lore. She knew not the incumbrance that weighed down their small estate, and there was no absolute necessity for her exertions; but Catharine had very exalted ideas of the purposes of her being, and thought she might be enabled to ennoble the character of her sex, as it came under her influence and example, while the mould was yet soft and impressible. This conviction was not the result of vanity, but a proper estimate of her own powers. She knew that much had been given, and folt that much would be required; and moreover, she had that love of independence, which is the birth-right of American females and peculiarly characteristic of the daughters of New England.

One thing, too, sweetened the task. Her younger sister was her pupil,—the spoiled child whom Penitence Marriwood so pittled and condemned. But there was one strange inconsistency. Most of those scourges of society, spoiled children, appear in the form of domestic tyrants, selfish, petulant, and sour. Whereas, Vlola Rovington were that of a household cherub, kind, placid, and sweet. She was, moreover, of that age when she would not exactly like to be called a child, nor was she ready to assume thy honors of womanhood; but this doubtful period, generally so awkward in most young misses, was so engaging in her, one could not look on her without wishing that she might remain just as she was, a half unfolded flower, fearing lest each leaf that opened to the sun, might lose something of its purity or bloom. I have compared her to a flower, but she resembled more some fuir exotic of the green house, than the healthy blossoms of her native fields. She had that fragile delicacy of figure and complexion which reminds one of early decay, and the extreme redundancy of her flaxen hair, which had not yet known the discipline of art, with the pule blue of her soft, downcast eyes, confirmed this impression of constitutional debility. She had discovered early indications of uncommon genius, which though not unduly cultivated, was evidently the dawn of a bright, intellectual day. Thus fair, gentle, gifted, and an orphan, the youngest too, is it strange, that she was the most beloved of all? The most tenderly cherished and carressed?

I have dwolt, herhaps too long, on this family sketch,—for it is a family I tove. I have yet spoken but transically of the mother, for her character may be read in her children's, where a mother's virtues may be traced almost as clearly as the summor clouds in the transparent waters of the Devon. This family group was now gathered in a spot, which is so descriptive of those charming country cottages to be found in the vicinity of Boston, it would be an unpardonable offence against local traste to pass it unnoticed.

The mansion which was designated by the modest appellation of the English cottage, was a direct opposite to the stately pile, for which poor Lovell paid the penaity of his wits. It was of pure, virgin white, contrasted by green blinds and doors, with corresponding wings on either side, shadowed by two imperial elms, and looking down upon a sloping lawn, of a verdue so doep and bright, it recalled the evangelical description of those sweet fields "beyond the swelling flood," arrayed in living green. This living green was again dazzlingly contrasted by a neat railing of the same spotless hue of the mansion, which marked the enclosure, and at the same time shut out the encroaching cattle. But the most graceful feature in this rural habitation. was an artificial drapery of green lattice work, arranged in regular festoons around the piazza, and so much resembling the interwreathing tendrils of the vino that gamboled about the columns which supported it, it was somewhat difficult to separate

Nothing could be more beautiful than the fairy chequer work, the dancing shadows, reflected from this reliculated border, when the moon beams came down in silver showers on the landcape. I have spoken before of the mist, that nightly rose from the besom of the valley, but it curled around the banks of the river, and over the meadows and intercats, (a name by which Americans have christened those rich grass plots between the stream that fertilizes them, and the harvest land), and left the dwellings of men more bright, for the veil from which they seemed to have emerged. Yest there mas one thing more beautiful than all this,—the close drawn group on which these chequered moon beams fell. I speak not now of mere physical beauty, which may find its emblem in the bush, in the mine or the wave; but that which has its source in the heart and the soul, and being of immortal-birth, is not subject to the sad penalty of decay, but has the promise of still increasing loveliness and destined like the stars in the firmanment, "to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

What drew them togother this moonlight night?

"The only blise,
Of Paradise, which has sarviv'd the fall."

Domestic love.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scorr.

"If in originals such things appear,
Why should we bur them in the copy here?"—Chunchille.

"Is Miss Sutherland within?" enquired Miss Marriwood of the little waiting boy, as she entered with Miss Pairchild, the parlor of the Washington hotel. "I do'nt know ma'm—but I guess I'll find out. I know who does," and off went the little shaver, with a most busy countenance. "Stop," cried Miss Marriwood, but he was too swift for her voice. "How provoking," she exclaimed, "Hoe's gone before I could give him our eards. It will be so awkward and countrified to introduce ourselves. I wish we had waited for Dr. Chandler; but I was afraid some one would get the start of me, and I always like to be the first in every thing,"—and she looked as she uttered the last clause, just like the daughter of Mr. Marriwood.

"I do not think with you," said the sentimental Florence, "on the contrary, it will be much more graceful to introduce each other to the interesting stranger, than merely to give and receive a simple how do you do. Do let your scarf full a little farther off your shoulders Penitentia—and tell me, are my invited disconnected."

Miss Marriwood suffered her blue scarf to fall a little further from her shoulders, which howover broadly displayed, had never been compared to the statue's "that enchants the world"—and Florence passed her white fingers over her sunny locks, as they heard the sound of approaching footsteps in the massure.

"It is proper that you should introduce me first you know," whispered Penitence, when the door opened and in peeped, not the "starry eyes" of Miss Sutherland, but the black-spotted, ermine balls of the Goddess Venus.

This most respectable looking sample of southern aristocracy, with a bright scarlet handkerchief, bound in voluminous folds round her ebon brow and tapering up, "small by degrees and beautifully less," a neat, white, starched apron and russet colored frock, and red necklace round her smooth, dark neck, was something of a rara axis in the regions on which she had literally alighted. She stopped at the entrance of the door, and folding her hands over her comfortable waist, dropped and rose, with a grace which might put many a country damsel to the blush.

"Good morning, Young ladies, I wish you a very good morning. Miss Lora sends her compliments and says she will wait upon you directly." Another courtsey. There is not a more genuine model of true politeness, than the house-hold family-breed slave, the privileged nurse, or as the children of the south call them, the mannay of the establishment.

"How is Mrs. Sutherland?" asked Miss Marri-

"Thank you, Miss, her arm mighty bad indeed. She no sleep all night long—but she's a heap easier this morning; Miss Lora no sleep too—she wake and cry, cause we all done laid up in strange place."

We know not how many questions the curiosity of Miss Marriwood would have urged her to ask of the garulous slave, had they not been interrupted by the entrance of Miss Lora herself, at whose presence the negro retired, like the shadow of night before the morning star.

"She is not so very handsome after all," though Penitence, at the first glance, "not half as beautifu as cousin Florence—I wonder if she is very rich."

"She is not half as beautiful as I feared," said Florence to herself, "her eyes are as heavy as lead, and she is pale even to sallowness. I am surprised at Dr. Chandler's taste," and her own image floated in rosy brightness before her self-approving fancy. It is indeed true, that Lorelly Sutherland could never have appeared before the criticising cousins, at a moment more unpropitious to her personal attractions. Watching and weeping are sad enemies of brilliancy and bloom, and had they been kind enough to have recollected the words of Venus, that she had passed a weary night, by the bed-side of a suffering parent, with the depressing consciousness of being a stranger in a strange land, they need not have wondered at the heaviness of her eyes, or the pallidness of her cheeks. We have read of features which only looked more angelic, through such "disastrous twilight," but we never have seen the face, however fair and levely, that was not marred by the influence of suffering or sorrow. Even in her brighter hours. the young southerner was far from possessing that radiancy of complexion and faultlessness of feature, which is considered necessary to the perfection of beauty. But having once seen, you could not if you would, forget her. Like the summer stream, that reflects alike the sunbeam and the cloud, her eyes were flashing or dull, as the lights of fancy or the shade of feeling passed over them. Like the summer cloud, that now floats white through morning mist, is now tinged with crimson by the setting sun, her cheek was colorless or glowing, as sensibility paled or enthusiasm warmed its surface.

As she was completely en deshabillé, in a losse muslin wrapper, it was impossible to judge of the outlines of her figure, but abe had one hereditary beauty, which remained unaffected by the vicies tudes of feeling, and which did not escape the serutiny of her visitors; hands of such marvellous delicacy, so exquisitely refined, that Miss Marriwood was constrained to say, in speaking of her afterwards, "that It was a sin to have such a pair of hands, for they were bought by the heart's blood of the poor slaves."

The conversation for a while was cold and formal, consisting of common-place remarks on the accident that had occurred-its disagreeable consequencesthe hope that Cloverdale would be found interesting enough to indemnify for all trouble on one side, and a polite but doubtful motion of the head of the other. At length, Penitence, after venturing far enough on the ice, to see whether it would bear, became more loquacious and condescending, and Florence resumed her artificial warmth of manner. She had arrived at the convictions in her own mind, that the fair southerner was not likely to dazzle the imagination of Russel Rovington, and determined in consequence, to find in her a congental soul, a friend, to quote her own favorite expression, to whom she could open the deep foldings of her heart. But Miss Sutherland seemed not to reciprocate her purpose; she was extremely lady-like in her deportment, tions they proffered vet there was a slight shade of

haughtiness in her manners, which in spite of Penitence's self-complacency and want of tact, she felt, and felt uncomfortably.

"I cannot suppose, Miss Sutherland," said Peniterce, who began to think she had arrived at that point, when she might know who she really was, and where she was going, "I cannot suppose that it was your intention to have honored Cloverhale so far, as to have chosen it for a resting place. Celebrated as it is for its rural beauty, in our vanity we can hardly be vain enough to think that its fame has reached your southern clime. You had probably another destination in view.

"We can hardly be said to have had a definite bound to our intentions," replied Miss Sutherland. "My mother has long been an invalid, Herphysicians urged her to try the effect of a more vigorous ellmate, during the sultry season, upon which we have just entered. We had indeed never heard of Cloverdale."

Penitence stared in perfect incredulity. Though she had herself expressed the probability of thing, she was not willing to admit the place where she dwelt, was not as as the gardens of Hesperides.

"Our residence here" she hastened to reply, "has been but for a very few years. Born and yducated in the metropolis, it was with almost unconfigurable reluctance I accompanied papa into the clountry— I feared I should die with ennul, and that I should find no society in which it would be even erroner for me to mingle. But there are really some very genteel and even stylish families here; and as to the rest, you are not obliged to be so very particular in the country as the city. One can afford to be condescending you know, and then there is so much pleasure in imparting pleasure?" She turned up her eyes as she concluded, with such ineffable complacency, it would have been barbarous to have doubted her possession of that last mentioned secret, more precious than the gold transmuting art.

"I can feel but little interest in the society," said Miss Sutherland, "as I am a stranger in every sense of the word, and must be exclusively devoted to my mother, who is now more than ever dependent on

"Oh! my dear Miss Sutherland," exclaimed Florence, taking her hand, with the most affectionary warmth, "wo cannot suffer you to immure yourself in this manner. Permit me to divide at times, these interesting cares. I long to enjoy your companion-hip in some of the sweet shades of the valley, some of those lovely scenes, which seem all pure from the world's pollution, where the soul can unbosom itself to its congenial soul, and friendship may be free from the cold and artificial restraints of fashionable life."

"What a beautiful simpleton," thought Lorelly—
when the consideration of the consideration of

expectation of her return, when I shall claim the privilege of presenting her to you. You will be delighted with Mrs. Elmwood—like ourselves, she is a metropolitan, and was quite the ton in Boston, but preferred retirement and ease, to celat and restraint."

"Pardon me," said Florence, "I do not think Miss Search and will be particularly delighted with Mrs. Ellimwood; she is rather too metaphysical and abstracted for my taste, and I flatter myself, I have discovered a congeniality of sentiment, in the speaking eyes of Miss Sutherland.

"True," rejoined Miss Marriwood, "she is rather pedantic, and what they call a blue stocking, and I believe you southern ladies are not very partial to the bas blens."

"I believe our northern sisters," replied Mis-Sutherland, "are not guilty of exaggerating our literary taste or pretensions,"

"Oh! be assured," said Penitence, "I meant no reflection on your literary character, but you know the blue of the sky is always softer, as it approaches the southern horizon; the northern is dyed with a deeper tint."

A deeper tint than the blue of the north, darkened the door as she spoke!

"Miss Lora," said the entering Venus, "if the ladies will please to excuse you, Miss Fanny want to speak to you a moment."

"My absence will hardly require an apology," cried Miss Sutherland, rising, "the summons of a mother, situated like mine, is indeed imperative." She curtised a graceful adieu, but Penitence, whose curiosity had received an irresistible impulse, suddenly exclaimed—

"Your mother summoned you, Miss Sutherland, why she said Miss Fanny wanted to see you—surely your mother is married."

A dazzling sun-flash from Lorelly's eye, shot like a coup de soleil across Miss Marriwood's face. The very brow of the young southerner became crimson.

"Have you called upon me, Madam?" she haugh tily cried, "to add insult to misfortune? My most or's name and fame are happily high above the reach of your insinuations, and her daughter, Mad-'am, has the spirit of a true Virginian, which never stoops a second time to degradation."

The door closed upon her petrified auditors, before they found breath to speak their shame and mortification—

"Gracious heavens, Penitence," ejaculated Flor ence, in real and unaffected agitation, "what have you done? How could you be so coarse, so unfeeling, as to make such a remark? You have exposed us both to everlasting discrace."

"You may spare your phillippic, Miss Florence," replied Penitence, wonderfully recovering her self approbation, "I do not pretend to your exquisite refinement. I have said nothing but what I was justified in saying, and her flying into such a passion shows plain enough that there is something susplcious about them, and the sooner we find it out the better. I would not have called at all, but ther had such a stylish carriage, and made such a show as they traveled, I thought they were people of disinction: If they had been they would have brought letters of introduction to papa. Every body of any reputation introduces themselves at La Grange. It is well for her to learn that she is in a place where mothers are not called Alisses, nor young ladies Madams."

A philosopher might have judged from the violence of her defence, that the accusing spirit was busy within; and it is very certain, in spite of her asseverations to the contrary, she did feel very much as if she had been gathering nettles. She was one of those who carelessly trample on the flowers of human feeling, then marvel to see them fading under so light a tread. She had no moral perception of those finer shades which constitute the beauty of sensibility-her own character being composed of broad and glaring stripes, which knew no softening tint, nor was she conscious that any was required to form a harmonious whole. Florence, notwithstanding the flimsy veil of artificial refinement in which she had involved herself, was really possessed of a good deal of native softness and delicacy, and had her education been directed by a judicious friend, and her mind received a proper bias, she might have been as interesting as she was fair. But unfortunately left to herself, her unpruned imagination luxuriated on romances, till she fancied herself one of the heroines of whom she read; and when she looked in her mirror, and saw reflected a face

and form which seemed to have been formed in the "prodigality of nature," it is not surprising she should associate herself with those, who are always described with radiant eyes, rich waving locks, alabaster necks, and rose-leaf cheeks, like her own. She now sighed for a hero of corresponding perfections, and as young Rovington was the handsomest man she had ever seen, she had exalted him to that envied rank, though she thought him cold as

"The consecrated mow That lies in Dian's temple,"

With her, every interview was a scene,—every incident an event; and she related to Mr. Marriwood the scene she had just witnessed with a patho, which was truly affecting. She adjured him most eloquently to go over immediately to apologize for his daughter, who, to show her superiority to blame, had scated herself at the piano, and begun to thump out the tune, 'My love is like the red, red rose,' while her consin related her rudeness and its result.

Mr. Marriwood started out of his chair, as if a hor

"Penitence," exclaimed he, banging down his goldheaded cane on the carpet, with alurning emphasis, "Penitence, will you stop that thumping and tell me what you have been about! Ar'nt you ashamed of yourself! You, who have been brought up in the city, yes, the first city in the United States, to behave as if you had passed your life in a pound. How came you to ask such a question?

TEN THE CAMPUSEL BUREA

"Because, papa, I could not help it." She knew her father was really angry, by his calling things by their right names—that is, her music, thumping, for be had a most overweening estimate of his daughter's talents. She tried to shelter herself under an air of playful simplicity, and again repeated—

"Indeed, my dear papa, I was taken so by surprise, I could not have helped speaking, if I had lost the gift of speech by it, which you know, would be a grievous punishment to me. But I'm sure it isn't worth minding, they are nobodies after all."

"But they are somebodies," said Mr. Marriwood, raising his voice, "and I'li tell you how I know it. When I was a young man, I traveled in several of the southern states, and had even some thoughts of settling in one of the Carolinas. I saw a good deal of men and things, and one peculiarity I particularly noticed: all the female slaves who had been brought up in the family of their mistresses, continued to call them Miss after they were married. Why I heard one of them address an old withered woman, who looked like the sister of Methuselah, Miss Rosa; and now you have made this innocent custom a plea to insult a young lady from the very proudest state in the Union, and I dare say, one of the proudest families in it. The rawest Yankee girl in the land might have known better; our character for hospitality is ruined,"

Mr. Marriwood had talked himself into such a glow, that he was obliged to take out his silk handkerchief, to wipe the laboring moisture from his brows. If Shakspeare had seen his daughter under the operation of this speech, he would certainly have compared the love-sick Viola to Penitence on a monument, rather than Patience, for she looked as if attacked by all the colored melancholies that ever existed. Had she known the surmises that had glanced into Doctor Chandler's mind, but which he hid in his own honest bosom, she would have derived no small consolation. It was not the pain she had imparted to another, but the mortification she had inflicted on herself, that so unefully depressed the corners of her mouth, and quickened the motion of the heave her her.

"What can I do?" at last sighed Penitence, the words thumping, and raw Yankee girl, ringing in her smarting ears; "I'll write her a note of

"And I too," said Fiorence, flying to her escritoir, delighted with an opportunity of displaying her talents at note writing, an art in which romantic

41'll go and apologize to her myself," said the master of La Grange; and whistling to his shaggyarred dog, his cane was soon planted in the grass of the side walk. I do not believe Mr. Marriwood ever walked the street, that people did not come to the window to look at him. New England people love to look out from the windows, and he was just such a figure as one likes to see walking, and one which dearly loved to be gazed upon. His summer

dress was always a black silk hat, the rim rolled up tight at the sides, placed on his full powdered hair, which was squeezed into a most ancient looking queue behind, a black satin lasting coat, and unmentionables, with rich plated buckles, white silk stockings, and shining white-topped boots, not to mention the gold-headed cane. The tout ensemble was exceedingly imposing, and ancestral-like. But the dress was nothing to the air which dignified it. His step was always measured to a slow march, and his boots creaked on the grass, greatly to the admiration of the school children, who gazed on his cane, as he lifted it almost perpendicularly in the air, then brought it down again in a back-slanting direction, with as much awe as if it were the sceptre of Jupiter. He generally had something condescending to say to one and all, for he was so fond of distinction, the homage of these future Coloneis, Judges, and Presidents, was no despicable incense. "How are you my little curly pate? You've been curling dandelions on your head, I see," patting the sun-Meached locks of the urchin. Or, "that's a fine fellow, you'll be a President bye and bye," in return to the wide-scraping bow.

*Does your faither turn you out into the cloverfields, that you look so fat and rosy? What's your name! General Washington, I dare say." By such cheap, ready coin—gold when it comes from the heart's treasury, but dross when it issues from flattey's mint—did Mr. Marriwood gain the veneration of the plebelan throng. he met the whole bowing and courtseying gaug.
"Tell Miss Sutherland," said he, to the boy of
the hotel, as he entered, "that Mr. Marriwood presents his most respectful compliments, and wishes

to have the pleasure of seeing her a few moments," "Yes sir, I guess I will, sir;" and off flew the

unfeathered Mercury.

In a moment he came grinning down stairs.

"Miss Sutherland says as how, sir, her mammy

"Go back, and tell her, I will not detain her a moment; that I have something of importance to communicate." A piece of silver slipped into the willing hand, wonderfully accelerated the steps of

A heavier step was heard descending, and Venus came, to soften the young lady's refusal by her

"Ah! Aunty, how do you do?" said Mr. Marr, wood, shaking her cordially by the hand; for he had not forgotten the avenue to a sable heart. "Can | not see your young mistress?"

not see your young matter.

"Oh! Massa, Misses so bad, Miss Lora can't lenv
her no how. Misses always sick; never such dread
ful chance as now."

"Is she very much worse, since morning?"

"Oh! yes, Massa, a heap worse—that the doctor allows." This was a volunteer white lie; for she was too polite to have him suppose that Miss Lora did not choose to come.

«Well," said Mr. Marriwood, "I will call another time, when I hope Mrs. Sutherland will be relieved from the worst effects of her accident. Present them both my best respects, and beg them to command my services whenever they feel the want of a friend. Good morning."

"Oh! Miss Lora," exclaimed Venus, when she re-entered the apartment, where Lorelly sat by the bedside of her mother, "Miss Lora, I so sorry you no go down stairs. Real born gentleman. I no seen one like on, since we turn back on old Virginy. He say he come agin, bym-by. He be friend to you and Miss Fanny long he live."

"Don't repeat what he said," cried Lorelly impatiently. "I do not want to hear it. I detest them all—the whole race of cold, selfish, calculation Vankees."

"My dear Lorelly," said Mrs. Sutherland, turning her languid eyes upbraidingly upon her daughter, what means this annuad violence? It is unjust, it is unferminine, to cherish such bitter prejudices. We may not expect to meet with the refinements of the south, but we should appreciate kindness and sympathy; and you know not, my child, how much, alast you may require it."

"Do not, do not talk thus," cried Lorelly, pressing her quivering lips on a check that was white as the pillow it pressed. She had not revealed to her mother the wound her feelings had received, but

studiously scated herself, in the shadow of the bedcurtain, to hide the angry blush that burned intensely on her cheek. That the usually gentle. though high-spirited Lorelly, should reject so barshly the proffered kindness of a respectable stranger. excited both the surprise and displeasure of Mrs. Sutherland. "Had you not come to this strange country," continued Lorelly, "all might yet have been well. We might have traveled among our own pative hills and breathed an atmosphere as pure and invigorating. The breezes of the north they are heavy with the dropping dews:-in the morn as chill as the hearts they fan. Mother, you will find no balm of Gilead here. Better, far better that we had remained at home, on our own dear plantation."

"Yes, that it would been," muttered Venus, "if no buckro folks here, good enough speak to."

"He were, indeed, far better," said Mrs. Sutherland, in a voice of the deepest dejection, stance my once distinctested and tender Lorelly has become selfish and unkind. Weep not, but hear me: The misery of being a stranger among strangers, of being cut off from kindred and social sympathies; the pain of this wounded limb, the prospect of the weary days and nights that may follow, are as down in the balance, against the crowding recollections, the dark, unperishing memories that throng around the home of my youth, and coll like serpents amidst the roses of my native bowers. Oh! how many years of penance have I suffered, with the girdle of iron around my soul, the points of accusing conscience piercing deeper and deeper into my heart. Lorelly, I would not have passed another summer there for the sovereignty of worlds."

Exhausted by this paroxysm of emotion, she closed her eyes, whose wild flashings fearfully contrated with the marble whiteness of her face, and lay so still that you could hardly tell the presence of fife, but by the blue, throbbing veins that crossed her temples and brow. Bitterly did Lorelly reproach berself for having headlessly and selishly touched the springs of agony. She know, by sad experience, that such stormy emotions were always succeeded by lethargic indifference and gloom; and that there was indeed, as she had so rashly uttered, no balm of Gliead here, nor elsewhere, for a malady so deemly reoted.

While she sat silently counting the beatings of these swollen veins, two notes were handed in, addressed to her, both written on gill-edged, rose-colored paper, and one folded amost as inextricably as the Gordian knot. Lorelly's spirit was so completely subdued, that she opened them, though conscious from whence they came, and what must be their purport. The one she opened first was as follows:

"Miss Marriwood presents her most respectful compliments to Miss Sutherland, and regrets extremely the apparently inexplicable rudeness of her conduct this morning. Miss M. professes herself perfectly innocent of the slightest intention of wounding or insulting the feelings of Miss S. An innocent surprise, at a novel and somewhat singular mode of salutation, was the sole occasion of her remarks. Miss M. hopes, that Miss S. will soon give her an opportunity of exercising towards her the hospitality of La Grange, and that she will not remember another moment, what Miss M. fears, she hereif can very forset."

The inextricable billet-doux ran thus;

"Will my dear Miss Sutherland permit one who is almost a stronger, to call her by that westify endearing appellation? Will she permit her to hope that the clouds that darkened this morning's interview, will come be dispersed by the soft, silvery rays of mutual confidence and affection? Ah! my sweet friend, you see I cannot be restrained by the cold formalities of coremony. Friendship, as well as love, like the electric spark, flashes with instantaneous radiance from heart to heart, and forms a direct and etherial communication between congenial spirits. Never may the chill breath of suspicion blight the fair, unfolding wreath which I trust will henceforth catwine around the fair daughter of the south and her ever true and devote rue and every true and the contract of the south and her ever true and devote.

the "imminent and deadly breach."

FLORENCE FAIRCHILL,"

A brief but polite acceptance of these characteristic apologies, was in due form dispatched to La Grange; and thus was at last apparently healed

CHAPTER IV.

wises where the winding value in leight must largeous, spreads. See how the Billy drinks. The Junta vill, marge coding through the gran Of growth hearing, or the hamid bank. In fair graduation the Le. Long but we will. Where the breaze blows from you extraded field Of Statement trees. Arthic season be best of Comment of the Comment of the Comment of the Where the breaze blows from you the breaze Besultse through the stress of this the marked rough. Not the stress of the stress of the stress of the conline of the stress of the stress of the stress feel of from vertices, and manufactor thomas, Fell of from vertices, and manufactor them are feel of the stress of the stress of the stress when we will be stress of the stress of the stress When configurated by matthe art, also speech Unbounded treasty to the roving sys."
Thomasor,

Its seemed to Lorelly, that she heard an invitation like this distinctly breathed into her ear, by the spirit of nature, as she sat teaming from a window of the chamber in which she had for several days closely imprisoned herself, and gozing on a scene which nature's Duild bard had almost titerally described, in the above inimitable lines. Her mind was afuned, at this moment, to the rich harmonies of the scason,—for her mother was sunk in a sweet and refreshing slumber, and Dr. Chandler had just assured her, that his putent was better, very much better. The lapse of a few days had partially healed the bruise her feelings had received from the rough trampling of Miss Marriwood, and they were now alive to the sweet influences that rose from the bosom of the earth, and descended simultaneously from the blue and benignant sky.

A path wound so temptingly just below the window into the interval, and she knew Venus would watch so faithfully over her sleeping mother, she could not resist the impulse; and putting on her calash, she was soon bounding along that path, with something of the step of a wild mountain girl. The change, from a confined apartment, to the unbounded atmosphere, from the paraphernalia of a sick chamber, to the magnificent garniture of summer fields, was sufficient to give elasticity to spirits less mercurial than hers. She had the candor to confess to herself, that she had never, oven in her native regions, witnessed any thing so lovely, as the prospect that stretched around her. It was the season when the apple-trees were in full blossom when every rustic orchard resembled an Imperial flower-garden: when every gale was redolent with excessive sweetness; and the path of the wanderer was literally strewed with blossoms, fair as if scat tered by the fingers of Hope. A travelor, who had that day stopped at the hotel, gave a compendious description of Cloverdale, in these few words -he compared it to a large posey placed in the bo

som or hadre.

Lorelly continued her rambles to the very banks
of the river, that smiled as bewitchingly through
the boughs that shadowed it, as a transparent blue
ove through its "fringed curtains."

She there scat-

tion of a seat which the pastoral Divinities must have made for the express accommodation of such unpurposed vagrants as herself. It was formed of the trunk of an apple-tree, which for a while forgetting its upright growth, had stretched lazily on its ly in the dust; but as the same human soul, touched by a divine impulse, springs upward towards its ed its luxuriant boughs, and the blossoming sprays now hung in beautiful wreaths, striving to cover ness of existence-happy in being the inhabitant of her childhood and chilled her glowing youth-all the painful recollections of the past, and all the ing sound of the waters, as they flowed with soft, gurgling murmurs over their pebbly channel; the cool rustling of the leaves, as the west wind stole whisperingly and lovingly through the branches, per the secrets of nature to the passing wave, all served to lull the beholder into a state of delicious

"No, no! nature has no discords," exclaimed a hollow voice, so close to her car, that she started upon her feet, as if she had received an electrical shock. The sight of the singular figure, which had so noiselessly approached her, was not at all calculated to diminish her surprise or alarm. It was that of a man, whose tall emaciated form was funtastically attired in rich but obsolete and finded garments; "whose hiri was matted and his beard unshorn," and from whose wandering eyes a spirit evidently dethroned looked fiercely but mournfully forth. There is not a more affecting sight in nature than the wreck of an immortal mind. A whole kingdom laid waste, is less an object of desolution; and all this sud ruin is visible at one glance, in that little orbit, the eye, so well designated

"The spirit's throne of light."

Lorelly shrunk from the presence of insanity, with a different emotion from that which a glatawake the young and unseared heart, when compelled to look upon a spectacle so humbling to human pride. She remembered these inexplicable paroxysms of agony to which her mother was subject, and which often, to her terrified imagination, seemed to approach the verge of madness; and she stood before the unexpected apparition, pale with indefinite terror. The unfortunate stranger lifted his hat from his sallow forehead and bowed till his black, gipsey locks almost touched the ground, while Lorelly, rendered respectful by four, cursied as low, though not more gracefully: his bow, as well as his whole demeance being eloquent of better days.

«What you were saying, madam," said he gently, sis very true. Nature has no discords; and here she reigns as pure and tranquil as when she came from the hands of her Creator. But the trail of the serpent swept over the blossoms of Eden, and its poisonous coll is under every wild flower that blushes in this second paradise of earth. Oh! I could tell you such a tale!" He gradually elevated his voice, and approached nearer as he spoke to the shrinking Lorelly, who slowly retreated, with her eyes fixed as steadily upon him, as the fascinated bird's unon the ruthle-snake.

"Stay," continued he, following her with carnest good continued he, following her with carnest good and the stay of the stay of the words, to every our that can 'ten, to every heart that can feel. I have told it to the listening groves, and the groves have told it again to the babbling stream, and did yo not hear it as ye sat gozing

"Yes, yes!" she replied, thinking it expedient to fall in with his wild fancies, still gradually moving, though unconsclously, in a different direction from that in which she came; "yes, and from my soul I pity thee,"

"Aye, aye'l look upon it," ejaculated he, "there it stands in its pillared pride, the noblest model of architecture the world ever witnessed;" and he pointed to the stately La Grange, that o'ertopped the shadowing trees, in turreted nobility. "Look upon that lofty mansion, where Gothic majesty, Corinthian beauty, and Doric simplicity were once harmo-

niously blended. In me you behold the legitimate master of all that fair domain. I planned it-1 reared it-and I said to myself, the sons of genius and the daughters of beauty shall come and repose under the vines I have planted, and the great and the honored shall recline beneath the shadows I have spread. But the worm was at the root of my gourd, and its broad leaves withered in an hour. Yes! the spoiler came—the cold-blooded villain who now dwells there, came and drove me, like a beast, from my home; demolished the statues I had reared; set up my own image-yes, the Image of me, who was formed after the similitude of my Creator, for the birds of heaven to lacorato with their bills and the winds of heaven to buffet and deface. Oh. ye righteous Powers!" continued he, lifting up one emaciated hand to heaven, "send down a bolt, 'red with uncommon wrath, upon this lawless violater of all human rights."

There was an air of wild ruined grandeur about his person—an elevation in his language—a connectedness in his story, in spice of its apparent enongouities, that impressed Lorelly with an interest and awe that almost absorbed her porsonal apprehensions.

"You have indeed been most deeply injured," cried she, in a voice so soothing, it might have charmed the demon of insanity; "but we are commanded to forgive, as we hope to be forgiven our own transgressions."

64) never wronged a human being," interrupted he wildly. "I never trampled on the ant beneath my feet—but you have yet to learn the unkindest cut of all. The very town I had adopted as my own, yea, my own foster-child, on which I lavished the treasures of my abundance, the glories of my taste, has furned like an adder and stung the boson it should have warmed. There is not a breathing being in all this fair, wide valley, whom I can call by the name of friend; they all take part with the oppressor, who has destroyed me, and like the persecuted son of man, I have not where to lay my head."

Here the unhappy Lovell—for it was indeed the poor, brain-stricken genius of architecture, who was thus breathing for the ten thousandth time the story of his inagined wrongs—wrung his hands and wept hitterly.

"Unfortunate being," exclaimed Lorelly, her voice cheking with painful sympathy; "may He who himself wears the mark of the archer, heal thy wounded spirit and bid thee live."

Soothed by a voice so kind and sweet, touched by such visible sympathy from one so young and apparently high-bred, the softened maniac drew still nearer, and attempted to take that fair and jeweled hand, which seemed formed to bind up with its pure soft touch, the wounds of human suffering and woe. The action recalled her terrors. Recoiling with ill-disguised repugnance, she looked anxiously round for some means of cluding her strange companion. "Thank heaven" almost escaped her lips, when she

saw through the opening boughs, a gentleman and a young female seated on a rustic bench, both intently reading from the same book. At another moment, she might have hesitated to disturb them, -"for both were young and one was fair,"-and the arm of the young man was passed fondly round the waist of the fair girl, whose uncovered flaxon ringlets played softly against his bending cheek; but situated as she now was, she would not suffer false delicacy to prevail over her judgment, and pressing forward, she stood directly before them, before either of them seemed to be conscious of her approach. The young man rose abruptly, with a look of respectful surprise, for Lorelly, breathless from previous ly her looks might ask it. If the young Virginian had appeared under a partial eclipse when she first presented herself before the severe scrutiny of the jealous cousins, she now amply vindicated the praisworld, had lighted up her eyes with their intensest radiance, and mantled her cheek with a bloom more beautiful than all the stationary roses of Christendom. Her calash was entirely thrown back, and though it certainly was not intentionally done, she might have been pardoned for the act, so soft and burnished were the dark chesnut folded locks, which were thus revealed.

Before the young man had seen half the "blushing apparitions" that flitted over her face, he was made conscious of the cause of her alarm, by the appearance of poor Lovell, and assuring her he was perfectly harmless, he entreated her to be seated by the fair girl, while he exorcised the persecuting spithan fifteen years of age, was evidently oppressed with bashfulness, and at a loss in what manner to address the stranger, with whom she was so unexpectedly brought in contact; but Lorelly, who had by this time recovered the possession of all her faculties, apologized for her intrusion with so much frankness and grace, it was impossible to remain embarrassed in her presence. She did not hear the charm which the young man uttered in the ear of her maniac friend, but it had a prevailing influcourtly respect, his gipsey locks to the ground, he retreated with rapid and noiseless steps, through

"I regret, madam," said her deliverer, "you should have sulfered so much alarm, from one of the most inofficative of human beings. The wildness of his person, the startling energy of his language, and the peculiar character of his madness, justify, however, all the emotion he has excited. I knew him when I was a boy, in his brighter days, and I never look upon the retin wildness significant the retin within the gates of the temple. To all

who are acquainted with his history, he is an object of the deepest commiseration rather than of terror, 7

"He told me," cried Lorelly, "the history of his wrongs, and he must indeed have a pitiless heart, who could not commiserate a being so deeply injured and oppressed."

"Alas! poor fellows," answered the young man,
"his own follies have been his worst oppressors—
his own eccentric genius winged the shaft of which
his reason died. All the talent, feeling, passion,
with which nature had gifted him, were lavished
upon the altar of architecture, and Pygmalion himself never adored more intensely the beautiful statue
he had wrought, than poor Lovell the statedy edifica
which for some time commemorated his folly and his
name; could his adoration have warmed it into life,
I verily believe he would have espoused it. He containly never knew another love, and the compliment he has offered you, of making you the depository of his griefs, is one which I believe few ladies
have received and which I trust you will duly appreciate."

"You do not know," said the fair girl, "all the secrets of these groves. Many is the wild flower bouquet, the has gathered for Catharine and myself, in gratitude for our listening sympathy."

"You excite my interest to know his real history," said Lorelly. "If he has not been wronged of his wealth, why is he so wretched an outcast? He says he has no home to shelter him—no spot wherein to lay his head." "It is not that there are no kind hearts to welcome him,—no hospitable hearths to give him kindly warmth," replied the young man. "But he scorns a meaner habitation than the one he has erected, and which he deludes himself has been lawless, and which he had belied in himself has been lawless to touching as his;—such a deep-rooted conviction of unmerited injuries, so cloquently supported and affectingly described. For hours he will sit and size upon dark massion, and his eyes will drop tears as fast as the myrrh tree its medicinal gum. But if 1 do not tax your patience too far, 1 will relate all I knew of his earlier life, and the properties of the scarlier life.

"You will find me an interested auditor," said Lorelly; "but I protest against your standing in that respectful attitude before the throne, of which I have so abruptly dispossessed you. I would not be an usurper, nor exclude from his kingdom the legitimate sovereign." She moved as she spoke and vacated the seat by the young female, which the young man resumed with a gallant bow, saying (how could he do otherwise!) "il should be a greater than Cesar, were I to refuse to share the honors of a throne like this."

There was an irresistible charm in the frankness of the fair southerner. It lifted her above all petty affectation, and like the bland summer atmosphere, seemed to open and expand all hearts within the reach of its influence. What would Miss Marriwood have said had she belieble her movement, and heard its accompanying speech? She would have elevated her hands and eyes, and exclaimed, wild you ever hear of such confidence? To ask a young gentleman to take a seat by her side, to whom she had never been introduced in her life. She, who was so cold and distant to us! But we are only ladics."

But Lorelly was not to be judged by such rules as these. There was that about this gentleman and his young companion, so little common-place, so refined, such an evidence that they came of gentle blood, she no more hesitated to converse with them, than if she had been introduced to them a dozen times over in the drawing-room of the President. The conviction that they were betrothed lovers, deprived her of every feeling of embarrassment, and preventgild the imagination of youth and beauty,) of securing a conquest. She felt too that she was only a pilgrim, not a sojourner in the land, and like the way-faring man in the wilderness, she drank of the fountains that welled near her path, and never was eler, than this sudden sparkling gush of social enjoyment. One thing filled her with extreme perplexity. They spoke as if they were not only denizens, but natives of the valley; but she almost imagined this a delusion. She would hardly have been more astonished to have seen a cabbage transformed into a bayonet tree, than to have found such beings indigenous to a Yankee valley. She knew that the metropolis of New England was

claimed the title of the American Athens; she knew that the blessings of education were diffused throughout the states, almost as impartially as the sun-beam and the dew; yet from her childhood, (it was her misfortune rather than her fault.) she had heen accustomed to associate mean and contracted ideas with the name of Yankee. Her grandfather, a proud, high-spirited, generous, but prejudiced and self-opinionated man, had once been wofully cheated by an itinerant horse-jockey, bearing this opprobrious name. The vender of horses stopped at the plantation, about twilight, and paraded a beautiful milk-white poney, which, without very strict examination, he purchased for his grand-daughter, who was wild with extacy at the prize. But the little milkwhite fairy was soon transformed into a dingy sorrel. animal; -- for her robe of white-wash was not very enduring, and vanished before a summer shower, not much more copious than the tears which Lorelly shed over her favorite's disgrace. A nation was doomed to suffer for an individual's crime; the wine was judged by the worthless lees; the cheating, rascally, calculating Yankees became a proverb on her grand-father's lips, though, perhaps, his acquaintance might have been limited to the individual in question. The lord of an extensive plantation, the owner of a hundred slaves, his whole time was occupied in the superintendence of the one and the goverament of the other; and he had, in consequence, no time to judge the world by traveling. This is

an unexpected digression, but it seemed necessary to apologize for her unworthy prejudice, by explaining, that it was an accidental, not an inherent property; the being of circumstance, not of nature. Lorelly's virtues were all her own; her faults were the cifts of others.

These reflections glanced through her mind while the young stranger related the history of Lovell's folly and misfortunes. In spite of her heart-felt sympathy, she could not forbear laughing at his description of those descerated statues, which seemed dear to the heart of the anateur as his own life's blood. She thanked the narrator for a story which she believed had no parallel in the annuals of man for its ludicrous and affecting interest, then rose, with a remorseful twinge of conscience, for having a moment forgotten her suffering parent. Her com-

"I look like some stray bird on the wing," said the young female, sluding back her unbonneted locks; "but I make my home in these shades, and think as little of arraying myself to wander here, as the cuttle that are grazing round us. I think I had better stay here; Russel, until you return, lest they take me up as a runaway, and bind me with way on flaven withes."

"Nay, rather both remain," cried Lorelly, "even should my persecutor re-appear, he is now disarmed of all his terrors. Besides, my path you cannot follow. Could I have stolen upon you so noiselessly, that the light grass scarcely rustled to warn you of my approach, had I not been a spirit of the air or the wave? As soon as I leave you, I shall melt into my kindred elements."

"From Chindara's warbling fount dost thou come ?"

said young Rovington,—as it is impossible any longer to affect mystery, concerning his name.—

"From Chindara's warbling fount dost thou come?"

And here wilt thou make thy fairy home?"

I know where the winged visions dwell,25

she began, in the same playful vein; then added more seriously, "I cannot sustain usy fairy honors, Stolen gems are never gracefully adjusted. I must confess myself nothing more than a mortal maiden, whom a mest unfortunate accident has detained for an indefinite period in this valley. The banks of your river leoked so temptingly lovely from the windows of the hotel, I could not resist the impulse that attracted me hither. I thought I might ramble with impunity, through a path so sheltered, unmolested by the hamadryads and sylvan nynapls, with whom my fancy peopled this Arcadian scene. I did not think to meet an unblest mirit here."

"Do not suffer the meeting to intimidate you from future excursions," replied Royington, "for I pledge myself by all the vows of Chivalry, to be your sworn champion, in every peril that may threaten from shore or stream, and to rival de La Mancha, binned; in paragray and devailor." "I thought the days of chivalry were no more," she answered; "but I may call upon you to redeem your pledge. This fair maiden shall be witness of the vow, and it shall be recorded in archives of knighthood." She turned to the fair maiden as she spoke and extended her hand in token of farewell. "I trust," she added, "we shall meet again. Remember, I am a bird of passage, and may soon resume my flight."

"Indeed, I hope we may meet again," replied the bashful Viola, blushing at her own ardor, and returning the cordial pressure, with all the warmth

she dared to express.

"Parewell, Sir Knight," added Lorelly. "Nay, follow me not, or my displeasure shall blight the fair flowers of chivalry in their bud." Perceiving that he persevered in his intention, she repeated in a tone which left no doubt of her sincerity, and of her resolution to be believed, "I came unattended, sir, and I wish to return alone."

The young man immediately drew back, and answered her parting couriesy with a most respectful bow. Lorelly did not look back to see if she was pursued, for she had given no prohibition, in the hope that it might be broken; but she walked with true rustic rapidity, till she found herself again at her mother's pillow, whom to her infinite gratitude, she beheld still wrapped in the sweet, restoring arms of slumber. Venus had been faithful to her tust.

"Why, Miss Lora," cried she, showing two whole rows of immaculate ivory, "why, Miss Lora, you no look like yourself: yes, just like yourself—just as you look, when we in old Virginy. You got apple blossoms here," patting her own black satin cheek. "You steals 'em off the trees; you no lily now."

Lorelly was not aware of the theft, and involuntarily passed her hand over the hue of the fairest

of that tribe.

4I did not know, Aunt Venus," said she, again seating herself by the window, as if fearing to awake the slumberer, by her low soft voice; "I did not know that I had robbed the fields of their bloom, but I do know, that nothing is so refreshing as a ramble on the banks of a stream; and that is such a beautiful current, so clear and silvery. See how sweetly it winds through the trees, then spar kles up to the sun."

"Me no care about water sparkles," answered Venus, changing her tone to a most rueful cadence; "me getting homesics; I fraid—hun't seen no chance of bacon and greens since come here—November say he most starved—nothing but veal, and beef, anchickens—no bacon, no greens—folks no know what's good here. Ah! Miss Lora hugh, shake her head—never mind, Venus head older than her's, wiser too, sometimes."

"Cry about any thing but bacon and greens, Aunt Venus, and I'll pity you from the very bottom of my heart," cried Lorelly, putting her arm coaxingly round the faithful creature's neck, for she had no fear that the dark hue would stain the blies it tonels ed; "I feel too romantic just now to sympathize with such woes; but I know you love us too well to be unhappy where are are, and what could we do without you, Aunt Venus!" repeating the endearing epithet they so much love to hear.

Lorelly's lips always breathed balm upon the sorrows of Venus, who now smiled through her tears, like a midnight cloud, lit up by a passing moonbeam.

CHAPTER V.

"Not dear as feedom is, and in my heart's Just estimation pried above all price, I had much whate be myself the stares, Than fearen them on blen." "Sure there is need of social intercourse, Benavelogies, and pesce, and mutual aid, Between dicided portions of one land."

Tim accidental meeting on the banks of the Devon, was the commencement of an intercourse productive of the purest social enjoyment, and both of enjoyment and utility. It brought forth not only blessoms, but fruit. The prejudices of education melted away on both sides, like the icicle in the sunbeam, before the warm and kindred socialities of nature. The southerner began to believe that all frankness, cordiality, and hospitality were not monopolized by the favored children of herown genial clime, and the northerner to feel that all the kindliest charities of the heart might flourish in a soil moistened by the sweat of the negro's brow.

Far be it from us to advocate the cause of slavery, or to attempt to cover with too broad a mande the blot which sullies our national purity; but it should be remembered in sorrow rather than indignation, as a fulfillment of one of the most awfully impressive commandments of the decalogue, that the crimes of the fathers should be visited upon the children, in the lasting consequences of their sins. As well might we repreach the sable African for the color which severs him from our race, as the descendant of the southern planter for being born the hereditary owner of a race of slaves. While we join most religiously in the sendiment of him who says.

> "I would not have a sinve to till my ground, To carry my, to fan me when I sleep, And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth That show bought and sold have ever camed,"

we deprecate the injustice which would deny to those on whom such an evil is entailed the possession of kind and cherishing affections. It is true, there are many of these unhappy and degraded beings, who are driven to their daily toil by the lash of a tyramical task-master—unicelingly exposed to the burning sun, or the piercing wind, and doomed to suffer privations over whith unanalty must mourn. But there are many others who are middly superintended by tender and benevolent masters, all their wants liberally supplied, and their wishes kindly indulged. Thus disguised, the bitter draught of slavery is sweetened, and though the iron may clank, it does not enter into the soul. Philanthropy need not droop, for the curse is gradually disappearing from the land, as emancipated thousands gathered in Liberia can tell. The evil is too deeply rooted to be extirpated at once. The summer plant may be pulled by an infant's hand, but a giant's strength cannot uproot the forest oak, till time has withered its fibres and supped its foundation.

It would be difficult to define clearly the feeling, with which the heires of 1.a Grange and her beau tiful cousin marked the intimacy of the Rovingtons with the southern stranger. They had scrupulously avoided mentioning this family when they introduced themselves to her acquaintance, and when Pentence boasted of her distinguished friends, she never whispered a sylhable of their name. They had their own reasons for this silence. Pentience both hated and fenred Catharine, and admired Russel more than her sentimental consin would have approved; and it requires no skill in metaphysics to discover why the fair Plorence wished not to promote a fellowship, which, in spite of her vanity, she felt would be dangereus.

Lorelly's filial devotion restrained the impulse which impelled her to the society of her new friends; but there were moments when she knew her presence was rather a restraint than a solace to her

solitude that she might hold unwitnessed communion with the untold secrets of her own soul. Strange as it may seem, this beloved and idolizing daughter, who had been cherished from infancy in the bosom of maternal affection, was doomed to the conviction that that bosom was the seat of corroding sorrow and remorse. Yet all the blandishments of childhood-all the wandering, glowing sympathics of haunted cave. It was only in some dark hour of irrepressible agony she ever uttered the workings of her spirit. But what bitter food were these inexplicable sentences for the eraying imagination of her child! They told of unexpiated guilt, of irremediable wee, and self-consuming passion; but the fountain of bitterness still remained unscaled. This thick, chilling mystery, involving so near and holy a union as mother and child, was as blighting in its influence on the young and ardent heart of Lorelly, as the eximiations of the dungeon to the sunborn flowers. She could find no ray of light to penetrate the gloom so unnatural, and therefore unhallowed. She had never seen her father, and all she knew of his history was his having separated from her mother soon after their marriage, who again returned to the protection of the paternal roof. Thus born to an orphanage, more sad than that created by death, her earliest recollections were associated with the tears and sorrows of widowhood. When she was about five years old, she remembered being

clothed in deep mourning for her father, who had died in New Orleans, a victim to a pestilential fever. Every thing connected with this event was impressed very vividly on her memory, from the wonder and curiosity that then agitated her mind. Sitting on her grandfather's knee, pondering on her sable robes, she suddenly asked him what they meant. He told her they signified sorrow, and that she ought to be very sorry as her papa was dead, and she never could see him in this world. "But I am not sorry, grandpapa," she answered, "for I never saw him, and I don't love him, and I won't wear these ugly black things, if that's what they mean-why did'nt he always live with dear mama and me?" "Because," said her grandfather, in a passionate tone, setting her to the ground in no gentle manner. "hecause your mother is a fool." Alarmed at the violence of his expression, the petted child, whose curlosity had now received a painful impulse, ran to her black nurse, and recapitulated her question with her grandfather's reply. Venus was not initiated into her mistress' secrets; she had been brought up in a remote part of the plantation, and had only belonged to the household since her mother's death, which happened at the era of Lorelly's birth, when she was promoted to the honorable office of nurse to her infant ladyship.

"Me know noting about it, Miss Lora," said Venus, trying to soothe her ruffled favorite by fond caresses, "only folks say, Miss Fanny no love Master

Walter, and old Master make hor marry him—you no big enough to talk about such things."

Rather stimulated than satisfied by this reply, the persevering child resorted to her mother, and repeated the same innocent questions, why she should wear black, if she did not love her futher; and why, if he was not very wicked, he should have left her dear mama so long?

"Because," exclaimed Mrs. Sutherland, pressing her wildly in her arms, with a look that long hausted the slumbers of childhood, "because I am a wretch."

ing about her father, and as her curiosity had been so perplexed, she felt but little temptation to renew the theme. There was another subject which excited her early speculation, and which now, whenever it recurred to hor, gave her a thrill of indescribable anguish. The first thing which had attracted her infant gaze, was a golden case suspended on her mother's bosom by a chain of massy gold. She was wont to play with the glittering bauble, unconscious that it contained any treasure within, till her mother called her attention to a beautiful miniature, concealed in the gem, bidding her love and caress it. It was that of a young man. And though after her father's death she was never permitted to look upon it, she remembered it as if it had been the face of an angel. She had a positive conviction that it could not be her father's picture, yet day and night it was cherished in the bosom that had nourished her

into life, hid like an ill-gotten treasure, covertly warmed by her kisses, and bathed by her tears, That her mother had been the victim of an ill-fated attachment, she religiously believed, of a guilty one, she sometimes tremblingly feared. And when this fear came over her, she felt as if indelible shame character of Mrs. Sutherland, the purity of her sen, timents, the irreproachableness of her conduct, silently contradicted the withering thought. Still lt would recur, in the dreams of night, with the morning sun-beam, casting its lengthening shadow over the noon-day brightness of her daughter's spirit, chastening and humbling her pride, and causing those alternations from constitutional gaiety to morcharacter. Is it strange that, thus situated, such a etrated her heart like a bolt of fire, and inflamed every drop of proud blood in her veins? She had sed by the physician with secret rapture. A genwas about to bring his son to Massachusetts to place him in the Cambridge University, and offered to be their escort and protector. He had parted from them at W....., as he was compelled to hasten his return, and Mrs. Sutherland was advised to remain at the north till the summer months were past. An

unexpected accident detained them in Cloverdale, and Lorelly's first impatient murmurs, the result of a chafed and wounded spirit, began to be changed into blessings that Providence had cast their lives tainly one of the most attentive physicians in the ving the dismal boards, and Lorelly had promised to have a jubilee on the occasion, and join a fishing the Lady of the Lake was to be launched, with due the Silver Lake. She gave this pledge at the carvalley; and the scenery around, as surpassing the creations of fancy. Had she felt no disposition to join a festive scene, she would have found it diffiesting. She admired the high-spirited and independent Catharine, but she loved the sweet and spirited Viola. Perhaps she did not love her less, for being the sister instead of the betrothed of her own gallant champion. Lorelly's heart was not made of those inflammable materials, which kindle into unhealthy radiance at the first sight of youth, beauty, and genius-it was covered with the asbestos shield of moral delicacy, and the flame of unbidden passion

could not penetrate it. But she was human; and it is perfectly natural that she should feel more pleasure in the society of such a being as Russel Roving ton, with the conviction that he was free and unshackled as herself, than if she believed his rich treasures of intellect and feeling were already appropriated by another. The circumstances of their first meeting, had thrown a kind of romantic charm over their future Intercourse. The playful yow of knighthood invested him at once with the privileges of an earlier acquaintance, and whenever an opportunity occurred of displaying the chivalrous character he had assumed, he supported it with such gentlemanity grace and spirit, such a freedom from all coxmonly and affectation, she scarcely wished to see him in any other. Yet, when she beheld him the idd of his own household, the devoted son, the affection affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt that he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt dut he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt dut he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt dut he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt dut he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt dut he appeared in a fur more affection, she felt dut he appeared in a fur more affection, and the affection and the affec

He was not always talking about books and Edinburgh Reviews, retailing other men's opinions as his own, samugdling the riches of literature, then scattering them with seeming prodigality among the admiring througt but as the luxuriant fields of Cloverdale betrayed by their living green, the preence of their fertillizing benefactor, even when to bright current was hid from the view, the Intellectual richness and freshness of his conversation revealed the bounteons stream of literature, flowing through his mind. The feeling of surprise deepend unlitted was calculated to Inspire. The "gem of purest ray screne" found in the unfathomable caves of occan, seemed an emblem to Lorelly, of this unlooked for discovery in a Yankee village. While Miss Marriwood und Florence secretly writhed with envy and fellowsy, they redoubled their attentions to Lorelly, who, digusted with the want of refinement in Pentience, and the superabundance of it in Florence, and oppressed by the ostentialism hospitality of Mr. Marriwood, was the most polite, but the most ungrateful being in the world. Her sympathics turned from them with a kind of centrifugal velocity, natural and irresistible, and flew off in a tangent, following one of nature's universal laws.

One evening, when Mrs. Sutherland discovered those indicitions, so familiar to the watchid eye of affection, that she wished no hoverer near-her pillow, while she expressed entire exemption from physical suffering. Lorelly consented to accompany the young preceptress, as she returned home from her daily task.

"Do you not somotimes feel the hours drug heavily and wearily along?" asked Lorelly, as they walked together through the shaded path that led to the English cottage. "Do you not find such constant, confinement a bondage to the freeborn spirit? and yet your's always seems as elastic and bright, as if the particles of time in your glass were golden sparks, instead of sandy grains."

"It is a very old adage," replied Catharine, "that employment gives wings to time; and it is an opinion as ancient, that the consciousness of duty gilds the plumage of these wings with the hues of the rainbow. I have proved the truth of both these aphorisms. Constant occupation excludes the troublesome intrusions of ennui, and the hope of acquit ting myself in such a manner as to med; the approbation of my great Taskmaster's cyc, gives me strength to fulfill the most arduous duties."

Lorelly wasstruck with the dignity of Catharines, sentiments, that thus canobled the occupation she had chosen. It must be confessed that it had been a matter of surprise and regret to her aristocratic feelings, that so highly gifted a young lady—sister too to so distinguished a young man—should limit her talents to a sphere so narrow. She thought such a situation was fitted only for duil, plodding, every day sort of mortals, not such a "particular star" as Catharine Revington.

"a I should deceive you," resumed Catharine, after a thoughtful pause, "if I led you to believe that I assumed these duties from an abstract love of them. Our father's death deprived us of affluence, and threw us upon the protection of a young and only brother. The extreme delicacy of Violu's constitution renders her entirely unfit to meet the pellings of life's storms. We have never known privations yet, but should any misfortune befull us, I shrink from the thought of ever being a burthen to the noblest, most disinterested, and affectionate brother, two orphan sisters were ever blest with. Better, far better, to become accustomed to the yoke, while the feelings possess the pliability of youth, and the spirit unstilfened by pride, bows readily to meet its destination."

"How deeply you make me feel my own inefficiency," said Lorelly, touched by this unexpected confidence, and still more by the spontaneous tribute to fraternal worth. "I believe I might be capable of making great sacrifices for those I love; but were I called upon to lay daily, hourly offerings on the altaof principle and duty, I fear I should be incapable of the exertion; or were I to make the ellort, the sacrifice would be rejected, because it came from a cold and unwilling leart."

"Oh! do not exalt me to the honors of martyrdom," replied Catharine, "my path is not filled with brambles, and there is many a sweet blossom by the way-side. In y a pas der ruses some spines."

Just as she spoke, in literal fulfillment of her words, a fragrant nonegay was proflered to her acceptance, by one of her young pupils, who had been lingering in her path to catch an opportunity of presenting the sweet-scented gift. It was a true New England posy, and attracted Lorelly's particular admiration. It was a bountful collection of grass pinks, the earliest flowers of the tribe, strung together on a good substantial thread, and wound again and

again around high central sprigs of tansey and camomile, a most munificent and plebeian looking bouquét. Catharine received it with a smile of gratitude, while another bashful little rustic pressed forward with a similar boon.

"A few moments back I was inclined to pity you," said Lorelly, "now I am half disposed to envy. 1 begin to have now ideas of happiness."

They had now reached the gate, and Viola was seen running down the steps to meet them, like a fairy spirit of gladness. Lorelly had *Completely fascinated her young imagination, since she first appeared, like a second Vardine on the banks of the Devon. She looked up to her with pure, unenvying admiration, as the embedded image of all her preconceived ideas of female loveliness; and no longer restrained by diffidence, expréssed her affection with a warmth and frankness, which melted away another of Lorelly's southern prejudices. She had imbibed the opinion, that northern madeus were wrapt in a mantle of reserve, cold and impenentable as polar ice; but the hearts of Catharine and Viola shone clearly from their transparent eyes, and spoke with unaffected warmth from their candid lips. But Lorelly had heard so much of northern coldness and southern warmth, she could not but think his family was only a delightful exception to the general rule.

Lorelly had often made a passing call at Mrs. Rovington's, but she had never before remained as a guest. She admired the simple elegance with

which every thing was arranged-the true unstudied gentility which reigned in the household. There was no costly furniture, no labored display, but an air of taste and refinement pervaded the mansion. No ornaments are so common as flowers in a pastoral-dwelling, and certainly none are so easily obtained; and the vases on Mrs. Rovington's mantle-piece were always filled with the fairest of the valley. wreathed together with so much grace, it was not difficult to detect whose fingers plucked and placed them there. Viola was certainly a most lawless plunderer of Flora's sweets, and disliked to see a short awkward stem so much, that she was guilty of the murder of many a promising bud, in search of the unfolding blossom. Some think this a flagrant outrage upon nature's rights, and will carefully pluck a full-blown rose, unrelieved by the green of bud or leaf, rather than squander the bounties of Providence. But whenever you see a lady with such

One of Catharine's first cares was to preserve her nosegay from withering. For this purpose she put it in the midst of Viola's flowers, without perceiving how much she discomposed their beautiful arrangement.

"Ohl pray, Catharine," said Viola, whose poetical eye was immediately pained by the want of harmony, "do put it in the central vase, where I've clustered the largest blossoms. It looks so stiff and coarse, by the side of these fair queen lilies." "Am I not right?" continued she, appealing to her brother, who had just entered the room. "What does this look like here?"

"Why, it reminds me," answered Russel, taking possession of the insulted neesgay, "of Norval's description of the moon, 'round as my shield,' and it certainly presents a most imposing battery of sweets. But if you call upon me as an umplee, I must acknowledge that Catharine has violated the strict rules of taste in introducing it among this slender painted mountage."

"If I were to decide," said Lorelly, "I would say it was fairer than all the queen Illies in the universe. It was the offering of gratitude and affection, unpollated by one selfish and worldly motive, and it must therefore have imperishable charms. I was never so conscious of the feeling of envy as when I saw your sider eccite this forgant rid."

"Thus offered, and thus presented," cried Rovington, restoring it to its original station, "slet all fillies and rose of the valley do homage to its loveliness. See, Viola, how they bow their scented heads towards it, as it instinct with moral veneration for its worth. Do von not black for your injustice?"

Vlola did blash, and busied herself most industriously about the vases, to hide the tears that were gathering in her eyes. The warmth of Lorelly's expression rebuked the folly of her remarks, and she could not endure the idea of being thought unfeeling and ungrateful. Lorelly saw the emotion, and twisting some of the wild flowers together, she playfully wreathed them in Viola's pale, golden locks, and bade her look in the mirror to see if she ever wore a "coronet so fair."

This was a trivial subject, but Mrs. Rovington felt that there was more to admire in the simple sentence that Lorelly uttered, and the simple act that followed it, than all herexternal fascinations of grace and benuty. Such is the transcendent charm of goodness.

All the best feelings of Lorelly's nature were called into exercise in this domestic circle. What Catharine had told her with respect to their unportioned condition, and her own motives for exertion, sanctified it in her eyes. Not thought she could perceive an occasional shade of anxiety on Rovington's brow, which sometimes deepened to sadness, but was again succeeded by such beaming cheerfalness, it might be, after all, an illusion of her own imagination. When she sow, however, the perfect confidence which subsisted in this family, their cloudless unlon and urrestrained affection, and thought of the unblest mystery that shadowed her own home, she will how poor a compensation were the bounties of fortune, for the injured privileges of nature.

She would have returned at twilight, but so many temptations were held out to induce her to remain a titt longer, she found them irresistible.

"Do not go so soon," said Catharine; "if there is any thing about us that approaches to the agreeable, it is discoverable in a moon-light evening, when we cluster in this vine-shadowed piazza. It has quite an inspiring influence upon me, and makes me forget all the dall lessons of the day, 'tearned and conned by rote'.'

"Oh! stay with us a little longer," cried Ylola, with caressing importunity. "I will go myself and ank forgiveness of your mother, and tell her we held you in bondage. You do not know how sweet the moon-beams play through the lattice-work, and dance and sport as if it were nature's holiday. Already they begin their evening pastime. See how well the showes filt younder."

She drew Lorelly gently into the piazza as she

"Oh! come then to our fairy bower,"

Lorelly was about to confess herself a willing prisoner, when Rovington, of whose near presence she was not aware, drew forward the green settee, and continued—

"Qur hollest time is the moon-light hour,
And never was moon-light so sweet as this."

How fortunate it is that the bounties of nature planet still shines with the same pure, virgin brightness as she did in the morning of her creation. It has been said that authors are passlonately foud of describing those nights, when the fair bride of the sun walks through the blue chambers of heaven, attended by the sparkling copacity of the summer skies: but it should be remembered, that almost every interesting event occurs in such lours. There is nothing templing abroad, in a dark, rainy, gusty evening; and since Adam and Eve sung their twillight hymn of adoration in the groves of Eden, to the moment that Russel Royington finished this exquisite quotation, the moon has thus been the undrained fountain of all inspiration, romance, poetry, music, and love.

"list true," said Kovington, "that the hue of your southern skies, Miss Sutherhad, are softer and pure than ours? You are indeed surrounded by a more transparent atmosphere, and travelors dwell with rapture on the purity and blandness of your summer evenings. Still I can imagine nothing more Italianlike and mellow than the beams that are now lingering on our brows."

Lorelly looked at the speaker, as it is natural to do when we are particularly addressed, and as he sat in each bright actiof against the dark wreathing foliage, she could not help thinking the brow of classic beauty shaded by hyacinthine locks, as fair to look upon as the beams which revealed.

"Our night-heaven," she answered, "is puler, and there is a soft haziness in the atmosphere, that seems to throw a halo round every particular star. Yours has a dazzling clearness, a rich depth of dye, corresponding to the vivid green of your meadows. But we have an infinite advantage: the dows drop not so heavily, and we can ramble wherever we will, without fearing the damps of death being blended with the tears of night."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us," exclaimed Rovington; "see who come to remind us that we are denizens of earth—not the privileged

"I am sure the beautiful Miss Fairchild is the very genius of romance," said Lorelly, while she almost grouned in spirit, at the sight of Penitence Marriwood, with the fair sentimentalist, walking up the yard, escorted by the agreeable doctor. Catharine east a racful look at Viola, and Viola looked as if she could have cried, if it would have done any good.

"We were so happy," whispered she to Lorelly, "and Miss Marriwood always says something to make every body feel uncomfortable."

Another figure, which was not at first perceptible, as the path only accommodated three at once, emerged from behind the trio as they entered the piazza. But it were unworthy to introduce this personage at the end of a chapter. It is much more proper she should dignify the commencement of a new

CHAPTER VI.

"Toil not up the sandy steep,
Thoms and scoms await then there—
Slave of wealth and fashion, keep
Where the lowly slaters are." * * * *

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,"—Bunns.

Miss Shyl Pepperil, according to her own genealogy, was a collateral descendant of the ancient and honorable family of Sir William Pepperil, whose ancestral tomb rises like the ghost of transadantic nobility, in the romantic little value of Kittery, near the banks of Piscataqua. It was supposed, however, that this was adroun of her own imagination, and that all the affinity she could possibly claim was her name, being really descended from an honest, but untitled family, whose claims even to gentility were somewhat disputed. Her parents were good, industrious, unpertending sort of people, who knew no wish beyond the limits of their farm, and no anxiety but for their two daughters. The eldest married a disciple of Cincinants, and was settled most comfortably in a sing little nook in a corner of the town; and when the elder Pepperils were gathered to their fathers, they opened their hearts and doors to the orphon Sibyl. But Sibyl was incapable of appreciating their honest, downright affections. She had imbibed—heaven knowshow—some very patrician uctions, and despised her sister's growing ideas of happiness. She had always manifested semething of this aspiring humor, and her father had often sung to her, when she held the milk-pail so daintily, and washed the dishes with the tip ends of her fingers, "Ahl Sibyl, your ton knot must come down,

4To a linsey-woolen gown,

How Sibyl first contrived to edge liered into the circle, which was denominated the zentry by her relations, we do not receiled, but after she had once enferred the golden ring, the power of man or woman could not get her out to again. She was a perfect Machiavel in her line — she managed to obtain invintions to this and that place, and under such circumstance that she was obliged to make a visitation, justical of a visit. She was for a while at the summit of her ambilion, for she had installed herself in Mrs. Elmwood's household, by one of the best maneuvres in the world. This haly, whose literary genius sectured to flow from the fountains of benevolence, and weald gladly have fertilized the whole valley with the water of Hellcon, kept a select library for the express accommodation of those whose milads were richer than their purses, and thirsted for knowledge they had not the means of acquiring. Sibyl heard of this rare bounty, and addenly fell to intellectual fundors.

could not be appeased from affy other source. She started for Elm-grove, at the commencement of an equinoctial storm, and Mrs. Elmwood was too kind to suffer her to walk several dreary miles in the drizzling rain and chilling east wind; besides, she was gratified by her literary inste, and recommended a most judicious course of reading and instruction. Mrs. Elmwood paid dear for her hospitality. The sun-beams came back, dazzlingly bright, but Sibyl still adhered to Elu-grove, as firmly as a piece of melicd scaling-wax; and she would probably have stuck there till another equinoctial sterm, if her ambitton had not taken another vault, and she immediately set her wits to work, to climb the Alnine height on which she gazed. After the arrival of the Marriwood family, Sibyl began to lose her relish for the society of the elegant and refined Mrs. Elinwood, and she was really worn with fittigue, from tottering so long on the stilts of gentility and literature. She had penetration enough to perceive that notwithstanding the wealth and the many advantages of Miss Marriwood, that she had a natural vulgarity, a coarseness of the grain, which no artificial polish could conceal. She also discovered that she was very accessible to flattery; and with this sweet and gracious unction she oiled the path to her favor and her home. La Grange possessed one attraction, strong as magnetism, to Miss Pepperil. Mr. Marriwood was not only an elaborately fine-looking man for his age, but a widower with

"And mallen plenish'd fairly;"

digested plan of a future establishment. Napoleon. when he saw his banner waving near the pyramids of Egypt, felt not a prouder throb than that which swelled the heart of this indefatigable home-seeker, when she found herself a fixture in the mansion of La Grange. And to do her justice, she did not cat the bread of idleness. She insisted upon hemming Mr. Marriwood's cravats and bandannas; always jumped to pick up his cane, if it chanced to fall; flew to ring the beil if he wanted a servant; and even arrived at the envled privilege of tying up his quoue. She worked rufiles and mended gloves for Penitence; was sure to ask her to play, whenever the gentlemen lounged in, and was equally sure. when the ladies called, to bring in accidentally, "As Mr. Rovington was saying to you, last evening, Miss Marriwood " or, "As Dr. Chandler was telling you this morning," and similar allusions to all the

Pentlence would willingly have paid a salary to any one for a service like this; for she had been obliged to be the herald of all the attentions she received, before the valuable acquisition of Sibyl; she therefore offered her a sinceure, and made her the heires of her east-off finery. Pentlence found the presence of Miss Pepperil very desirable on norther account; she thought she might serve as

tence, like Desdemona, in gazing on her Moorish lover, saw her vivage, in her own mind, and it was attractive in her own eyes. The person of Miss Peppcril was too remarkable to pass unnoticed. She was somewhat tall, but her waist and neck were so uncommonly short, they gave her the aptowards the centre of her face, by the chemical atthis principle, approached so inconveniently near her nose, it was a matter of speculation how she ed the same general law, and turned in a slanting direction towards the nasal organ, which had likebeauty, which she valued accordingly. She had very redundant hair, which had a natural frizzle, (she called it a wave,) which she took particular care of her ear, of which she was particularly vain. But what she considered her murdering point of beauty, was her foot, which almost rivalled Babel's in Kotzebuo's novel of William and Jeanette. It must have been her foot, after all, which first suggested her dreams of gentility, having heard, prohave a taper termination to the body. Never did she suffer this charm to be in the back ground. It

was her greatest misfortune that she could not step forward both feet at the same time; but in sitting she managed to display it most gracefully. She always placed one of the limbs to which this attraction appended, over the other, and turning the point downward, in the second position, kept up a little trembling, tilting motion, like Zephyr among the young leaves of the forces.

It was Miss Sibyl Pepperil, who emerged from the shadow of her patroness, and formed the fourth of the party that broke in so unexpectedly on the moon-lighted group.

"I am delighted," exclaimed Penitence, with peculiar emphasis, to Lorelly, "that your mother is so rapidly recovering. I suppose the doctor has crossed her name from the invalid list, or our friends here, would not be so highly privileged."

"What inference will Miss Marriwood draw," replied Lorelly, resuming all her southern pride of manner, "if she finds her congratulations have been premature, and that my mother is still a suffering in white."

"That Miss Sutherland has been the kindest, and we the most favored of mortals," said Rovington, "But this is more than an inference; it is a self-evi-

"Why, if Miss Sutherland immured herself in a sick room, all these bright days and nights," said the doctor, "I should be the most favored of mortals, for I should soon have two patients instead of one. Close air is the very clixir of our profession, which is extracted from the fading roses of health and beauty. I can see even by this silver lamp, Miss Lorelly, that your cheeks are already mantled with a brighter bloom."

Florence, who was not at all pleased with the forwor of Kovington's gratitude, nor with the look which accompanied it, resolved to divert the attention of the company, and rivet it upon herself. As a preparatory remark, she turned to Rovington, and asked what influence such a heaventy night had upon his feelings.

"I cannot exactly define," he answered; "but I think I can always pray more fervently."

"And you, my sweet friend," added she, appealing to Lorelly," does your spirit hold nearer communion with the burning stars, or hover more tenderly round those you love on earth?"

"It would require a deeper metaphysician than myself," she replied, "to explain the full influence of such an hour as this, but I have always felt in the stilly brightness of the evening, as if I had higher capacities of the soul—deeper sensibilities of the heart—keeper susciphibilities both of pleamer and pain. I have often prayed that I might die gazing on the moon, as it is the most beautiful image of the Creator's mercy."

"And I," exclaimed Florence, clasping together he white hands, which she had angloved for the occasion, and fixing her soft brown eyes, first on the moon, and then on Russel Rovington, "I too would die in such an hour; but my last fading glance would turn from you glorious planet, to rest on that, round which woman's faithful heart forever fondly moves—the star of earthly love."

There was something so direct in this speech, and in the melting glance that applied it, Lorelly was perfectly shocked, and had the grace to blush most intensely at such a violation of her sex's delicacy. It is true, that her modest sense of propriety was deeply wounded; but if may be questioned if she would have felt quite as much shocked if the fair Florence had perpetrated her romance on Doctor Chandler. She could not help glanching at Rovington, to see if the lambeat lightning played on an impassive surface; but he had conveniently recollected that his temple locks were discomposed, and his hand, as it pussed over his brows, completely shaded the stars of Florence's carthly love.

"I declare," suddenly uttered the doctor, "I declare, Miss Pepperil, they have slighted us most shumefully—nobody has asked us how me are affected by these sweet, trembling rays. Tell me, Miss Sibyl," added he, applying his fingers to her pulse in the true professional style, "how do you feel this

"Ahl doctor," simpered she, "you always will be witty. But why don't you ask Miss Marriwood? Pm sure she will have something interesting to say, she has so much imagination."

"I—don't bring my name forward, If you please,
Miss Pepperil," said Penitence, in high displeasure,
at being left so much in the back-ground. I can

have nothing to say on such a common-place and hackneyed subject. I only know that fools and maniacs babble and rave to the moon, and that dogs and waives hav at it."

"Alas!" sighed the doctor, "how little we know of each other; I always thought it most of all propitious to meck and heavenly Penitence."

A compliment, even in jest, was a never-failing enovator of the spirits of Pentitence, and sike condescended to be amiable the remainder of the evening. Florence managed to monopolize the conversation of Rotington, and Catharine and Viola sat on either side of Lorelly, finding in that privilege something of an indemnification for their interrupted happiness. Viola was seated on a little footstool, and when Lorelly was speaking, she would look up in her face with such admiring attention, while her fair ringlets, reclining on her lap, gave her an expression of almost infantine loveliness. Lorelly's hearty conract towards her with a sister's fondness; yet there was a melancholy mixed with this tenderness, for there was something about this sweet, young renture that forstold an early door—a kind of shadowy brightness, like the hale of the moon, beautiful in teeld, but the precursor of a day of darkness. As she sat in the attitude of childlish gracefulness, the chaplet of wild flowers becomed and fell, shedding their faiding sweets in lorelly's lap.

"Sec," said Viola, lifting the drooping wreath, "with what ephemeral honors you have crowned me. I do not know that I am superstitions, but I

have often thought, when looking on a young, pale, lifeless flower, I read, as from nature's oracles, a

"Do not speak so sadly," said Lorelly, though she folt in her own heart a low each to the prediction. "The only lesson you should learn from these, is that which Waller's lovely rose was commissioned to breathe to youthful loveliness—to die,

That she the fate of all might see,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

Often, and mournfully did this passing scene hereafter recur to the memory of Lorelly.

There was nothing worthy of record in the homeward walk of the party, but the fliritation of the doctor with Miss Pepperil, to the great annoyance of Miss Marriwood, who hung upon his other arm. There had been a life-giving shower in the norming, leaving here and there a silver pool by the wayside. Whenever they approached these sparkling transparencies, the Doctor would exclaim, with fervolutions of the production of the second exclaims.

"Oh! Miss Pepperil, take care of your feet—it would be secritege to soil such a sole as your's with the slime of this lower would." And Miss Pepperil would slant and point her toes more inveterately then ever, till at last, whether by accident or design, in jumping her over one of the largest of the pools, he loosened his sustaining hold, and the Chinese beauty stuck, fast as a pond Bly, in the mud.

"Oh! my stars," cried Miss Pepperll "what shall

I do? I've ruined my new prunclices—and I searces
by ever can get a pair of shoes small enough to fit
me in the whole town. Doctor, how could you be
so crucl as to Jet me go?" "I beg a thousand pardons," said the doctor, kindly assisting her out; "I
am the most unfortunate being in the universe.
But upon my word it was not my fault; your feet are
too delicate to support your frame, and you cannot,
in consequence, keep a proper equilibrium. Here
is Miss Marriwood, to whom nature has been more
bountful in that respect, found no difficulty in reaching terra firms."

Miss Pepperil would have stood in a mili-pond all night for the sake of such a compliment, and skipped with added agility till they ascended the world days dones of La Grange.

"How exquisitely beautiful is Miss Fairchild," said Lorelly to Rovington, almost unconsciously dinking aloud, after they had left the spoiled child of romance at Mr Marriwood's gate; "I do not think I ever saw a face so faultlessly lovely—with such perfect regularity of features—such purity and bellilancy of countexton combined."

"She is indeed resplendently beautiful," replied Rovington; "and if cutward lovellness were all, the sons of men might full down and worship at her feet. But for my part, I deprecate a faultiess monster even in beauty. The icled gen is not more cold in its wintry splendor, than a mere dazzling union of red and white, an eye sparkling with sole animal brightness are to me. I love to linger on the face, which the shades of feeling and the sun-beams of intellect alternately darken and illumine the check where the warm blood comes and goes, as one of our most eloquent has expressed, 'with tidings from the heart.'"

Lorelly was not vain, but she could not but be conscious of her characteristic attractions, and she knew that every contion of her heart sent a glowing herald to her cheek. There was a depth of feeling too in Rovington's voice, very different from the gay tones in which he had pledged and supported his chivalrous vow of allegiance, which deepened as he continued—

"But it is not for one like me, sworn brother to necessity, to lap myself in golden dreams, in the bowers of fancy, when the straight though perhaps thorny path of duty lies before me. Young as I am, I must make myself an anchorite in heart, nor think of gathering another blossom, save those which nature may have seattered near my hermitage. Tell me," added, he, with a sudden flush of animation, as if struck with a conviction of the singularity of his manner, "what portical cremite shall I make my model? He, who far in an unknown wild, passed his simless days in prayer and praise? He, the solitary and plaintive mourner of man's unavailing glory, or the benign soother of human suffering—the 'gentle hermit of the dale?'

"Were you to ask me," answered Lorelly, infinitely relieved by the change he had given to the conversation, "were you to ask me which was most intoresting in poetry, I might hesitate what selection to make, but as a moral exemplar, conscience clearly directs my choice to the active reliever of the sorrows of mun. It would be madness to initiate the devoutsceptic of the wisdom of Providence, for you may not, like him, find a descended angel crossing your path to dissipate your doubts and vindicate the dispensations of heaven."

"Most true," he replied; "and were I to follow the example of the gentle moralist, it is not likely that a fair spirit in woman's form would enter my solitary cell, and cheer it with the light of constancy and love."

They had reached the door of the hotel, which Lorelly entéred with an upbraiding consciouse when she recollected how upon she had lingered from the pillow of her mother. The light in the chamber was burning disastronely blue, making long ghoetly shadows on the walls; but a glance explained the fearful length of wick, for Venus sat by the bedside, nodding to an fre, like a mourning popy surcharged with rain. Lorelly bent over the pillow, to see if her mother were asleep, for she lay so alarmingly still, the cold dow of terror gathered on Lorelly bett frow as a by a moreached her.

"Is it you, Lorelly?" said Mrs. Sutherland, in an exhausted voice; "I did not think you would have remained from me so long."

"Are you more !!!, my dear mother? For worlds I would not have left you, had I supposed you wished me to remain. I never dreamed of staying after

twilight, but"—she paused, and then added—"I found myself so much happier than I anticipated, I could not resist their solicitation."

"Do wake poor Venus, Lorelly, and let her go to bed. Her dark shadow has been waving over my pillow, till ithas assumed every form a sickly imagination could shape."

"Go to bed, Aunt Venus," said Lorelly, patting her woolly locks with her velvet hands, "go to sleep and to-morrow you shall run abroad, while I keep sentinel here."

"Mn no want to go broad," nuwered Yenus, rubbling her eyes and stretching the chords of her neck, "me no place to go to—nothing but buckro people here, and I lit'em know me use to quality folks. Ah! you begin to like Yankee country, Miss Lara, but nothing like old Virginy arter all. Good night honey; Lord bless your sweet eyes—they shine like a hean of stars."

"They must shine, if you can see them by this light," said Lorelly, sauding the ominous looking candles, as Venus closed the door, repeating her honeys and good nights. Lorelly silently unbound her braided locks, and prepared for her nightly rest. She waited for her mother to speak to her again, for her first expression conveyed a repreach, which stung the sensitive heart of Lorelly. "I do not merit it," thought she, and she sat down at the window, in her loose night robe, to watch the white rising mist that rolled in soft silvered masses over the meadows, and gradually werething itself around the

foliage of the trees, assumed the appearance of a transparent lake, while the branches, still waving above, resembled the masts and spars of vessels launched on the bosom of the fairy expanse.

"Lorelly, my child?" cried Mrs. Sutherland, partly raising herself upon her unwounded arm, and Lorelly was in a moment at her side.

"Dearest mother, are you displeased with me you urged me from you, then why so cold at my return."

"You manake, Lorelly 4 it is you who are cold and estrange, one of from me, in tend of talling me what sped the extense hours to be girlly one your head?

"If you only know Mrs. Roviniston mother, you would not wonder that happiness bejelvemed the great of her basedoid. There is up is greatly larger than the property of the manners, so much kindness, yet dig mly, you know not whether to love or rever, he meet such her of up their are so included and and sweet. To think or our fooding met a comity here. Indeed, dear mether, when you are a form better you must know ind how the obstrance women."

"And he can," edded Mrs. Sutherland her languid yer und einh i i ishir. In in her dasahti r'a faren "yen lan i peken una hari hir yang man hefare, who do yen und hom now, ip the lift of this family after over?"

"It was not from oblivious," enswered Leretty, with prood frankness stoodly meeting her mother's scarching glance, though her type darkened and her check burned; "I have discovered traits in his character which cannot fail to elevate him in the estimation of all, capable of appreciating moral excellence. Filial devotion and fractural tenderness are engraven on his heart, like the motto on the shield of the Crusaders, to show they were dedicated to a holy cause."

"Lorelly, beware,"

"Mother, think not so meanly of me: I should despise myself if I could not do the same justice to man so woman. I repore that I have had an opportunity of knowing one, who has had the power to obliterate so many narrow and illiberat productes from my mindy but when I return to my native scenes I shall remember him, as I shall the young trees and howers of the valley, gate but white I liberate which is a shall be shall not make it in execution, since I shall find a join a bals it not furery, near my own dear routhers home."

"You deceive yourcelf, my daughter," continued Mrs. Satherland, with in russing energy of expression. "You know not the fineldow chrocalments of passion—the disperate deceive finite or the human heart. "The work of the first hand anabered exp. color—in your heart was withering with the first hand of the permitted near-of-irrendship and now behold me, in the number of my life, highted and for-lorn, like the ones green tree of the wilderness, which the lightning of the Almighty has scalled. Oh! Lorelly, door unfertunate child, let me never

live to see the crimes of thy mother visited on thy innocent head,"

"The crimes of my mother?" exclaimed Lorelly; "Oh! what daggers you utter." She clasped her hands wildly together, and sinking on her knees by the bed side, conjured her by every holy and awful consideration to tell her the full meaning of such fearful words. "If you have erred my mother—and who is shaless?—think not the confession can alienate a daughter's love. There is no reality can surpass the dark magnings of my fewered fancy. Let me go down toto the depths of your heart, and shed the healing belin of fillal tenderness and sympathy on the wounds that are bleeding there."

"Mrs. Sutherland pressed the hand of "her daughter on her throbbing temples, "Lorelly, you know not what you ask; Thave vawed a vow which I will religiously falfil." In my dying heur, when I am about to appear in the presence of that Belng, whose all-seeing eye has witnessed my guilt and my remorse; when the ashes of passion are transling over the unconscious urn; then, sweet blanneless off-pring of the most impassioned but ill-fatted love, you shall know how deeply I have shaned, and how bitter has been my expisition."

The hand which Mrs. Sutherland held pressed in her own, became as chill us marble; and the check which kenned over the bed covering, white as the sheets. Lorelly felt as if her death-warrant had been read in the neverto-be-forgotten words her unhappy parent had just uttered. The cold conviction of inherited disgrace pierced her heart, and froze the very life-blood in her veins. Determined, if possible, to know the full extent of her misery, and to bow her spirit to the humiliation, she faultered out—

"Tell me but one thing, and I ask no more. Am I really branded with such a curse as to be the child of $\inf mv$?"

Mrs. Sutherland started from her pillow and pushing back the damp heavy locks from her brow, echoed the last words of Lorelly with a shuddering laugh.

"No-no-no-I may be cursed, but thou art stainless. No ignominy in the eye of man attends thy birth, and the waters of Kedron are not purer than the fountain from which it was derived. Aye, weep my child; but not for youself, but me."

"Thank God?" ejuculated Lorelly; and it might indeed be said, that sorrow,

"gratitude and pity wept at once."

She threw her arms around her mother's neck, soothed her by every fond and endearing epithet that exalted affection could suggest, and it has fell asleep on the bosom, which though corroded by such hidden thorns, was still the softest pillow of nature to her—the pillow of maternal love.

CHAPTER VII.

"On thy fair bosom, allver lake,
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
Where early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is e'er."
Perceived

Ture day at last arrived, when the Lady of the Lake was to be haunched; and never was day lovelier, or sky more blue. It did indeed seem as if the green of the earth and the blue of the heaven view with each other in brilliancy and depth of line. The splinters had been taken from Mrs. Sutherland's arm, and Lorelly was called upon to redeem her promise, which she now shrunk from falidilings for since the conversation with her mother, recorded in the last chapter, she had felt a dimness over her spirits, and a disturbination for the scenes which had possessed such a set before. Had Mrs. Sutherland fattioned the mystery of the luman heart, she would have known that she was acting a very unwled part in convicing is lorelly that the companionally of young Roylington was datagerous; and in warning her not to think of him at all, she took the surest method to make him the paramount object of her thoughts. It imposed watchfulness and restraint on the gay frankness of their former intercourse, and infessed a chillness in the warm cur-

rent of social happiness. The party which she had once anticipated as something novel and exciting, no longer offered the same attractions; but Mrs. Sutherland, who when the dark hour was not on her, was tenderly anxious for Lorelly's every enenjoyment, and who was grateful for Dr. Chaudler's unwearled attentions, insisted upon her joining it. When the plan was first suggested, she had requested Catharine and Viola to be her companions in the carriage, and Russel was to accompany them on horseback. The doctor was chosen the honored knight of Misses Marriwood and Fairchild, not to mention Miss Peppertl, the inseperable bur of all parties of pleasure, who fastened to him gratis on this occasion. The rest of the company was selected from the choicest of the valley; and there was to be a bright gathering of youth, beauty, and gaiety.

November rolled the uncanvassed carriage from the stuble, the hornished bay custs of I nele Toby and Corporal Trim, shuring like a looking-glass in the sun, and his own face black and published as the plated harmest that decorated the immortal pair. Carbing the high method and pampered span, he slowly career at them round the throun of cartifiting the study of the hore, which was throughout the door of the hotel, which was throughout towards the door of the hotel, which was throughout particularly as if desting was determined to assimilate November's mind to the month so dark and drear from which he derived his name, by various cross accidents standing in his very

path, with malice prepense, appeared the self-same stage-coach, which had been the cause of bis former downfall—with the self-same driver flourishing on the box. November's southern blood began to bubble in his velns, at the sight of the rescally Yankee, and determined to assert his superiority before the by-standers, he snapped his whip aristoeratically in the sir, and called out—

"Make way, old rattle-te-bang. You done smash me once. We see who master this time."

"Darnation seizo me," cried the stage-driver maintaining his ground; "you insolent negar, de you think I'm going to mind what you say? You'v better not say much more, I tell you. My name i Jack Bruce."

"Call me negur again and Fil fight yon," answer ed November, leaping from the conclusion, "Mo no more negur than you. One genth man of color and know mere quality than you Youkee buckroes can shake a stack of."

"Well fight away, black-bull," retorted Bruce, fastering but the to the top of the stage, and following the compile. "Last was who got the most annual, the free horn bulken or the dog of a slave,"

The divers of democracy, these vagrants who haunt, from day to day the country to ern, were delighted with the prospect of such rare sport, halloced "Char the ground—shar the ground. Now they're at it."

The two champions drew back a few paces, only to meet with becoming violence. The odds were

rather fearful, for the negro had a stout, gigantic frame, and looked as if he could have dandled Jack Bruce in one hand; but the hero of the mail-coach was nimble as a lamp-lighter, and clastic as a piece of whale-bone.

"Brave, brave!" shouted the by-standers, at the imminent danger of frightening the horses; but Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim were too welltrained soldiers to fly from a field of battle. They only pawed the ground and shook their manes, with conscious superiority.

"Stand back sirs, and let me pass," uttered a sweet, but commanding voice from the door. "You have not the spirit of men, or 'you would not encourage such things as these."

Lorelly pressed on through those who were too much astonished and ashamed to obstruct her passage, and stood directly before the wrestlers.

"November," said she, with the air of a young princess accustomed to the obedience of her vassals, "November, I command you to your duty. Attend to the carriage this moment. And you, sir, you once endangered our lives: is it not enough?"

Rovington rode up very opportunely, at this instant, having acce levated his puce at the sight of a white figure, in the midst of the dark group around the c. riveres.

"Miss Sutherland!" exchained he, dismounting, and throwing the bridle into the hand of the first u hin, who jumped to catch it. He had heard the

closing words of her speech and it sufficiently ex-

"Shame on you, Bruce," continued he, drawing Lorelly's arm through his, and leading her towards the carriage, which November at the same time doggedly approached. "This lady, who is this day under my especial protection, has already been a safficient sufferer from your carelessness. Endeavor to make amends for it by your present respect. I do not ask you to make way for her servant, but herself, and I do not expect to be refused."

"Why, when any hody speaks to me like a gen I know how to do the thing that's handonne. It do any thing to ohlige you, Supire Rovington; an as for showing disrespect to the young lady, I never dream of such a thing in my born days. But I'l not be brow-bent by any black negur in Christen Joan, as home as my name is Jack Bruce."

He flourished his whip, and in a moment the contested path was clear for the passage of the southern bays. Lorelly del tail fempted to relinquish an expedition which had so inauspicious a commencement; but the recollection of her engagement with Cadarine and Viola decided her to the contrary, and November was ordered to drive to the Pacilial contrary.

The read that led to the silver lake, was almost as smooth as the floor of a drawing-room, and offered just a pleasing variety of up hill and down. A rain which had fallen the day previous, had hardened the dust while it brightened the green of the way-side, and the wheels of the gay party kept as regular music, as they rolled along, as a military band. There were two or three carriages, and several chaises, as they are called in New-England—vehicles made after the manner of a gig, but wide enough to accommodate two or three on the seat. These are fashioned with bellows or fulling tops, which may be lowered or raised, as the sun oppresses or the shade invites. They were now thrown back and disphyed the white dresses and green parasols of the damsels to infinite advantage, all save one, which closed the procession, an old-fashioned square top, septimagenarian looking thing—a relic of the stiffness and patriarchal simplicity of other days, it is unnecessary to speak of the occupants of this antique and primitive establishment, but it formed so distinct a feature in the moving scene, it was not only impossible but underivable to verfeek it.

At length the smooth beaten road was left and a diverging path entered through the green and less frequented woods. This resembled a kingly avenue, so ample and richly wreathed were the high branches that arched over head, forming a waving canopy, that intercepted the full rays of the sun, but permitted the blue of heaven to peep through here and there, like the bright eyes of beauty, behind a curtain's velvet folds. Glimpses of the river, winding at a distance, like a silver ribbon, were occasionally caught, and the soft, hazy

outline of the far-off hills, scarcely distinguishable

"There it is," exclaimed Viola with delighted eagerness. "There is the silver lake, and the naiad with its awning fluttering in the brocks."

thusiast's glance, and beheld a fair, translucent zlingly char, one might almost imagine it was the had plant d a hedge of luxuriant shrubs, leaving carpet, which the costlest products of the Persian loom never equalled. A rustic bower was erected in the centre of the guarded inch ure, of the pose it was dedicated. Slove accustomed enough to pic-nic pacties in understand their general rules. but as she was the stranger guest, she accepted the compliment as it was intended, and did not offer

"Now you have entered nature's drawing-room," said Rovington, following the glances of animated pleasure, which Lorelly east on every side of this really enchanting spot. "Here are her curtains so tastifully festioned and looped—and there is her booking-glass, in which the futers thaide in the land might array herself for conquest. Do you not see one of the idols of your manific admirer smilling on the prove of the boat?"

"Yes," said Lorelly, "and the yellow-haired syren looks as if she participated in his hallucination. She is certainly a most amphibious looking being."

"Come," cried Dr. Chaudler, leading the way fe direct the word of the control of the control of first setting foot on the untracked barget! Mis Pepperil!—Mis Pepperil hand on fairs liquer with the grace of a lapwing but her dight was and deally arrested by the mortal nig conclusion or the doctor! speech——I beg us, thousand production mean Mis Sutherland. Let us have the honor of this consecrating the virgin planks. Mr. Reving for will console himself with Mis Marra condiband."

Rovineron folk half disposed to push the doctor described into the lake, but the social interest "devil" that haked in his eye, but he to geome all impotent attempts at more negative the to geome all one the company entered that floating nomining gathering, those only remaining behind who were selected to fit and decorate the hover. Viola was one of the chosen hand-mails, for no one could wreathe a garland so gracefully, or ornandent cake and futl so tratefully. Her very touch seemed to impart a charm, as if she had received a fuiry gift. "Remember," said she to Lorelly, as the boat pushed off from shore, "you are to be queen of our bower, and I shall try to dress it fairer than it ever looked before."

mantic, yet exciting, it is the gentle, feathery, undulating motion of a light pleasure boat, on the bosom of waters clear, deep, and transpurent-when the soft heaving wave keeps time with the dipping oar; when the bland summer gale flutters round the awning above, and softly parts the forelead locks of those who sit be neath; and when the spirit of quiet gladness, like the wings of the brooding dove, settles gently on the heart. Lorelly gave herself up to the sweet influences around her. The enchantment of novelty was added to every other charm, for she was not born in the region of silver lakes, and gazing silently down in the clear depths of the waters, she almost wished she might lead a floating life, situated just as she was at that moment. The fairy voyage of her imagination was checked by a sudden shoal, which manifested itself in the form of

"Do you still penevere," said she to Lorelly, "in your determination of going to Nahant, when your mother is able to hear the fatigue of traveling? I fear after you have left us, you will never favor us with a second visit." "Ah! my charming friend," said Florence, "how shall we live without you?" Never was "consummation" mere devoutly wished in her own heart than

"Do not speak of Miss Satherland's leaving us, at such an hour as this," cried the doctor. "You are the most cruel of created beings. You might as well talk of blotting out the day-star from the skies. Rovington, what shall are do? "And! we make us a willow bower on these banks, hang up our harps on

the branches, and mourn together?"

"I think I should prefer a solitary retreat," answered Rovington in a husky tone of voice, his face, even to his temples, suffusing with the most unmanly crimson.

"Wont you have my fan, Miss Sutherland?" asked Penitence, with sarcasile emphasis, stretching out the snowy feathers. "You look oppressively warm; but perhaps it is only a reflected glow."

"You are appressively kind, Miss Marriwood," replied Lorelly, putting back the profilered civility, or rather impertinence, with an impattent gesture—most fervently wishing her on the very summit of Mont Blanc. Leaning over the edge of the boat, she sought to evade the scruding of her termenter, and it was well she did. Agitated by the saddon emotion Rovington had manifested at the mention of her departure, struck by the consciousness of the pangthat had shot through her own heart at the thought, pierced by the recollection of her mother's thrilling warning, and deeply mortfiled by the confusions he had herself betrayed, tears which would not be repressed rushed to her eyes, and even fell into the
wave over which they floated. Rovington could
not help perceiving this, as he sat by her side-inal
was gazing intently on the current, so slightly ruffled, and attributing her agitation to sensibility
wounded by being brought so rudely into observation, he moved so as completely to screen her from
the invidious eyes she shunned. He was no coxcomb, though possessed of the most dangerous gifts
a young man can possibly be rodowed with—extraordinary manly beauty, set off by the most graceful
and attractive manners—just that due proportion of
dignity and gallantry which constitutes the faccination of a gentlemanly character. It would be going
beyond the truth to say that he was not conscious
of the bounty of nature, for the bright eyes of beauty had told him too many flattering tales to suffer
him to remain in ignorance of the fact. Whenever
he appeared in the glittering ring.

44On him each lady's look was bent;19

but, like the glacier in the sun-beam, his heart had hilberto shone, but never warmed beneath the rays. If was guarded by the sacred eggs of this and fraternal love, and believing it impenetrable to every assault, he yielded himself freely to the gratification which every man who is not made of stone must feel, in being the constant object of undisguised admiration. The deep, self-sacrificing vow he had made over the posthumous letter of his father, was synonymous with that of lasting ceilbacy, and never until this moment had he felt the bendage of povertu-—the weight of the chains that fettered him. Had he no widowed mother, no orphan sisters clinging to him for protection and support, with such a rich inheritance of genius and talents, he might have marked out his own brilliant destiny; but for their sake he kept down the eagle sourings of ambition, and limited himself to the sphere of his native yulley.

When he first saw Loreny he admired her as a graceful, spirted, and highly intellectual young fe male, introduced to him in a novel and interesting manner—and as a strunger entitled to peculiar attention. When he again met her in his own domestic circle, adorned with all those gentle and womanly graces, which rendered his own sisters so inexpressibly dear to him, embellished by a still higher pollsh of refinement, participating most cordially and unaffectedly in all their household enjoyments, admiration deepened into the warmest, most delighted interest. Unconscious that he was nurturing a sentiment which would hereafter be the nurderer of his pence, he gave himself up unresistingly to the charm of her society, with a freedom which she, in the true yet modest frankness of her nature, never wished to check. When the doctor, in his honest drollory, appealed to him so abruptly on the subject of her departure, he felt, for the first time, a moral conviction that she was interwoven with the very life-chards of his oxistence, and her own unconquerable emotion, which Miss Marriwood's remark alone

could hardly justify, admitted of a construction, which, had he been free to act, he would have welcomed, as the wandering Peri, the glimpse of that paradise from which she was banished, but which now pierced him with a pang of strange self-up-braiding. While these with other blending thoughts were revolving in his mind, he sat with folded arms, watching the downcast face of Lorelly, to which sensibility now lent a theusand mutable charms, forgetting in the singular fascination of the moment that the singeling lightnings of envy and jenleusy

Most fortunately, and perchance most kindly, Dr.

Chandler requested Miss Marriwood to favor them with one of her delightful songs—a request which she was never known to refue—and if he might be permitted to choose, one in which they could all join in the chorus. She selected "Paintly as tolk the evening chime," and suffered her voice to swell to its topmost note, over the astonished waves, the doctor meanwhile keeping vehement time, and soliciting Miss Pepperil's chorus by all the eloquence of gesture. Plerence was next entreated, and after repeating her "pretty eath by yea and may, she could not, would not, duret not sing," he camented, and setting aside the demissembequivers of affectation,

though Viola was an unwearied nightingale; and

when Lorelly declined the invitation extended to

ber, the doctor thanked her from the bottom of his heart, assuring her if he once heard her dulect strains it would give him an everlasting distaste for all earthly sounds. There was an all-pervading, irresistible influence in the doctor's good humor, which gradually communicated itself to those around and about him; and when the boat approached the shore, the friends who hadled them from the banks could not fierceive that a cloud had ditted over them—the shadow had gone.

"See! Mrs. Elmwood is returned," exclaimed Catharine, springing from the beat, and accosting a lady who advanced from a group that surrounded her, to welcome the cager hand extended towards her.

Fig it possible this is Mrs. Elmwood!" thought Lorelly, who, from one of those unsecountable caprices of imagination had represented her, to herself, as a blue looking, stiff, withered hady, dressed with seven pecision, and an utter disregard to external attraction. She had never heard her person described, though the Rovingtow had often spoken in the most cashed terms of her great intellectual endowments; but the associations connected with Penistence's first mention of her, as a metaphysician and a loss blue were exceedingly disagreeable, and even formidable. Instead of the blue, cold visage she had depicted, she saw a mild deleate face, lighted up with an expression as winning as it was intelligent; a figure of uncommonly fine proportions, and a dress in which the elegance though not the extrav-

agance of fashion was conspicuous. Penitence seized Lorelly's hand and presented her to Mrs. Elmwood as a most particular friend, whom she had been extremely desirous to introduce to her acquainlation of Miss Marriwood's friend, she felt her heart spontuneously rising to meet the gentle warmth of Mrs. Elmwood's smile and glunce. This lady had tropolls, and hearing of the party, determined to

They were now summoned to the bower, where a gural collation was served up in a manner which would have done honor to the divinities of the grove

A table, covered with a snow-white napkin, extended the whole length of the arbor, and this spotless lawn was embroidered with every variety of cake, and every fruit the season offered. The cakes were chiefly frosted and ornamented with party-colored sugar-plums, arranged so as to form hearts, diamonds, and true-love knots; and the top of each variegated loaf was decorated with clusters of flowers, gathered round central sprigs of box or cedar, that stood as perpendicular and prim as Miss Sibyl Pepperll. As each young lady, who participated in the party, contributed to the feast, the spirit of emulation produced every kind of embellishment which female ingenuity could invent, or manly gallantry could admire. The dishes which contained the fruit, were interspersed with wild flowers, making a charming tlemen furnished wine, refreshments, and a band of from the instruments of the invisible minstrels, had as electrifying an effect as if each verdant spray

"Enchanting," cried Lorelly; "this realizes my dreams of Arcadia."

"I am not surprised," said Mrs. Elmwood, sympathizing in Lorelly's unaffected rapture, "I am not surprised at the vividness of your expression. Last summer, on a similar occasion, I came hither accompanied by a friend of mine, a foreigner, a man whose imagination seldom gains the ascendency over his reason, for he is of most melancholy temperament. He declared that though he had traveled through many lands and seen much that was admirable in nature and art, he had never beheld a spot more perfectly lovely; and that the young purty assembled on the green, in the bright holiday of the heart, reminded him of those fetts champelires, celebrated by the peasant youth near the vine-hills of France.¹⁷

"Speaking of vine-hills," said Doctor Chandler, "by a natural transition, we turn to the juice of the grape. Let us fill our glasses with the sparkling fluid, and drink to the bonny lasses of Cloverdale, including the fairest of another cline."

While he was uttering this gallant speech, he poured out a liquid, clear and bright as champaign, which Miss Pepperli, "careful soul," had deposited by Mr. Marriwood's particular request, with the sweet things collected by Penitence and Florence, "Be sure," said Mr. Marriwood, while the notes of preparation were echoing round him, "be sure Miss Pepperil, to put up two bottles of my best Madeira, to drink my health, as I cannot shure year festivity." Miss Pepperil, ever on the niert to follow Mr. Marriwood's biding, had placed two bottles in the basket, from which Doctor Chamller now filled "high the wine cups," and profilering one first to the fall hand of Lorelly, passed them on to the other guests of nature. At the first slp, every face assumed that Indescribable expression, which the taste of an unrice persimmen imparts—the visible escance of

acidity encroaching on the curve lines of grace and beauty.

"Gracious heavens, Miss Pepperii!" exclaimed Penitence, the pupils of her eyes, vanishing upwards, in the herror of the moment. "What have you done? You have put up yinegar instead of Madeira. Papa will die of mortification."

Poor Miss Pepperil stood the image of Lot's wife, only with this difference, that she looked as if turned into a bottle of vinegar, rather than a pillar of sait. Bursts of laughter echoed on every side, till the very woods became vocal.

"Never mind, Miss Pepperil, said the doctor, "it was a perfectly natural mistake,—a true exemplification of the principle of affinity. Allow me to pledge you in a class of concental nunceney."

"Nay, doctor, you are unmereiful," interposed Mrs. Elmwood; "if I were not obliged to return, I would take Miss Pepperil under the shadow of my protecting wing." Mrs. Elmwood, whose health would not permit her to be exposed to the evening air, now rose to depart, and as she made her parting adiens, she lingered to express to Lorelly, her carnestwish to be made acquainted with her mother, and to receive them as guests of her own household. She spoke of her husband's absence, her own loneliness, the retirement in which she lived, and urged it as a personal favor to herself rather than to them. Lorelly's heart bounded at this invitation, given the spirit of true southern hospitality, and she prom-

ised to use her influence with her mether, and prepare her for Mrs. Eimwood's morning visit.

"You must boware of this fiscinating young stranger," said Mrs. Elmwood to Rovington, as he assisted her into her carriage, "She captivated my heart at the first glance, and I am resolved not to rest till I have secured her to myself. Still, after warning you of the danger, I bid you welcome to brave it, under my own roof."

"Your caution is kind, Madam," replied Roving ten, with an acknowledging how; "but it may come too late. The moth, after being accustomed to the torches' glare, draws nearer and nearer the blaze that is to consume him."

"I wonder what Mrs. Elmwood said to Rovington as she dreve off," whispered Penitence to Florence "See, he looks as if he had the scarlet fever."

"I dont care if he has," answered Florence, pettishly, for once speaking an unadorned sentence. "I only wish I were at home, for it is the dullest party I ever attended in my life."

This did not seem to be the general epinion, for the voice of hilarity rung merrily around them. The fold legitimate, Madeira had been produced from other buskets, and the Poetor was distributing his toasts, as "phenty as blackberries," and as brilliant as the jewels of Jamschid. Every pause of mirth was filled by the invisible band, and in spite of the assertion of the jenious Florence, it was the most exhilirating scene, that can possibly be imagined or described. A proposition was made to take another sail before they returned, which most of the ladies declined, but the dector, whose spirits had received an irresistible impetus, declared he would not be refused, and vaulting over the seat, allighted at Miss of the boat. She had never yet summoned fortitude enough to refuse a gentieman's hand, offered in any manner; and notwithstanding a hittle lurking displeasure at his remark about the vinegar, she consented with alacity, and ambled by his side, till she was boarded a second time on the Lady of the Lake. Two young men se'zed the oars, and calling out "an elopement," pushed merrily off from the shore.

The doctor, highly delighted with the movement, sprung up on the top of the side seat, and extending his arms towards the banks, ejaculated,

"Onward we move—applanding Cupids guide,
Jave bears Europa o'er the conscious tide."

"Beware," cried Rovington, in a loud warning voice, "the boat leaks on that side—she will less her balance. Bear down with the opposite our,"

Miss Pepperil, alarmed at the carnestness of hitone, and at the danger he landcated, imprudently imped upon her feet, thus increasing the peril shwas seeking to shun. The host, which was defective in its construction, and iop-heavy from the profusion of its awning, gave a adden and frightful rock on that side which contained the devoted pair; they lost their equilibrium similitaneously, and sunk lint the bubbling waters, while the load laugh of thought less mirth was converted into the wild shriek of agony. It was scarcely a moment before the waves
again parted and closed around the form of Rovington, who plunged in impulsively to their researc. It
was dismaying to hear the cries of Cadaraine and
Viola, when they saw the perilous situation of their
brother; and Lorelly looked as if every drop of blood
had forsaken her face, to freeze round ber heart.
Florence fell into a deep swoon, though she did not
look half so pale us Lorelly jub tith is seen of constermation was not of long continuance, for Rovington soon appeared enorging from the waves, hening the dripping form of Miss Pepperit, followed by
the doctor, who buffeted the waters most lustily for
his own deliverance.

Poor Miss Pepperil, however, by lifeless as a blighted dandellen, in the arms of Rovington, who, comparisonately bent on her restoration, did not passe to maze on the pale lips and blanched checks his danger had made, but directed his step towards the low but comfortable cottage of Farmer Houghton, which peeped modestly through the trees, and was always resorted to, in any particular emergency. The dector followed, whet as a drowned rath and pierced with real removes at the consequences of his lexity's but he could not forbear saying as he approached Miss Marriwood, "that he felt penitence graving at the bettom of his heart,"

It would be tedious to recapitulate the process of resuscitation, rapid as it was, under the superintendence of the kind and hospitable Mrs. Houghton,

whose blankets were unrolled, and whose hearth lighted up with life-restoring warmth, as if by magic. Her benevolent cares were speedily rewarded, and Miss Pepperil once more unsealed "the warm penny-royal tea, which Mrs. Houghton insisthe obstinacy of Rovington, who had left the cottage, after depositing his precious charge on a counthe loose moisture from his cont, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and suffered Catharine to abwhile repeating, "It would be a thousand pities if some varb tea, it would be better than nothing," and with passive agony beheld herself mantled in robes, which recalled but too vividly the scenes of who was happily now unconscious of her daughter's vain ambition. The scant calico frock, with short

crous contrast with the full falling skirt, and les manches en gigot, which hung dripping by the fire. The nice-starched linen half bandkerchief superseded the almost evaporated Zelia; and oh! misery of miseries! the thick dumsy loose calf-skin shoes, which Goody Houghton thought the perfection of gentility. took place of the tight little pruncilo slippers, which lay entombed in the bosom of the silver lake. In vain did the careful hostess entreat "her just to slip on a cap to keep her ears from ringing, for it, was a desperate bad thing to have a cold in the head." Miss Pepperil was Inexorable, and sat with imper turbable gravity, amidst peals of congratulating laughter. B ut even her rueful countenance relaxed when the doctor made his appearance from the innerapartment. He was dressed from top to toe, in a suit of fustian colored homespun, ornamented with a profusion of shining yellow buttons, the walstcoat of surprising length, with Immense pockets, stout new cow-hide shoes, and a shirt coliar, which though it looked as If it were washed in "fairy well water," was the boasted product of Goody's own loom. Farmer Houghton was a large, iron-framed man, and his garments hung in cool easy folds on the limbs of the disciple of Esculapius, who, bowing again and again, relterated his gratitude to Mrs. Houghton, and his remorse to Miss Pepperil, for having been the cause of such an unlucky accident. Rovington now drew near the cottage, and his astonishment at the merry cachinations within, 'was soon merged in admiration of the extraordinary figures which

presented themselves to his view. The good natured dame joined heartly in the mirth; though she said, "she thought it became a body to be serious after such a powerful deliverance, and it ought to set them a thinking on the vanities of time." As they were about to leave her with many benedictions, she stopped them at the deor, with a most embarrassing question, dictated by the spirit of a legitimate Yunkee woman.

"You have not told me who this pretty young lady is," said she, putting her spectacles down over her eyes, as she looked smilingly at Lorelly. "I know who the rest are, for I've seen them at meeting. Ah! I guess I can tell," added she, nodding her head significantly at Rovington; "I guess I can tell. It's the young Squire's sweet-heart."

Lorelly looked upon Dr. Chaudler as her guardish abow of indicrous depth, he fed the way, covering her confusion in the renewed mirth excited by so ridiculous an union. Notwithstanding his sorrow at his former folly, he could not resist the temptation of shewing oil Miss Pepperil in her new costume, displaying at the same time his own acquired graces. Lorelly insisted upon an immediate departure, for she trembled for the consequences of Rovington's exposure, though not wishing to alkedge the true reason, she pleaded her mother's indisposition as an imperious necessity. As they approached the bower, pursuing the path which led to the carriages, the band commenced a quick spirited dancing tune, to which the doctor's feet immediately kept admirable tune, whirling Miss Pepperil round, like a feather in the wind. He was always remarked for his active grace in the ball-room, and he now cut the pigeon's wing with his cow-hide shoes, his broad fastian coat waving to and frowith all the finished elegance of a votary of Terpsichore.

"Come, doctor," said Rovington, who was already mounted for departure, "I believe you would jest and frolic under the ribs of death." If you do not follow directly, I shail offer nyself as attendant to Miss Marriwood's carriago also."

This proposition was welcomed by the young ladies, and the doctor recollecting what was due to those he had volunteered to protect, dismissed the character of a buffoon, and was the polite and attentive gentleman, during their homeward ride.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I said to Penury's mengre train;
Come on! your throats I brave;
My fast poor life-drop you may drain;
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures;
Shall mock your force the while,
And, met each cold, cold grasp of yours

Mrs. Elmwood was true to her engagement with Lorelly. She called the next morning, as early as politenes would permit, and would not depart till she had gained admittance to the chamber of Mrs. Sutherland. If she had been captivated by the youthful grace of Lorelly, she was no less struck by the waning toveliness of the interesting invalid. There was something in her appearance peculiarly calculated to attract the attention of so refined and romantic a woman as Mrs. Ehnwood. The latter renewed her invitation, in terms which could leave no doubt of her earnest sincerity.

"I am a lone woman," she said, "and I fear you will find me a very dull one. I live in a state of anxieus widowhood, as my husbund is absent, in foreign climes, and it would really be an act of benevolence in you to cheer my solitary home. I know, however, you will be pleased with the retirement of Elin-grove, and you shall be as much at

home, as on your own plantation. And when you, Miss Sutherland, wish to visit your young friends, your mother shall find in me a constant companion and tender muse.

"Dear madam," answered Lorelly, her eyes glistening with gratitude and pleasure, "you are very, very kind. Heaven certainly sent us to Cloverdale, that all our prejudices against Now-England, illiberal as they were, might be recovered."

"Do you confees so much?" asked Mrs. Elmwood. "You have certainly the grace of candor. But you must not suppose that Heaven intended the blessing only for you; we have our own strong prejudices to subduc; and the Providence that detained you here. may have as gracious an influence on ourselves. We are too upt to believe, that in the regions where slavery dwells, there is less of the 'milk of human kindness, -more of haughtiness and cruelty, than really exists: and you too imagine, that because we have no race in a state of irremediable subscryieney to us, we must necessarily degenerate into mere household drudges, and cold, inhospitable homekeepers. The high minded and enlightened of the different states have but to come in immediate contact with each other, and the effect will invariably be like the meeting of the icicle and the sun-beam. But we will have many a long and profitable disquisition on this subject at Elm-grove, where I trust you will allow me to welcome you as guests this evening."

"I appreciate your kindness, my dear madam," replied Mrs. Sutherland, most feelingly, "and should consider the change grateful beyond expression, but I am only waiting to recover a little more strength before I start for Nahaut, the place I originally had in view, when I quitted the south. I do not like to intrude on your hospitality for the short time we may remain in the valley."

"Why not give up the expedition to Nahant altogether, my dear mother?" interrogated Lorelly, with a conscious blush.

"No?" added Mrs. Elmwood. "I have arranged it, at once, in my own mind. Whenever you are able to travel, I myself will accompany you to Nahanf, if you will consent to my present proposition. The interesting foreigner, whom I mentioned to you yesterday, Miss Sutherland, will be there this summer, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to introduce him to your acquaintance.

Lorely felt very indifferent about the interesting foreigner, but heard with delight her mother yield a grateful assent to Mrs. Elmwood's arrangement for immediately receiving them; and that very evening, to the actual dismay of the Marriwood's, they became the established and warmly welcomed guests of Elm-grove.

The same evening, an unexpected visitor appeared at Mrs. Rovington's. Russel, who felt a little stiff after his cold bath, was sitting quietly at home, with his mother and sisters, when a stranger was announced at the door. Russel rose to receive him, and immediately recognized his old college class-mate, Charles Lacey. A prophetic chill ran through his veius as he met the cold eye of the companion of his boyhood, and the foiled competitor of his collegiate honors. He remembered the uncanceled debt his father had disclosed; and as he could not impute this visit to the cordial reminiscences of carlier friend-hip, he conjectured that he came to demand the money in his father's name.

"I suppose you have heard of my father's death," said Lucoy, after some desultory and constrained conversation.

"I was not aware of your misfortune," answered Royington, in spite of his utmost efforts becoming visibly agitated. "I did not know your father, but I recollect to have heard induc often speak of him, in terms of the warmest affection."

"is this the son of the Mr. Lacey, whom your father so much loved, Rusself" asked Mrs. Rovingfon, turning towards the young man a look of sad and heartfelt interest. "He was the man, whom of all others, Mr. Rovington most honored and trasted."

«My father sometimes bought the devotion of his first state of dear a price," said the unfeeding son. Russel kalt his brows over his kindling cycs, but as he looked on the mild, pullid countenance of his mother, to which resignation to the heaviest of all earthly woes had lent a religious and holy charm, then turned to the lovely faces of his sisters, fair with youth and hope, in the milds of their now happy home, and thought of the blow that might now be impending over them, indignation yielded to anguish of spirit.

"My father died on his homeward passage from England," continued Lacey. "Since his death I have been involved in all the intricacies of bushness. Something of this kind has brought me to Cloverdale, and as I am exceedingly pressed for time, I shall be obliged to insten the moment of my departure. Mr. Rovington would you favor me with a newtate interview."

Mrs. Rovington and her daughters immediately rose, but they saw, with indefinite apprehension, that Russel's check was pale and his brow contracted, and though they were happily unconscious of the cause of his emotion, they closed the door with trembline hearts.

"Now, sir," said Russel, rising with more pride of manner than ite had any intention of assuming, "now, sir, we are alone."

Lacey deliberately drew forth his pocket-book, and presented a paper to Rovington. "This paper," said he, "fully explains the purpose of my visit. Your father may not have left a record of the transaction, but the signature of mine cannot be disputed."

"I have no intention of disputing it, Mr. Lacey," answered Russel; "and, thank Heaven! I have other testimony than yours. My father has left an undying record, which has never left the memory of his son. Even when the hand of death was on

blm, he penned this lefter, and every injunction here written shall be most religiously fulfilled."

That very day Russel had been reading his father's letter, that he might find, in its sacred churacters, strength to resist the fascinations that were gradually winding around the disarmed and shunbering giant. He had placed it in his bosom, and now drawing it forth, gave it into the hands of Lacey. Had one spark of noble or generous feeling warmed the heart of this mercenary young man, it would have been elicited by the strong and affecting appeal of an expiring father to a young and unportioned son. But the rich flowers of the tropics will sooner bloom in the regions of polar ice, than the warm and generous affections in a soul given up to the chilling dominion of avarice. And more than avarice impelled Lacey to the cold-blooded act be meditated. He hated Russel. He envied him for his immeasurable superlority, and cherished with vindictive unlice, the recollection of the scene on the college green, when he had been forced to yield to the boldness of moral worth.

"Your father believed me increasing," said Lacey, coolly folding up the letter, "Be it is. Justice is aften stigmatized by this opprobrious epithet. But he forgot one very important item in his statement. The money louncd was not my father's, and he had no right to pledge himself that it should not be demanded. It was mine—taken from the inheritance bequeathed me by my maternal grandmother, over which my father was appointed guardian. His own

property was only sufficient for the support of his own family. If he proved faithless to the trust reposed in him, the weakness is not hereditary, as the conduct of his son shall prove."

"Had I the means of canceling this debt, Mr. Lacey," cried Rovington, endeavoring to hold down, the throbbings of his indiganat heart, "I never should have submitted to the humiliation of this moment. From the moment I read that letter, boy as I was, the hope of freeling myself from this hondage, has stimulated all my exertions, hus indeed been the dominant principle of my existence. My father left no fortune but this estate, which only serves a support to his widow and orphan family. I have just entered on the caree of manhood, and have as yet carned nothing but a good name. Not I have not carned It—it was my sole inheritance, and it will be the glory of my life to preserve it unterpolated."

"This is all very fine, Mr. Rovington," replies Lacoy, "but I cill not come to hear high sounds words. So penowned a knight should know that "deeds, not words," is the metto of chivalry. It is in vain to plead inability on your purt, for comfort and even laxury relga in your household; and wherever Russel Rovington has appeared, in the city as well as the country, he is quoted as the "glass of fashion, and the model of taste."

"Whatever be your power over me," cried Russel, his ilp curling with irrepressible scorn, I will not brook insult from you or any living man. I have

told you our situation. Do what you will—I never will degrade my father's name and fame, by stooping to solicit favors from a man whom——" He paused and bit his lips till the blood came.

"Whom you despise," added Lacey, with exasperating coolness. "I know all the strength and depth of your contempt. I felt it through the whole of my collegiate career. In the paths of literature and ambition you constantly crossed me—insidiously vinding yourself into the affections of all around you, by the assumption of heroic and chivalrous sentiments which never penetrated your heart. Remember you not, when you lifted your hand against me, in defence of that driveling boy, I told you a day of reckoning would come. It is now arrived, and I feel as little disposed to offer favors as you do to selicit them?"

"Not for myself would I stoop, even to royalty, sis," replied Rovington, in a choaking voice; "and I heed your insinuations as j'itle as the whistling blast. But in remembrance of a vow which has been attested by Omnipotence itself, to sucrifice every thing, even the pride of manhood, on the altur of fillal love, I will make one appeal in behalf of the mother that bore ine, and the sisters I have sworn to cherlsh as my heart's blood. Were the blow you threaten to fall on me alcue, I would well-come all that the vindictive passions of man can inflict. I have bands that can toil, and a heart that can endure; but to see my mother driven from the home hallowed by the recollections of domestic love, my

young sisters despolled of their inheritance—rather than witness such a scene, I will humble my proud spirit, and throw myself on your mercy. In the strength of my youth, I will labor day and night. I will moisten the soil with the sweat of my brown, and transpir to you, from week to week, from month to month, the fruit of my industry. I ask but this reprieve. Let my mother remain in Ignorance of this transaction—let her not know that she is destitute in her declining vears.

"You exaggerate your difficulties, Mr. Rovington," replied Lacey; "your sisters are too pretty to remain a burthen on your hands. There is no danger of their being in want of lovers, and as to your mother"—

"Forbear," interrupted Rovington, in a communding tone. "The name of my mother and sisters shall be sacred from your insulting levity. It is well you are under the protection of my roof. No servilo dread of future consequences shall deter me from asserting my own dignity, and their claims to the respect of every true and honorable man."

"As to your last proposition," continued Lacey, disregarding the interruption, though his dall eye perceptibly qualled beneath the flashing glance of Rovington, "I do not see that my taking humcellate possession of the estate will render it unavailing. Your real property will not cover a debt of twenty thousand dollars, and you may rest assured that in this instance I shall go to the full extent of the law,"

"Go then," said Rovington; "I recall the humbling appeal I addressed to a heart of stone. I would

rather live on the bitter dregs of poverty for countless years, than be indebted for one hour to the soomful pity of the callous mercenary. Begin this moment if you will. We are ready,"

Lacey rose, and taking his hat moved loismrely towards the door. "I have business to transact for a day or two in the adjoining town," said he. "You can be making what arrangements you think proper in the meantime. Upon my return I sladl make no delay. A family in Boston, who wish to leave the city during the summer months, will receive permission to take lodgings here, on your departure."

A haughty bow was the only answer, and Lacey left the English cottage, with as much gratification in his soliish heart, as successful malice is capable of feeling. He passed the vines and plants, reddent of summer, that decorated the piazza; he looked into the garden, that lay quiet and fair in the shades of night, and as he closed the gate and cast back one glance upon the dwelling—so admirable for its classic simplicity—he exulted in the thought that the proud Rovington would, in a few days, be an outcast from the home of his fathers, and his family be doesned to eat of the bread of dependence.

"Yes!" mattered he to himself, "let him labor at the plough. Let him gather in the harvest another has planted. I should like to see his dainty hands hardened by doily toil, and his ambrosial locks moistened by the sweat that drops from the laborer's brow. He dared to despise me when a boy; he spurss me as a man; but he has learned by this time, that King Log has turned into King Serpent, and can sting the frogs that jumped creaking on his back."

While Lacey pursued his path, indulging in reflections like these, Rovington was endeavoring to arm himself with fortitude to break to his mother a knowledge of her destiny.

"How can I do it?" cried he. "If my father could not summon resolution for the task, how can I?" All the bitterness of his lot pressed upon him with overwhelming force, and throwing himself on the sofa, he leaned his face on the arm, and let it not be a stigma upon his manhood, if the covering of it became moistened with his burning tears. He heard a soft step enter the apartment, but he moved not. A moment more, a gentle arm was thrown around him, and the mild voice that had soothed the sorrows of his childhood was breathing in his ear.

"Russel, my son, what means this emotion? You alarm, you terrify me. Good heavens! what calamity can threaten, when my children are around me?"

Russel lifted his head, and turning his blood-shot eyes upon his mother, saw that she was palo as asked. One horrible apprehension entered her mind, and clasping him almost wildly in her arms, she exclaimed, "if sorrow comes to me through you, Russell, let me sink into my grave at once. Oh! If it is as I lear, open your father's grave and lay me by his side. I could not meet a blow like that." "Dearest mother, you rave. What is it you fear? Is it I who would premeditate a death-blow to strike at your heart? Have I merited this?"

"Forgive me, my son! I heard loud and angry tones—the unexpected coming of that young man—your strange emotion—the horrible idea of a duel flashed into my mind, and I knew not wint I utter ed. Relieve my dread. Tell me what evil impends, and If it does not approach in the form of my children, I can how to meet it.

"I have indeed been insulted, mother; and had not your image stood with rebuking sadness before me, all that you dread might be impending; but —let Catharine and Viola come in. Let us gather together before the storm begins to pell, and shield each other from the pittless blast."

His sisters came and stood with white lips by his side; and Mrs. Royington lifted a slient prayer that whatever cup of bitteness was prepared for her, she might drink it with unnurmaring lips. Russel then unfolded his father's letter, and having explained the solenn circumstances of its reception, proceeded to read it, in a faltering voice, interrupted by the deep sobs of his auditors. It seemed as if the ecrements of the toub had been broken, and as if the departed husband and father once more entered the bosom of his family, to reveal the mystery that he had veiled during life.

There was no comment made: they understood at once the extent of their calamity, and they saw it was irremediable. Mrs. Rovington covered her face, that the anguish of her heart might not be visible to her children. Catharine knelt by her side, as if to shelter her in the hour of extremity; while Viola, incapable of self-control, threw her arms around her botther's neck and wept unrestrainedly. Russel kissed the fair young brow that drooped in agony on his bosom, and he felt as if every self-inh wish and purpose were annihilated within him.

"Weep not, my fair sisters," cried he; "we will not always be in darkness. I have an arm of strength, and a heart of youth; and affection has wrought miracles, when its power has been tested in the hour of adversity. Be comforted, my mother; we will find another home, where you shall still be happy in your children's smiles. The world may call us poor, but we are still rich in inborn wealth."

"What!" cried Viola, despairingly, "must we leave our beautiful cottage, the vines we have planted, the flowers we reared, and go we know not whither—the objects of pity and perhaps seom! Oh! it will break my heart."

"Viola," said Catharine, rising from her knees, and taking the hand of her sister in both her own, "think of our mother, and imitate her resignation. Not one murmur has breathed from her lips, and shall her children selfishly repine? Think of our brother; on him the burthen of the tempest falls, but her will not tremble at the blast, if like the bruised reed we patiently bow till it passes over us. I can work; I can toll; I'll do it cheorfully, gladly, and feel no declared to the control of the c

gradation. If the world scorn us, why let it-I will only rise prouder beneath its contumely."

While the noble girl gave utterance to these sentiments, her pale check rekindled, and her eye sparkled with its wonted fire; but Viola continued to weep in silence, completely overwhelmed by the suddenness of the shock. Mrs. Rovington at length gathered composure to converse with her children upon their future prospects, and to consult with her son, in what manner to meet the emergency they could not avoid. During this scene of domestic sorrow at the English cottage, a very different one was passing in the chamber of Ponitence Marriwood.

A number of guests happened that evening to collect in Mr. Marriwood's drawing room, some conversing with him upon his favorite topics, some uttering pleasing nonsense to the beautiful Florence, and others paying their court to the rich heiress. Miss Pepperil found herself completely overlooked. and never feeling contented in a state of insignificance, thought it was such a clear bright evening, she would just run down to Mrs. Rovington's, and tell them Mrs. Sutherland had gone to Elm-grove, for it was her greatest ambition to be the first to communicate news of every description. She had an admirable excuse for going to enquire for the health of Russel; after his dangerous exposure in her behalf, it was proper she should make some manifestation of her gratitude. She tripped along, light as a grass-hopper, under the trees of the side walk, till she arrived at the gate, which she opened so

softly, one would have believed a ghost was entering. She always had that stealthy cat-like way of approaching a door, as if her feet were shed with cotton; and she had an inveterate habit of standing a while, if it were ajar, whether to collect her own ideas, or those of others, she never divulged. As she stole up the steps of the piazza, she heard voices in an elevated tone in the front room, whose windows were raised to admit the bland breath of the summer evening. She paused to ascertain if they were the voices of strangers, and distinctly heard the words of Rovington, in the commencement of his conversation with Lacey. Irresistible curiosity, and unutterable astonishment, rooted her to the spot. She almost stopped broathing, least she should lose a syllable of the secret of which she was becoming the favored mistress. She lingered till she had swallowed the last bitter morsel that fell from their tongues, when the movement of chairs awakening her alarm, she flitted away, noiselessly as a moto on the moon-heam. When she re-entered Mr. Marriwood's drawing-room, there was no evidence of her absence having been observed; but to her infinite joy she saw Penitence disengaged, her particular entertainer having just made his parting bow. Panting to unburthen herself of the mighty secret, she made a whispering request to Penitence, to accompany her to the upper piazza, as she had something of the utmost importance to communicate. Penltence, hoping some despairing lover had commlssioned Miss Pepperil to supplicate for her compas-

sion, did not hesitate to comply with her request, and followed her to the south-west corner of the upper plazza, being the spot most remote from the drawing-room.

' *Well, Miss Pepperil," interrogated Penitence, šuhat is your important communication? You preathe as if you had the asthma, and look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I never could have believed it, if I had not heard it with my own cars," cried she, holding out both palms.

"What will become of them? What will Miss Sutherland say?"

After winding up Miss Marriwood's curiosity on the tenter hooks of agony, she at last revealed all she had overheard, between Rovington and Laccy, interspersing the narration with some embellishing episodes of her own,

Penitence caught up Miss Pepperil's words as eagerly as the famishing Israclites the heaven-sent manna of the wilderness. The Rovington's ruined beyond redemption!

A sudden thought, the lightning of invention, flashed into her brain, and brightening after its entrance, almost set her wits into a biaze. She saw a way opened before her, by which she could effectually triumph over her atrociously beautiful cousin, and the still more fascinating Lorelly. In spite of her wealth and boasted pretensions, she still hung like an ungathered rose on the stalk, at the immi-

nent danger of one day withering there. Of all the gentlemen she had ever seen, she had most admired young Kovingon, but his imponentable coldness had chilled her condescensions, and prevented her from showing herself as amiable as she was disposed. She had seen with great complacency, that her fair consin was lavishing her romance on a most ungrateful object; but her quick eye perceived the spell which the Virginian malden had thrown around the heart which had resisted all other attractions. She pencived too, that Lorelly participated in the ardeat sentiments she inspired. To triumph over all her is saufments she inspired. To triumph over all her is vals, to appropriate to herself the prize so many had sought to win—this was the glorious design that now quickened every pulsation of her being.

"My wealth," thought she, "is my own. I am rich as a dev, and when he dies I shall inherit all his property. The fortune I received from my annt, would farnish me with an ample marriage dowry, and cancel the debt of the Rovington's like wise. It will be no derogation from the delicacy of my sex, if under such circumstances I should offer myself and fortune to Rovington, and redeem his family from misery. He will look upon me as an guardian angel, and forget his present foolish fang for Miss Sutherland. The world will never know the part I have taken, and I shall have the honor of making a conquest, of which any lady in the land might be wain.

While these coglitations were working in her mind, the walked up and down the plazza, almost uncon scious of the presence of Miss Pepperil, who beginning to be tired of her silence, was stealing down stairs, to watch her opportunity of regaling the cars of Florence with the same tale.

"Stop, Miss Pepperil," said Penitence; "you must promise me one thing before you leave me. Never mention to a human being what you have overheard to-night."

"Never mention it?" gasped out the petrified Miss Pepperil, who had planned a thousand visits on the morrow, to accomplish the benevolent purpose. "Why not?"

"Because it would be very unkind; the affair may be hushed up after all, and nothing which is threataced take place. I dare say Mr. Revington will make some compromise with him when he returns; and it would be a shame to publish the ruin of the family prematurely. If you would not which to forfeit my favor everhastingly, Miss Pepperil, you must comply with my nestitive rough.

Miss Pepperil was against with astonishment at such unwonted sentiments from Miss Marriwood's Ips. She gazed at her to see if she were not talklag in her sleep, but Penitence's eyes had a kind of outhouts brightness, and shone through the gloom of evening, something like a cyte' in a cyling.

"You may mark my words," continued Penitonce, observing a doubtful shrug of Miss Pepperil's shoulders; "If you slight my injunctions, you are no lon-

ger a guest of my father's, and the world shall learn from me, the obscurity of your origin. $^{\prime\prime}$

Miss Pepperil tottered at the bare idea of falling from the height, up which she had so painfully toil. ed, and promised with servile submission, to obey to the letter the wishes of her invaluable friend. That night, long after the bright eyes of Florence had been closed in slumber, Penitence tossed on her restless pillow, deliberating in what manner to execute her magnanimous design. She must see Ro. vington alone-but how to solicit an audience, unknown to her family and his? How keep her purpose secret from the prying eyes of Miss Pepperill But woman's invention never failed her in the hour of need, and after once "screwing her courage to the sticking place," she did not long hesitate upon and that innate sense of propriety, of which none is woman's form is utterly destitute, she sometimes trembled at the boldness of her undertaking. The possibility of a refusal occasionally damped the ardor

"But no," she repeated again and again to her self, on her wakeful couch, "he cannot, he dare no do it. I will meet him with a loving heart in one hand, and needed gold in the other, and ere anothor sun goes down, I shall see him in submissive gradtude at my feet." With this delightful vision swinming hefore her, she at last fell asleep by the side of her unconscious cousin

CHAPTER IX.

"Enough that we are parted, that there rolls A flood of headlong fate between our souls, Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee. As hell from heaven,".—Moore,

This sun rose bright and cheering the morning after this eventful evening, but it's beams brought no healing to the saddened hearts of the Rovingtons. The breakfast was carried from the table untasted. Mrs. Rovington locked several years older than she did the preceding morning:—the rejuvinating principle of gladness had fled, and the shadows of time settled on heir brow. Viola was as colorless as a lly of the vale, and sat under the vine leaves she had trained, as desolate as Jonah, beneath his blighted gourd. Russel made many unavailing efforts at cheerfulness, in which Catharine generously seconded him; but the angel of peace land spread her wings, like the dove of the ark, to seek a green syet above the waters of viril

"Here is a note for the Squire," said a little boy

Believing it came from Lacey, Russel took it haughtly from the brown-faced messenger. He saw at once it was a lady's hand, written with stadious care, and scaled with the device of the sunflower, turning to her "god when he sots" her faithful and golden breast. Wondering at so unexpected an attention, he broke the symbolical wax, and read with increasing surprise the following lines.

"If you recognize my hand-writing, you will probably wonder at the circumstance of my addressing you, and you will even march still more at the singularity of my request. It is necessary that I should see you alone. I have something to communicate, which no other human being must know, and yet it is of everlasting importance to us both. Decide not harshly against the apparent boldness of my conduct, till you are acquainted with the motive, and if, after learning it, you do not appreciate it, I am entirely and altogether mistaken in my estimation of your character. If no one hour from this time, you will walk to the turn of the river which you call the Delta, between your house and ours, you will there meet with one who dares not commit her purpose to paper; yet she will glory in acknowledging it."

Russel found no difficulty in recognizing the hand writing of Penitence Marriwood, as she had often addressed notes to his sisters, in the days of their earlier acquaintance. He was bewildered as to the subject of their meeting, of such mysterious and everlasting importance to them both; for his vanity never suggested to him a whisper of the truth. There was nothing of levity in the style of the note, and not doubting she really had some urgent motive, he did not hesitate to comply, pre-occupied as he was; and turning to the messenger, asked, if he waited a reply.

"No, not exactly an answer," said the boy, turning his hat on his thumbs; "I guess as how there's no need of that."

"Well, take that and be one," said Rovington, in a sterner tone than a child ever heard him utter before, at the same time throwing a piece of silver in the hat.

Harrassed as his mind already was, the vague curiosity excited by so singular a summons added to the restless and feverish impatience of his spirit. Long before the appointed moment, he walked to the place of assignation, and traversed with troubled stops the turf on which the fresh dew of morning still glittered, where it had been unkissed by the sun-beam. It was the very spot where he had first beheld the fair form of Lorelly, and met the lightning smile, that now beamed on his memory with such lambent, but fatal brightness. There was the very seat where he had sat by her side, wondering what sweet vision had alighted there, amid the voluptuous glories of a summer sun-set. Lost in these dangerous recollections, he did not at first perceive the approach of Miss Marriwood, who advanced from the shade of the trees, with a trepidation in her manner, almost alarming from its contrast with her general assurance. Whatever reteriously alone, with a woman who had always been

particularly disagreeable to him, his politeness did not suffer him to manifest it; and lifting his hat respectfully from his brow, he took her hand, which actually trembled from agitation, and led her to the seat, he but foo well remembered to have been so differently occupied.

After the usual salutations of the day, an embarsains silence ensued. Russel found it difficult to approach a subject so inexplienble, and Penitence, in attempting to speak, was seized with a sudden and obstinate fit of coughing, which resisted all her efforts to overcome.

"You have conferred upon me an unexpected honor, Miss Marriwood," at length uttered Rovington, after waiting in vain for an explanatory sentence from her. "I shall not, I trust, prove unvosthy of your confidence, and though you could not have selected a more unfortunate moment, weighed down as my spirits are, with untild anxieties, my services are entirely at your command."

"I know your anxieties, Mr. Rovington," replied she, gathering courage for her task, "and I come to relieve them."

"Know them?" exclaimed he. "How is it possible? Do you know Mr. Lacey? Has he meanly indulged in premature triumph over our ruin?"

"I do not know Mr. Lacey, but a friend who has been informed through him of his claims upon your estate, and his intended prosecution, has told me all. It was to redeem your family from threatened misery I sought this interview. Mr. Roylington, I am rich. Fortune has been more than bounteous to me. I pity your misfortune. I_____"

She stopped, and perhaps for the first time in her. life, the checks of Penitence Marriwood were mantled with burning blushes. That woman must indeed be made of callous materials, who can break through the wall, with which native modesty and inculcated propriety has onclosed her sex, with an immovable countenance and untrembling hand. The dark glance of Russel, which had been fixed apon her, in haughty surprise, when she declared her knowledge of their situation, gradually assumed a look of wondering admiration. He did not fathom her secret design,-he dreamed not of the return that was expected for the offered bounty; he was struck only with the generosity of her purpose, which coming from her, had the effect of a miracle, and he upbraided himself for his injustice in having believed her utterly incapable of a magnani-

"Miss Marriwood," said he, with all the respect which was rising in his mind expressed in his manner, "accept a son's and brother's thanks. But we have no claims on your benevolence, and the obligation is of a nature I could not easily cancel. I am too proud to subsist under the insupportable burthen of gratitude. While I live, my mother and sisters will, I trust, never want protection or support, and we are already schooled for the destiny before us."

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"Oh, hard of comprehension and willfully blind!" thought Penitence; "can he not read it on my face and save me the shame of a declaration?" Butshe had put her hand to the plough and she would not go back.

"Mr. Rovington," she continued, the magnitude of her undertaking calling forth a dignity of language she had never used on any other occasion; "I cannot suffer false delicacy to triumph in a momenilike this. Take back the thanks which I merit not. You need not live burthened with the debt of gratitude, for I ask in return, what I shall value more than the gold of Peru. Take all my fortune—ten thousand times more, if I had it to offer; save your mother and sisters from present wretchedness, and give me but the heart, whose worth I have long too faithfull's appreciated."

Russel started at this overwhelming doclaration as if a thunder-bott had struck him. The blood rushed with dizzying rapidity to his pale face, covering it with the intense luc of shame, astonishment, and a thousand other indefinite emotions. These soon became merged in absolute horror at the possibility of such an union. The image of Lorely rose before him, covered with the light of beauty and the enchantments of grace. Though forever separated from her by an impassable gulf, he for that his heart was irrevocably here in the sight of God, and that it would be sacrilege to violate the deep though silent vow. And Penitence Marriwood was deficient in every womanly charm, which is at-

tractive to the imagination of man. Her figure was heavy, her check was sallow, and no redeeming ray of genius or sensibility emanated from her leaden eye, to throw an illusory charm over features cast in nature's plebclam mould. All the adventition aid of dress and fashion could not atone for the complete absonce of personal beauty, or that "something than beauty" more dear, which the illuminated mind and informing soul can impart. Penitence waited for the first emotions of surprise and gralitude to effervesce, but finding him so slow to acknowledge his sense of her favors, mortification and indignation struggled in her boson. Making a desperate effort, she rose, and standing directly before him, exclaimed—

*Russel Rovington! am I despised? Am I so repugnant that you prefer all the evils of poverty, all its calamitous effects on your destitute family, to unincumbered wealth? the power of triumphing over your enemy! of making your mother and sisters permanently happy? of retaining the home of your youth? Am I so scorned as this?"

Russel rose simultaneously. There is something in strong passion, which invests those who are under its influence with visible dignity. The uncommonly high tone of her language, the boldness and truth of her appeal pressed powerfully on his conscience. The self-sacrificing row he had made, to immodate every selfish feeling to filial duty; the awful injunctions of his dying father, to yield up every thing but integrity for the sake of those com-

mitted to his care, rose with commanding influence upon his memory. He thought of the sad, faded countenance of his mother; the tears of Viola; the proud grief of Catharine; of the vindictive temper of Lacey, ready to exercise, to the fullest extent, the power given him by law. By merely sacrificing himself he might avert all this misery; his mother might still pillow her head in peace, amid the scenes hallowed by the memory of the husband she adored; his sisters might continue to bloom in their native bowers, unchilled by the cold pity of the world, if his father's name could remain untarnished by reproach. "I have vowed to do it," said he to himself, pressing his hand on his aching brow. "I have vowed before the God that made me; by all that is hely in this world and awful in another, to devote myself to this sacred duty, and shall I perjure my soul, when the fiery ordeal comes? I will be true to my intogrity-I will tell her all-and

Penitance saw the storm of conflicting passions in his breast. She saw too her triumph was at hand, it is to provide the premiser par, qui onder. She had passed the Rubicon, and like a warrfor resolved on victory, she waited till the enemy, conscious of his weakness, voluntarily should surrender to her power.

"I cannot deceive you, Miss Marriwood," he cried, with an effort almost as terrible as the last struggle of nature. "I cannot be so base a wretch as to repay your generosity with duplicity, or to affect sentiments beyond my control. I have no longer tha mastery of my own affections. I have nothing but gratitude to offer for your unmerited favor; and after making such a confession could you purchase the salvation of my family, by bestowing yourself and fortune on an ingrato like me?"

"The woman who is willing to do what I have done," replied Penitence, with unwavering residue, "is not to be judged by common rules. I am willing to accept any place you can now offer me, hoping that time and unceasing devotion will yet spura the fortune I swear to devote to the insteady of your family, and the love that in its strength has hambled itself so low?"

Daniel, when he was cast into the den with the unchained regents of the forests, searcely needs apport more than Rovington in this bitter hour. He gathered up all the scattering energies of his soul, again repeated to himself the vow of his youth, then without during to look upon her face, extended his hand to Pentlence, and said, in a voice almost sufficated with agilation—

"If thus steeped in poverty, a bankrupt even in affection, you still generously persevere, I have nought but this hand to pledge, and the word of unsuited hone."

The hand which Penitence clasped was as cold as marble, and its very touch might have chilled the warm glow of love and hope. But it was the seal of a compact for life and death. It was a surety of her success, of her joy, of her triumph She saw in anticipation the canker worm of wounded vanity and mortification, preying on the vernal check of Florence, and the heart strings of Lorelly quivering with agony, and she exulted at the prospective. She feared to prolong the interview, not wishing her absence to be marked, and having accomplished that for which she had sacrificed all that is dearest and best to the unpolluted heart of woman, she intimated her wish to depart, and to depart alone.

*II will acquaint paps with all that is necessary," and will give you immediate possession of the sum due to Mr. Lacey. And one request let me make before we part—that what has transpired this morning may never go beyond the bosom of your family. For your own sake, of course you will not do it."

"Believe me, madam," answered the devoted Rovington, "your reputation shall ever be sacred in my eyes. Even now I blush to think what the world may say at your having sacrificed yourself so unworthily."

"I do not care what the world may say on that subject," replied she quickly; "It is enough that glory in my choice, and I know I shall have papa; fall consent. But I deprecate such a respectful title as madam, and when we meet next, I pray you not to address me by such a freezing name."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Marriwood.—Penitence —any thing—every thing you please," stammered he, scarcely knowing what he said, as he walked on with her to the boundary line of Mr. Marriwood's

"I must leave you here," said she, softening her voice to the tenderest cadence. "Come this evening, and you shall be in readiness to meet Mr. Lacey, and to defy his threats. Farewell."

Another pressure from that cold hand, and a silent bow, and they separated. She walked with guilty speed to her chamber. He returned to the spot they had quitted, and throwing himself on the solitary seat gave vent to the bitterness of his soul.

"I have sold myself" he cried. "The world will say I have sold myself for gold, and I shall be branded as a heartless, mercenary wretch, a needy adventurer, and she will look down upon me with seem and contempt. Will she! Let her do it if she dare. She knows not the eath that bound me—the iron hand of duty that grasped my maked conscience and forced me to the down. She has not seen the words that are written in my memory, as with a pen of fire. "Sacrifice every thing but integrity"—for sake every thing but integrity. Is it truth! I told her I did not love her, and yet she merclessly rung in my ears "Redeem your family from ruin—save your mother and sisters from wretchedness." She knew I could not resist such an appeal as that, e'en at the risk of damnation. Wretch, ingrate, that I am! I should rather rejoice that I can return and say to the mourners in my home, "all that you look upon is yet yours." Yes, even if I have paid a price more preclose than

blood. Mercenary! I regard money as I do the dust I trample on, and yet—my wife! Oh, misery!

"Who dares talk of misery when I am near?" exclaimed a deep voice by his side, and looking up he saw the maniac Lovell, rolling his wild, melancholy eyes upon his face. "Is it you who dare to ravabout misery—young, unblighted and unwronged! Rouse yourself, poor dreaming boy, and leave sorow to one who has a legitimate right to give

"Blistered be your longue, vain babbler," cried Rovington, incapable at that moment of endurance, and starting up and seizing the arm of the manie, be shook him from him with violence. "You moon struck rambler, crazed by your own mad fancies, wasting your love upon weeden statues and ginger to have a construction of the property of

'This was the unkindest speech that ever fell from Rovingion's lips; but he was goaded by a kind of desperation, and had as little that was rational in him at that moment as the poor being before him. Lovell trembled like an aspen in his powerful grasp, and wofully struck by such a change in one who had ever been to him so sympathizing and kind, he stood unresisting as a child, and began to weep piecously.

"Good heavens!" cried Russel, pierced with remorse and shame, "what have I done? I have insulted one whom the Almighty has sanctified by irremediable misfortune. Forgive me, if you can. I knew not what I uttered."

Poor Lovell sat down on the ground, and with the bambling imbecility attendant on his calamity, continued to whine and weep. At length preified by the entreaties and protestations of Russel, he suddenly rose up and began to assume that expression of dignified solemnity, which was most habitual to

"Aye, aye," said he, pressing his hand heavily on his breast. "I had a heart,-though it is now almost, turned to stone, --- once warm with glad pulsations, and quick with hope and rapture. Visions of beauty flitted round me, brighter than ever visited the poet's dream. Sometimes they came of marble whiteness, then of all the colors of the rainbow. Sometimes they were a Gothic pillar, at others a Corinthian capital. They were always five in number, a thousand times more beautiful than the Muses or the Graces. When I was dreaming, they would stand side by side by my pillow, and whisper to me what to do in the morning. Oh, I was happy! when that arch fiend-heaven blast him-came and despoiled me of all, drove me like a wild beast, to live like Nebuchadnezzar on the grass of the field, and to drink, with the cattle, of the passing brook. But a day of retribution will come. I have sworn to be revenged, even if the whole valley shares in the blaze of destruction."

Thus he went on with increasing wildness, till the stormy passions of Russel's bosom subsided, like

the dark clouds floating away on the wings of the rising gale. He felt chastened and rebuked, and as a penance for the wound he had inflicted, he ranbled with the brain-sick wanderer far on the bank of the river, listening to his grievances, sympaths, zing with his sorrows, and wondering if he should not one day become a madman himself.

As soon as the scene of Miss Marriwood's memorable courtship was fairly vacated, and the echo of footsteps died softly on the grass, a disheveled look, ing head peeped cautiously over the banks, and a figure emerged from the tangling bushes, the strangest genius loci that ever visited the groves of Vertumus. A tumbled cahali was depending from on hand; the frizzled locks were sticking out in every direction, as if each purticular bair had been listening; the robe was torn by brambles, and the fee bedaubed with mad and clay. In this strange and piteous plight, Miss Sibyl Pepperil stood confessed, while the very calves that were frisking among the clover, kicked up their heeds and scampered off, as if affrighted at the unexpected apparition. Significant of the properior of the pr

In spite of Miss Marriwood's caution, it seems she could not baille the lynx eyes of Miss Pepperil, who some how or other got a scent of the note, and guessed, with Yankee skill, the place of its destination. Pretending to be basied with every thing about the house, she was thinking of nothing but the manner of satisfying her curiosity. In tying up Mr. Marri-wood's queue, she actually made him scream, by puling his hair in a contrary direction, as she turned her head to see if it was Penitence who left the room, she was so fearful of losing her track.

Among the other disasters of the morning, she knocked down his gold-headed cane, and trod on the ears of the shaggy-eared dog. This was the step too much.

"I wish, Miss Pepperil," said Mr. Marriwood, in novery honeyed tone, "I wish you would take heed to your steps. I believe you think your hands and feet are both zephyrs; but my dog, as well as my queue, can tell a different story,"

When Penitence left the house, it did not excite
the attention of the father, who was walking in the
garden, in his morning gown; nor of Florence, who
was reading, for the fiftieth time, the Wild Irish
Girl, to get a stock of nonsense for the day. But
Miss Pepperil, after watching from the chamber
window the path she took, slipped out through the
kitchen door, saying to the cook as she passed out,
slif Mir. Marriwood inquires for me, you may tell
him Pre just run down into the lower garden to see
if there are any cantelopes ripe." With the suggesty
of a hunter, she followed the track of Ponilence, but
fearful of being discovered, she lingered far behind
till she saw her approach the shaded scat, and saw
through the trees the figure of a man walking to and

fro, like a troubled spirit, on the green. She recollected a path on the edge of the sand-bank of the river, that terminated near the spot, the centre of her present curiosity; and she thought she could snugly ensconce herself among the bushes there. and over-hear all that was said, without the danger of being detected. But as she crept along on the margin of the river, like a rat on the edge of a milk. pan, in imminent hazard of falling in, she found her footing so precarious, she was obliged to take a path nearer the turf, where the clay was so soft she was in danger of leaving her shoes behind every step. The branches thickened as she went on, and as she while she stopped to disentangle herself on one side. earth and heaven, by her own abounding locks. In of curiosity, till the sound of voices warned her that she had arrived near the goal of her wishes. Holding in her breath, till she almost lost the power of respiration, she remained half imbedded in clay, concealed by the shelving bank and luxuriant underwood, listening to a secret which would have repaid her for the sufferings of martyrdom. She felt that she had Penitence, from this moment, as completely in her power, as the conquerer of millions the poor captive, who lies trembling under his chariot

wheels. "Let her taunt me again with my obscure origin—let her threaten to discard me again if she dares," muttered to herself the exulting daughter of Farmer Pepperil.

It is true, when she first ascended the bank, as we have described, and had icisure to contemplate her druggled appearance, the fear of detection and a seatiment of personal mortification, extorted from her the doleful exclamation we have faithfully recorded. She sneaked round through the corn-fields and lower garden, without stopping a moment to examine the golden-bosomed cantelopes, and entering the same door from which she started forth on her momentous expedition, endeavored to escape the scrutiny of Mrs. Molly, the cook, by skipping up the back stairs as lightly as her clay-clogged slippers would permit. Arrived at her own chamber without interruption, she was just beginning to draw the bolt, with self-gratulations, when she espied Penience standing by the window, half-shaded by the gathered folds of the curtain.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed Miss Pepperil.

Penitonce turned round at this salutatory speech, but her face expressed no blessing upon the stars, or any thing over illumined by their beams. Her large eyes, dilated beyond their usual dimensions, rolled balefull over the shrinking form of Miss Pepperil, while her blue and quivering lips in vain endeavored to articulate the rage, with which every feature was eloquent. *Vile eaves-dropper," at last she uttered. 41 missed you, and I watched you stealing like a sepentamong the long grass. I know where you have been, dabbled up to your neck in clay and slime, and tattered like a beggar as you were born; and if you don't tell me this moment what you have heard—

"What then?" cried the emboldened spinster, strong in her newly acquired power, and returning Miss Marriwood's tempestuous glances with a cool and withering sucer.

"Why you had better be cast at once at the bottom of the Red Sea, for not a home shall you have another night under my roof."

"Very well, Miss Marriwood, you are welcome to keep your own home and your own secret too, if you can. If I am a born beggar, which is a contemptible lie, I have other friends and other homes to go to. Mrs. Elmwood never shut her door in mixer you, and Miss Lorelly Sutherland is a sweet young lady, and I can tell her something that will make her laugh I guess, if she never laughed before, II—he—he."

Miss Pepperil walked, tittering towards her closet, glancing superior on the thunder-struck Penitecon as she passed, who now felt but too keenly, that the wheel was turned, and instead of the trampler she was to become the trampled. She tasted the first bitter fruit of transgression, (surely she who disregards the dignity and delicacy of her sex, may styled a transgressor), in the degradation of the prestyled a transgressor) in the degradation of the present moment. She must now fawn, where she had before imperiously governed—she must now sooth and flatter, where she had before been servilely flattered herself, or her secret would be at once revealel to all the babbling tongues in Cloverdale; and Florence and Lorelly would glory in her shame. Smoothing as much as possible her contracted brow, and subduing her regal tones, she said,—

41 don't understand you, Miss Pepperil. If you are angry at what I said about listening every body agrees in that score, and you would only expose yourself by revealing any thing learned in such a manner. I think you must value your own reputation too much to do it."

"You have become very fastidious all of a sudden," said Miss Pepperil, with the same triumphant sneer. "You hadn't such mean ideas about listening last right, when I came back from Mrs. Rovington's, and if I hadn't a kind of talent that way, you wouldn't be now secure of the handsome husband son are copie to have."

"Well, well," interrupted Penitence, "let us say no more about what's passed. I know your disposiion is too amiable to wish to injure me, and I really think I couldn't live without you, my dear Miss Pepperil. When I am married you shall live with me, as my own sister, and you shall have a nice little chamber, all to yourself, a great deal handsomer than this. Now promise me," added she, putting a necklace of transparent amber coaxingly around her dear friend's short thick neck, "promise me you will never breathe a syllable of this, and I'll put no bounds to my future gifts."

Miss Pepperil had not dismissed her bright dreams of matrimony, though she had as yet received no encouragement from Mr. Marriwood, and not having a remote intention of giving up her present sinecure unless compelled, she admired her new ornament in the mirror, and resolving mentally to draw pretty largely upon Miss Marriwood's generosity in future, she made the most solemn protestations that she would sooner cut off her right hand and throw it into burning coals, than to betray the best friend she had in the universe. Penitence, secretly galling under the chains she was now doomed to wear, assumed a contented countenance, and telling her tormentor to attend to her tollet without delay, sought her beautiful cousin, that she might indemnify herself, by her mortification, for what she had just endured.

Florence was reclining in a lolling chair, in a loose morning wrapper of snow-white muslin, her hair unbound and wandering in beautiful neglit gence over her fair and partially uncovered shoulders, her eyes still riveted on the impassioned pages of the author, on which her vitiated fancy exceptively doated. She pretended not to perceive the entrance of her cousin, nor changed her studied attitude, though Penitence hemmed and coughed, and at last began to sing a favorite song of her's, "Ohl say not woman's heart is bought."

"Ohl dear Penitence," said Florence, in soft supplicating accents, "do not interrupt me in this exquisitely interesting scene,"

"You have road it a thousand times over," cried perfectly supported by suching it from her hands, and putting it behind her. "Do not frown, my lovely coz, I have something of deeper interest to communicate than all that book contains. You know we are like sisters, Florence, and should make confidents of each other."

"How cruel," said Florence, languidly, "to tantalize me thus. What can you have to say, to recompense me for such a privation?"

"Well, to speak the honest truth, my dear coz, I think of boing married,"

"Vory likely," answered Florence, with a provokingly arch smile; "but does any one think of marrying you?"

"I am too much accustomed to your sarcasms, Miss Florence, to think thom of any consequence; but I can tell you that there is one, whom many a fair bosom has sighed for in vain."

Florence here clapped her hands, and laughed outright, an act she was seldom vulgar enough to commit.

"Laugh while you may, proud beauty," exclaimed Penitence; her power of endurance completely exhausted, by her cousin's contemptuous incredulity-eKnow then to your cost, that I am positively and solemnly engaged to no other than Russel Rovington,"

"It is a falsehood," cried Florence, starting vehemently from her chair, "the cares no more for you than the fly buzzing over that looking-glass. You know he loves Lorelly Sutherland,—deeply, passionately loves hor. You said yourself, after returning from the lake, you never saw two human beings so bound up in each other, as Rovington and Lorelly Sutherland."

Penitence did know this, yet with that moral adultery, which in the eye of Infinite Purity is a direct infringement of one of the holiest commandments, she gloried in having extorted a heartless yow from the devoted victim of filial plety and fraternal love. She had not even the excuse of passion to plead in her defence. She admired the heauty of the temple, but she was utterly incapable of appreciating the spirit that it enshrined; her soul was too gross to conceive the fair proportions of the tody-elipse gliving;

"I repeat it, Florence Fairchild," said she; "and if you are not satisfied with my word take my oath; I swear it. He is mine, and from henceforth I shall consider any allusion to Miss Sutherland an insuit to my affection. I am golg to inform pape of my engagement, and I'll leave it for you to decide whether I shall be likely to jest with him on such a subject."

"Go, then; run, fly, Pen." retorted Florence, in a scornful tone. "Tell it in Gath, and publish it in Askalon. The days of miracles are returned; gold can win, where beauty failed to charm. But flatter not yourself with a triumph over me, for I have long ceased to waste a thought upon a being so cold to passion, so dead to sendiment and foeling." She fargot, when she uttered this, her provious remark of his deep and passionate love for Lorelly Sutherland. Her sole object now was to manifest ther contempt of Pentlence's pretended conquest, and taking up her book, she resented herself, humming, though in rather a husky voice,

"There are heroes more gallant and handsome by fa.
For beauty to vanquish, then young Lochinvan,"

Penticence shut, or rather stammed the door, and a short time afterwards her confounded and exasperated cousin saw her, with her arm twined most loyingly in her father's, walking up and down in the garden, probably repeating the same odious and incredible communication.

It is unnecessary to relate the convensation that passed between the father and daughter. Mr. Marriwood, though like the owl in the fable, who described her younglings to the proof queen of the dar as winged cherubs, imagined his own daughter most beautiful and loveable, could not but discover that in spite of the additional attraction of wealth, she did not seem to inspire others with the same sentiments. The high respectability of Rovington's, family, his brilliant telents and manly graces, which had gained him such éclat in society, made it a desirable union to a man who loved distinction and show as much as Mr. Marriwood. He would have been much more gratified, if ho were likewise rich; but he knew that such talents as his would ere long be a revenue in themselves; and as for the present, Penitence had a plenty of her own. Very fortunately, Penitence was of age, and was in full possession of her aunt's inheritance; os she was not obliged to make a full confession to her father, who gave her his paternal blessing, and received Rovington, when he passed through that evening's dranded ordeal, with such ostentiations and parading condessension, a more penetrating eye would have seen the proud and goaded heart of the young man writing and twisting beneath the smiles that were layshed upon him. What ages he had lived in that single day!

After having sealed his destiny, and recovered sufficient composure to appear before those beloved beings, for whom he had sacrificed all the warm hopes of manheed, one glance at their pallid and dejected countenances gave him strength to communicate, what almost bilstered his lips. When Viola clung around him, with the carcessing fondness of childhood, and sought to hid the tears, which in spite of all her efforts, would gush forth afresh in his bosom, he bade her be comforted and dry up her tears, for her flowers should not wither beneath the trend of the stranger, nor their mother he banished from the hone of their would.

A sudden flash of joyful amazement, bright as a burst of sunlight through a murky cloud, beamed around him. He told them that a benevolent friend who had been made acquainted with their situation, had generously offered to loan them all that was necessary to satisfy Mr. Lacey's demands, and had also requested that the world night never know the assistance lent. While they began to bless this unknown friend, and entreat his name, he interrupted them by saying—

"Mother, I have accepted the offer, and it must be the business of my life to endeavor to repay the obligation."

Rovington had too much delicacy of feeling, too loby a sense of honor, to disclose the motive of the apparently disinferested act. He would not call the wounded crimson of modesty to his sisters' checks, by revealing to them that it was possible for a woman to ncknowledge an unsolicited attachment; he resolved to represent her conduct in the fairest admissible light, so that she might be rendered respectable and amiable in their eyes; and more than all —he vowed to himself, they should never know the sacrifice he had made for them.

"They shall believe it voluntary," he mentally cried; "they shall never know the wild passions that are struggling within me. The offering that is purified by fire, must ascend unpolluted."

"Yes," continued he, in a deep hurried tone; "you need not shik under the burthen of gratitude; our benefictor is a woman, and I was vain enough to imagine my proffered hand would not be considered valueless by her; she accepted it at once, and vowed

that an honest heart was worth more than all the gold of Peru. This friend"—

"Oh! I know—I know," exclaimed Viola, clasping her hands, with a look of extracy, almost celestial. 'It is my dear, sweet, lovely Miss Sutherland! I've wished—I've dreamed!"— She stopped suddenly, chilled by the expression of her brother's face. Had a dagger been plunged into his naked heart, it could not have given a more exquisite pang; but despair cives onergy.

For the first time in his life, he looked sternly on his young sister, as he turned from her, saying—

Wiela, your dreams are folly—madness. Repeat them not. It is to Miss Marriwood you are indebted for your present happiness. It is so strange, so sudden, so unexpected, I feel as if I were in a dream myself. Nay, Viola, I will not have another tear. Bring me some wine, for I am weary, and this day shall be consecrated to mith."

Viola ran from the room, thinking with Miranda of, but she could not help it, and thought she should be happier to live in a log but all her days, knowing that her brother had married Miss Subterland, whom she was sure heaven had formed on purpose for tim, than dwell ha a palace and see him united to Penitience Marriwood.

Mrs. Rovington, who had passed the glowing era of youth and romance, and looked upon life with the saddened eye of experience, believed it a holy and scriptural duty to receive the offered blessings of Providence, without murmuring at the source from whence they came. She had not selfishly dreaded poverty, but to have her children separated—the golden links of family union rudely severed —her son bowed with the burthen of their support —it was this which had bathed her pillow with tears, and weighed down her spirits to the dust.

She admired Lorelly Sutherland, but she knew not the mastery she had gained over the affections of her son. Though she felt the want of gende graces in Miss Marriwood, she was not aware of allner deficiencies; for Penitence had always been paricularly amiable to Mrs. Rovington, as she could not fear her as a rival; and more than all, she was he mother of Russel.

It is true that Mrs. Rovington was convinced that he never would have been the object of he room's choices and that he must have been guided by filial affection; but the apparent nobleness of her conduct exalted her in her cotination; and she hoped that time would endear her to the heart of her son. Graffude—deep, heart-felt, religious gratitude—filiad and overflowed her mind; with eyes too dimmed with tears, to perceive the strange and unnatural expression of his features, she embraced and blessed him; and that holy blessing fell upon his soul, like the dow of heaven on the dry and burning desert.

Catharine's glance pierced deeper through the folds of mystery. She had watched the emotions of Lorelly and her brother. She knew that he loved

her, and she did not believe that he could love in vain. She had seen so much, too, of Penitence Marriwood—her ostentatious pretensions, her obtrusive manners, her envy and jealousy—she judged her incapable of a really generous action. She understood her motive, and the magnanimous sacrifice her brother had made; and while her heart secretly bled at the thought, she solemnly determined that she would respect his honor, and that the offering should not be made in vain.

"For my mother's sake—for Viola's sake," thought she, "I will try to be grateful. But would to God it had been my fate, instead of his, to be immediated on the altar of duty."

The next evening Lacey returned, and entered the house with the air of a master. He was astonished at the tranquillity and order, unbroken by the least confusion, that still pervaded the dwelling. He had expected to have seen a disordered family, mourning over the ruin of their donestic confort, ready to become denizens of the wide world—casting "longing, lingering looks" on the blessings of which they were to be forever deprived.

"You did not look for me so soon, sir, it seems," said he to Rovington, "or have you supposed my parting words were spoken in badinage?"

"Indeed, sir, you are most welcome," answered Rovington; "and you are much mistaken if you suppose we are not fully prepared to meet your return."

"This ease and assurance may be vastly amusing for you to assume," cried Lacey fiercely; "but it sets

upon you with a very ill grace. I am not a man to be trifled with, nor are the iron demands of justice to be baffled in this manner. I have given fair warning—let the consequences rest upon yourself."

"Examine this paper, before you indulge in premature exultation, Mr. Laccy, and after having satisfied yourself that you hold in your hand the full amount of the sum you demand, let me tell you, sir, that the presence of a man who has so basely abused the privileges of fortune, and so entirely forgotten the respect due to an honorable family, is insupportable to me."

Lacey unrolled the paper, and actually recoiled with amazement, when he beheld its contents. He at first doubted the evidence of his senses; but it was no delusion. All that avarice prompted by personal revenge, had urged him to demand, was now within his grasp, and his dream of triumph was dissolved.

"This is strange—unaccountable," he stammered;

"Dare not question me, sir," interrupted Rovington; "your demands are fulfilled, and our intercourse is at an end. All I ask is your receipt,"

Lacey almost mechanically took the pen which was placed before bin, and wrote the signature demanded. Since Revington had so mysteriously cluded his talous, his natural cowardice assumed the empire of which it had been for a while dispossessed by the insolence of triumph, and he dwindled before the proud and commanding self-possession of the

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man he came to humiliate. Pocketing in silence the unlooked for treasure, he turned towards the door.

"Stop one moment, Mr. Lacey," said Rovington, putting his hand upon the latch. "As a gentleman and a man of honor, I am bound to resent the insulting language you lavished upon me in a former interview, when, unconscious of the resources since opened to our family, I humbled myself to solicitation. But as the son of one who loved and revered your late father, who was for years his grateful debtor, I can forgive, and as far as possible forget it."

"When I am convicted of a crime, I may sue for forgivenes," replied Lacey, planting his foot upon the threshold. "I am not surprised at the multiplicity of your resources. You are indeed a most skillful alchemist, and deal in most subtle magic."

He took care to utter the last sentence in a perfectly unintelligible manner, as he left the door, which Rovington closed in slent indignation, and in spite of the embarrassment, the bondage, the anguish of spirit, stendant on the singular situation in which he was now placed, he could not but feel asensation of unalloyed gratitude towards the being who had enabled him to free himself from the clutches of so sordid and mercenary a wretch.

CHAPTER X.

"Thou hast loved, fair girl—thou hast loved too well Thou ant mounting now o'er a broken spell; Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth, And art unrepaid for their niceless worth!"

MRS. HEMANS,

"There never was so charming a spot as this Elmgrove," said Lorelly Sutherland to Mrs. Elmwood, as they walked together on the lawn that fronted the manslon, under the shade of the clims that formed a circular row around it, and whose extreme luxuriance and beauty have given name and faune to this distinguished abode. But the most interesting forture in the scene was the figure of Mrs. Sutherland scated in the window above, sufficiently recovered to enjoy the loveliness and freshness of the season, and to take in the life-giving influence of the pure western gale.

"You remind me," answered Mrs. Elmwood, "of the ardent boy, who admired each successive season so entirely, he wished each might last forever. How many times have I heard you avow that such and such a scene was the lovellest in the world, and that you would like to locate yourself in it forever."

"I know I am foolishly enthusiastic, my dear madam, and deal too largely in superlatives; but perhaps after a few years of discipline and experience, I may learn to be as cold and rational as I once believed the natives of your northern regions."

"Nay, I spoke not in rebuke, but admiration. The spontaneous enthusiasm of a young and spotless beart, is beautiful to me as the first blush of the wild flower in spring. Talk not of experience, sweet Lorelly. It is a wise but unlovely teacher. It shows the thorn on the rose, the flaw in the diamond, the cloud on the blue heavens. It discovers treachery in friendship, selfishness in gratitude, and perfidy love. But it ill becomes one whose every year has been winged with blessings, to utter such chilling truths. Let me rather dwell on your concluding sentiment, your former opinion of our poor slandered clime."

"Ah, madam, I have been the child of prejudice, and never before had an opportunity of knowing how utterly groundless were some of my illiberal prepossessions—how greatly exaggement were others." She then related to Mrs. Elmwood the ancedote of the white-washed poney, which had drawn the maledictions of her grandfather on the whole Yankee race, and the various reports that had reached her of their money-making, speculating and sordid propensities—their want of refinement, feeling, and frankness; reports which, in the secladed life she had led, had never been practically

"I am not at all surprised," replied Mrs, Elmwood, "at your having received such impressions. The ylelding wax takes not more faithfully the figure of

judices of parents and elders. The universal error of judging of a whole class of people by individual character, is one striking cause of the evil, whose effects you so ingenuously acknowledge. A stranger, too, may be often placed in a situation, such as friend of mine was visiting in Charleston, when the last dreadful insurrectionary movement was made there among the slaves, and were I to read you the black reaims of Pluto. She says, even after the conspirators were discovered and the leaders publicly executed—the house she inhabited surrounded by nightly guards-so strong was the agony of her from her pillow, dreaming that the knife of the negro was piercing her heart, or his axe battering at her door. She returned with a vow in her heart place her foot, in her own free country, than all the of an African face, I do not think worlds would November and Venus form a part of the family establishment. Yet they seem zealously devoted to all of your interests, and most affectionately and gratefully attached. Have you ever been exposed

to scenes such as my friend so eloquently described? If you have, I should like to compare the impressions of an intelligent native with those of a northern stranger."

"Never. But when the conspiracy to which you refer, was discovered in Charleston, I recollect there was a pervading feeling of alarm around, and every planter watched with keener vigilance the movements of his slaves. But my grandfather was always proverbial for his induigence to them, though stern in his household government, and he never doubted their fidelity or feared their mutiny. From principle, founded on conviction, I am opposed to slavery, and mourn that it is entailed on my native land; but I have the most implicit reliance on the affection of our own servants, and would willingly travel to the world's end, as far as my personal safety was concerned, with no other protector than November. I know him to be faithful as the sun, My grandfather once offered him freedom, on condition that he would go to Liberia, but he almost indignantly refused. "I stay with massa till he die, and then I take care of young mistress," said our sable champion."

"I have no doubt that in this instance your confidence is well placed," replied Mrs. Elmwood, "for his chains are claukless. The oil of kindness falls on the polished links, and prevents that corrosion which galls the flesh and drinks the blood. But I entirely coincide with my friend in preferring one

foot of earth in the free valleys of New England, to all the wide savannas and jessamine groves of the south."

"Ahl there," interrupted Lorelly, "you have touched a sweet association; our jessenine groves are beautiful; and when the vines are covered with their golden-colored blossoms, so vividly contrasting with the deep perennial green of the leaves, and the far atmosphere is enriched with the fragrance, the islands of the South Sea can present nothing more enchanting to the eye, more exquisite to the sense; our forest vines are indeed wildly havriant, and the yellow jamine, coral honey-suckle and fair virgin bower, offer a charming variety. I do not think your wild flowers are so sweet, so diversified, or brightly funds."

4) grant the truth of your observation, for the nearer we approach the tropics, the children of Flora glow with deeper brilliancy, and breathe forth latense odors. But prejudice may invade even the flowery realms. Another friend of mine, who resided in North Carolina, gave me an annusing instance of this. A lady who was passionately fond of the cultivation of flowers, and had gathered the rarest excites, and the fairest indigenous plants into her garden, almost exhausted her vocabulary of words, in describing a wonderful blossom, which had sprung from seed sent her by some foreigner. She painted it as of a rich golden bue, the leaves diverging from the centre, like the rays of the mid-day sun, the stalk of a light transparent green; but what was sent the part of the mid-day sun, the stalk of a light transparent green; but what was

most admirable, was its appearance after the flower withered and the leaves dropped, when a white filmy globe, of a texture fine as Arachne's web, surrounded the earlys, forming a balloon fit for the queen of the fairies. What do you think was the nomenclature of this nonparell of Florat No other than the dandelion, which is crushed under foot by every school-child in New England, and made subservient to the vulgar uses of cookery. Nothing is more true than that familiarity breeds entempt, unless it is that in proportion as our minds become enlarged by an extended intercourse with the world, the prejudices of education melt away and lose their influence over our better reason."

"I met with a very severe and merited rebuke," said Lorelly, ingeniously, "just before we parted with the gentleman who accompanied us on our journey. We had stopped at a neat country tavern, —here I must acknowledge the comforts travelers enjoy in these regions,—when I said to our friend, with more folly than wit, "I suppose I must now begin to adapt myself to the Yankee taste, and talk about the fine cows, and the beauties of nator?"

"You mustn't talk about a right smart chance then, Miss," retorted a smart, resy-checked damsel, who was just spreading a milliewhite table-doth for supper. "I assure you my dear madam, I had the grace to blush, till my complexion rivaled the roses of my swite memory.

"Do you think you could ever become reconclled to dwell in our ruder latitude?" asked Mrs. Elmwood, in a half-playful, half-carnest tone. "May not the justime of the south be transplanted to the bowers of the north, and its tendrils entwine some of the young clms of our valley."

A flash bright and sudden as the corruscations of the aurora borealis illumined the glowing face of Lorelly, as she looked into the smiling depths of Mrs. Elmood's hazel eyes, during this metaphorical address.

"Perchance," she answered, her glance bowed in penetrative shame, "there is no florist will deem it of sufficient beauty to repay the trouble of transplantation."

"There are many," replied Mrs. Elmweed, "wh would think the very wish a presumption, but," ad ded she, with unaffected carnestness, "I do know one, my dear Miss Sutherland, who if his wendle were commensarate to his other advantages, mighclaim alliance with the noblest and the hest. Po, purity of moral character, elevation of feeding, rectifude of principle, to say nothing of these minor graces, which are seldom valueless in woman's estimation, he stands unrivaled. You must not this me a fatalist when I say that I believe when the heroscope of your destiny was east, this bright particuber almost shome there an ascendant star,"

"Dearest madam," said Lorelly, involuntarily withdrawing her arm, her delicacy and pride shrinking from a vision too dear to her imagination; "Dearest madam, I would not for worlds have you suppose me capable of feeling, of encouraging unsolicited, unauthorized sentiments."

"Nor would I for worlds, my sweet girl, do such injustice to your character; nor would I have said what I have now uttered, did I not know you to be the child of allluence and fortune, as well as the darling of nature, and were I not assured that circumstance alone would prevent my inestimable young friend from avowing the deep homage of an uncorrupted heart."

It never will be known what reply would have been made to this, perhaps in judicious, but kindly prompted speech, had not the white gate that opened into the lawn, that moment turned upon its hinges, and the figure of Miss Pepperil, like a walking note of admiration, appeared ascending the gravel walk. Never did human sounds fall so discordantly on Lorelly's car, as the short elaborate words of Miss Pepperil, for the accents of Mrs. Elmwood were still lingering there, sweet as music on the moonlight wave. They immediately walked into the saloon—it was entirely out of keeping to ask their new guest to remain with them in the soft redolent embosoming shades of that green enclosure.

Miss Pepperil looked exceedingly warm, and sat down pantingly, as if she had walked beyond her breath-

"Thope Mr. Marriwood's family is well," said Mrs. Elmwood, somewhat alarmed at the hurry and perturbation of her manner. "Oh perfectly so, I thank you. They never were in better heaith or spirits," answered Miss Pepperil, with a significant simper. "Indeed they never had more reason to be."

"Has any joyous event occurred?" asked Mrs. Elmwood, observing something prophetic in the wonderful vibration of the pendulum of Miss Pepperil's body—her foot.

"Havn't you heard of it, Miss Sutherland?" exclaimed she, with affected amazement. "I thought it was all over town by this time. Havn't you heard that Miss Marriwood was going to be married?"

"I plead guilty to just so much ignorance," answered Loreity, with provoking indifference, taking at the same time a glass of water from the sidoboard, without even asking the name of the favored individual, who in wedding himself to Fenitence, was elothed in soul with the appropriate livery—sackcloth and ashes.

"Didn't you know;" cried Miss Pepperil, sharpening her voice to its highest key, "didn't you know she was engaged to Russel Rovington? I'm sure I never was so astonished at any thing in my life."

The glass which Lorelly held, fell from her hand and broke in a thousand shivers at her feet.

"You make a very foolish and preposterous jest, Miss Pepperil;" said Mrs. Elmwood, in an indignant tone; "if you wish to indulge in such, you had better seek auditors more credulous, or less discriminating," "I hope I may die this moment," exclaimed she, lifting up both hands, with a solemnity worthy of a better occasion. "I hope these words may be my last, if I do not speak gospel truth. What good would it do me to lose my soul, for people who would never thank me for it. Bless me, Miss Sutherland, how pale you look. Merey on me! she is gainer to fail."

Mrs. Elmwood hastily approached Lorelly, alarmed at her excessive paleness, when with an astonishing effort of self-possession, Lorelly resumed her soat, an inc....

"41 is nothing but a sudden dizziness, occasioned by drinking too freely of cold water, after our long ramble on the lawu. I am sorry your carpet should suffer for the effects of my imprudence, Mrs. Elmwood; I will go and send Venus to gather up the frammosts."

Mrs. Elmwood was too benevolently polite to oppose this motion; and Lorelly was leaving the room with perfect composure of manner, when Miss Pepperil called after her, with malicious presumption—

"Won't you come and offer your congratulations to Miss Marriwood before long, and try to cheer up. Miss Florence, who some how or other seems quite in the dumps this day or two?"

"I cannot have so little respect for either Miss Marriwood or Miss Fairchild, as to suppose they commissioned you to beg congratulations for the one, or sympathy for the other," cried Lorelly, with irrepressible haughtiness, and casting on her as she departed, a look of such eloquent scorn, as made Miss Pepperil's every feature ache, and draw closer to each other, if they were indeed capable of greater approximation.

It was sometime before Lorelly joined her mother, who faitigued as the day declined, was now reclining on her casy chair, regardless of the deepening beauty of nature's regal hon. Lorelly drew the curtains of the windows that faced the west, excluding a rich suffusion of crimson light, that mantled, as she entered, her mether's figure, and lent a warm and lovely glow to the chill whiteness of her spotless check.

"Do not darken the chamber so early, Lorelly," said Mrs. Sutherland; "I do not care about gazing upon the setting sun, but I love to feel its influence. It is like the memory of other days, sometimes weet and glorious, but always mournful and soon covered with darkness, as with a shroud."

"I thought the glare would be oppressive," replied Lorelly, gathering back the folds, and scating herself in the shade,

"Glare! do you call it?" repeated Mrs. Sutherland; "I never knew any thing more soft and mellow."

Lorelly sat silent a few moments, then declaring that the room was too close to breathe in, though the pure fresh air was flowing in cool streams on her brow, and waving aside the shading ringlets of her hair, she was passing into the corridor, when her mother's voice arrested her.

"Unrelly, my child, you must not walk abroad with that flushed check and weary look,—you are feverish. Good heavens! what a pubse?" taking her hand and counting the quick pulsations of veins, which had never yet been swollen by so tumultuous a current.

"I am perfectly well, mother, but I am getting so home-sick, I know not what to do. The very sound of your voice, recalling my dear native Virginia to recollection, affects unc, as the strains of the Ranz des Vaches the heart of the exited Swiss."

"Strange!" cried her mother, "I thought you were completely weaned from your southern home, in your growing attachment to your New England friends. Do not indulge in caprice, my dear Lorelly. In this instance, it assumes the character of ingratitude; for surely never was human being more delicately kind, more elegantly hospitable, than Mrs. Elmwood. Since I have become her guest, even I, querulous and restless as I am, have learnt contentment. Her considerate attentions extend to the comforts of our servants, who no longer sigh after their bacon and greens. Do not suffer her to suspect your sudden altenation."

"Heaven forbid I should be ungrateful to Mrs, Elmwood," exclaimed Lorelly. "For her sake I would endure any thing;—but—but you were so anxious to go to Nahant, and you seem so much better now; and Mrs. Elmwood is to accompany us. Dearest mother," continued she, throwing her arms around her, "do let us start,"

"What does this girl mean?" said Mrs. Sutherland to Mrs. Elmwood, who entered while Lorelly was yet speaking. "You hear her strange request."

"Yes; and stranger still, I back her suit," answered Mrs. Elmwood, with a smile so kind Lorelly felt as if she could have worshiped her. "The weather is so delightful now, so appropriate for traveling; and I am sure the exercise would be invigorating to you. You will be obliged to return this way, when I hope you will allow me to claim the remainder of the visit I voluntarily shorten now, for our mutual pleasure and benefit."

Mrs. Sutherland saw there was a strange excitement in Larelly's monner, and though she was igporant of the cause, she feared it had some connection with the subject of a former conversation with her, after her return from Mrs. Rovington's. This apprehension induced her to give her willing consent, and it was soon arranged that the next day should be devoted to preparation—the day succeeding to the commencement of the journey.

Mrs. Elmwood was filled with indignant surprise at the communication of Miss Pepperil, which she could no longer doubt; and not being able to find any other solution to the mystery, she was compelled to believe blun actuated by motives of the basest awaries, and perjuring his soul for sordid dross. She could have exclaimed in the language of scripture, "Ichabod, the glory is departed;" for Rovington seemed to have realized her most exalted dreams of perfection, and after having witnessed his intense and ovident, though unavowed admiration for Lorelly, his surrendering himself to gold became more than despicable, even sacrilegious, in her eyes. She now sincerely regretted her previous conversation with Miss Sutherland, in which she had penetrated so deeply into the virgin sanctuary of her young affectious, and beheld the image of this unworthy idolator at Pluto's aftar, enshrined amid incense as pure and holy as ever rose in the temple of Vesta. Her first cure was to remove her from the scene of Miss Marriwood's insolent triumph, and the vulgar inspertience of her toud-eating friend; and the contemplated expedition to Nahant offered an unsuspected and inviting opening for her purpose.

That night Lorelly laid her head beside her mother's pillow, but she thought not of sleep. She lay listening to her parent's breathing, as if the pulsations of her own being depended on each throb, till she ascertained by the deepening inspirations, that the slumbers which deserted herself had settled on lids but seldom closed before her own. Unable any longer to endure the restraint she had imposed on her feelings, she rose softly from the couch, and folding the sheets as lightly as the touch of the west wind on the leaves of the flower, least she should disturb the slumberer she was leaving, she left the chamber, and pussing through a corridor, through whose dim length her eye could scarcely pierce,

sought a baleony which looked forth on the beautiful lawn-the rich, elm-shaded enclosure described at the commencement of the chapter. With no night air, and baring her temples to its deadly but fearful warfare in a bosom, whose pussions had never to gain such ascendancy over her, bowed her proud of her unguarded emotion, stung her to madness, Throwing her arms over the ballustrade, she leaned be hurled from its shrine-its symmetry marred, and its beauty defaced.

It was in vain she repeated to herself, "he never told me he loved me." Her heart denied the truth of the assertion. There are volceless vows and unutered declarations. She recollected the glance of his eye kindling and flashing when it turned on her, like burnished steel in the sunbeam—the deep, concentrated gaze, that darkening in its own intensity, she had so often caught riveted upon her—the devoted attention with which he hang upon her every accent—the involuntary softening of his voice, whenever he addressed her—ten thousand remembrance dearer to the young romance of passion than all the worded professions in the universe, througed around her, till conscience vindicated her delicacy and her pride.

The contrasted maliference and coal poinciers of his manner to Miss Marriwood, whom he seemed to dlighte as much as is consistent with good breeding, rendered his present conduct utterly hexplicable; for if gold was the allarement, why had he not earlier been drawn into the snare? "Were she gitted with one womanly charm," thought she, who might be pardoned for the hase barter of limself; but the in so rade and unlovely, so incapable of appreciating the noble, the spiritual—Not 1 recall the words. Sordid and groveling as he is, I dismiss him from my esteem. True to the race from which he descends, the calculating spirit of his ancestors trivumphs over strength of principle and ardency of love. He is worthy of his native region, to which I hope soon to bid an everlasting farewell; and never

shall his avaricious heart feed itself upon the vain glory of having conquered the prejudices and slighted the preference of a Virginian girl."

If any one is disposed to condemn the rashness and pride of these sentiments, let them be indulgent o Lorelly in proportion to their knowledge of huson? And Lorelly had never been taught the most difficult lesson in the world, self control. The pet surpose, in spite of apparent caprice and aberraher life had been one of unlimited indulgence, and authorized the act, and her mother sanctioned its for

and the vapory shades that rolled grey and gloomy beneath, entered the gallery which led to her chamber.

She thought she heard a kind of groaning sound issuing from the further end, but imputing it to be previous excitement, she proceeded, when the sound returned with such added distinctness, it made her blood chill with apprehension. She could discen something which looked like a white moving object, through the truly Radelillian obscurity of the passage. Her first fear was, that her mether had awaked, and alarmed at her long absence, was seeking her, and overpowered by weakness and anxiety, was attering there startling means. Impressed with this idea, the quick-med her steps, while the groans grew heavier, and the figure enlarged, and seemed to approach her.

"In the name of heaven!" excluded Lorelly.

The group he ame a shrick at the adjuration, and the figure fell forward with a sound as adden and heavy as a body of melting snow from the slan-

For one moment superstitions terror triumphes over Lorelly's letter reason, as her imagination was in an exalted and feverish state, and it was near that wizard hour, "when injured ghosts complain," and yawning grove are said to release their sheeted tenants, that they may haunt the abodes of the living. But determined, like the prucely Dane, "to cross it though it blasted her," she pressed on, till the prone and mysterious object arrested her passage, and she gazed upon it, till she imagined it emitted some wild sparkles of phosphorescent light. Just as she was beginning to address it, and became holder by proximity, was bending down to ascertain its form and substance, it suddenly reared itself and set up a most pitcous howl, in which these words only were distinguishable; "Old Lord a mercy on me. Ohl Lord a mercy on me."

"Good heaven. is it you, Venus?" crlcd Lorelly, what is sensition of unutterible relicf. "What is the matter? Don't make such a dreadful noise, it will wake my mother. Don't, Aunt Venus,"

"Oh! is it only you, Miss Lord! Me frightened all but to death—me thought it the ghost of Arny. She mever been quiet in her grave, cause the preacher forgot to preach her funeral. What you out of nice warm bed for, this mighty bad time of night?"

"Aunt, what are you doing here at such an hour?" asked Lorelly, ashamed at the coincidence of their situation and fears-

"Me most dead with the tooth ache. They all jump out of my head and make me groun, till November clup his hands on he cars, and hollow Oh! I come for Misses camphor-bottle, and jist as I gots to the door, white thing come stending, stealing along; I turn all over white as sheet I got round ""."

Lorelly pitted all the woes of Venus, and begging her to step as light as a feather, and to hush her monus, softly opened her mother's door, amazed and grateful beyond expression, that the unwonted commotion in the passage had not broken her slumbers. By the dim glimmer of the lamp burning in the chimney, she found the panacea for all Venus' aches and pains, and bathing her sable jaws with her own kind band, she bound up her head in flannel, and lighted her down the winding stairs, on which in ascending, the poor superstitious negro had seen appartitions sitting on every step.

The active duties of benevolence thus exercised, perhaps was the salvation of Lorelly's health. Had she retired to her bed, damp and shivering as she quitted the balcony, the chill might have penetrated to the depths of vitality, and consumption's 'shective weath' hereafter have usurped the mutable roses of her cheeks but while her gendle touch was allaying the throbs of physical anguish, a kindly glow was communicated to her own frame, and fearful of eadangering her mother's health, she exchanged her devendistened wrapper for another, dry from the laundres' hands, (an act of prudence, I never recoilect to have seen recorded, but which is deserving of particular initiation,) and at last fell adeep, with classfunct feelings and heroic reso-

lations.

The next day, when Mrs. Elmwood asked Lorelly if she wished to call upon her friends before their departure, she was delighted with the readless with which she replied, that she had received too many attentions from Mr. Marriwood's and Mrs. Rovington's families, to think of leaving Cloverdale without some acknowledgement of their politeness.

Lorelly had schooled herself for the task, and she resolved to go on with it unshrinkingly—and it is astonishing what miracles exerted pride, arising from inherent dignity of character, will enable us to perform.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Elmwood ordered the carriage to drive to Mr. Marriwood's, having been unavoidably detained beyond the hours she had specified. Penitence was excessively chagrined by the graceful self-possession of Lorelly, and insulted by the unwonted brilliancy of her bloom. She had been fending her imagination on the marble statue of Despair, Miss Pepperil had described, but the fair figure before her was glowing with the warm hoes of undiminished beauty.

Florence, who was caacting, like a second Cherabina, the pale, sofa-reclining heroine, was overflowing with tenderness and friendship for her intersting friend, who needed no other lesson to strengthen her in the task. Their visit was short, and they rose to depart, to the consternation of Miss Marriwood, without alluding to the circumstance of her engagement. She had no idea of suffering Lorelly to leave her, without enloying the manifestations of her hidden pangs. "When I see you next, Miss Sutherland," said she, with a most significant smile, "I hope I shall welcome you to my own house. It will give me double pleasure, as I know Mr. Rovinstan also, counts you into my more house.

She did enjoy the exquisite happiness of seeing Lorelly turn as pale as a marble statue at this indelicate address, then as suddenly rival in depth of complexion, the crimson folds of her piano. Mrs. Elimwood saved her from sacrificing her sincerity to pride, by interrupting her reply.

"Then I must really congradulate you, Miss Marriwood," said she, continuing her movement towards the door; "I thought Miss Pepperil was amusing us with a jest of her own, as I had never witnessed any of those preliminary attentions usual on such occasions. Well, when we return I shall be looking for bridal favors and wedding cake; as I presume you are too well pleased with your choice, to lnear the danger of delay.

Penitence writhed in spirit beneath Mrs. Elmwood's clear searching glance, but she had the hardihood to answer, "That she feared no danger, after having received such proofs of affections."

"Thank Heaven!" thought Lorelly, as they reentered the carriage; "one orderal is over." Her interessed disgust of Miss Marriwood, deepening her indignation for Rovington's conduct, diminished her dread of the trial before her; but still her breathing became thick and oppressive when she actually found herself in the mansion, associated with recollections as sweet and hallowed as ever entwined round the heart of youth, unrity, and feeling.

Mrs. Rovington and her daughters were sitting in the room that looked into the garden, but Russel was not with them. I said sitting, but Lorelly saw with deep concern, that Viola was supported by pillows on the sofa, with an appearance of debility on her sweet pale face, painfully interesting.

"I am not sick," sald she, with a kind of shadowy smile, as Lorelly took her hand, in silent solicitude. "I was well this morning, but it seemed as if all my strength left me instantaneously; I shall be better soon, I am sure I shall, since you are near me."

Lorelly dared not trust her voice to reply, so much was she affected by the expression of ardent affection, glistening through the languid eyes of this lovely but fragile young creature. She remembered the hour, when the sickly light of the moon fell on her brow, as the withering garland loosened, she had twined, and the beautiful prophetic line of Waller, then quoted, came chillingly to her memory.

Neither Mrs. Rovington nor Cathurine appeared alarmed, for they were accustomed to the deliency of Vitola's constitution, and always called her their green-house plant, which seemed created to be sunned in the smile of affection, and cherished by the dews of kindness. But there is an unutterable something in the eye, that tells when the malady comes from the depths of the fountain of life, then,

"like hely revealings

rom innermost shrines, come the light of the feelings, "

the spirit rises from its ione recesses, clothes itself in its holiest radiance, and looks steadily forth on a world, from which it is ere long to be summoned. No one could be long in Vloh's presence, even in her most joyous moments, without thinking of a

purer, better land. The pale violet of her eyes reminded one less of the mountain flower than the but of heaven, and the same associations were blended with the cerulean veins, that tracked like wandering rills the fair transparency of her complexion. Every thing about her breathed of purity, and yet warned you of decay; and this warning waderived from the cold consciousness that all that is sweet and fair must finde and die, and that the weetest and fairest of the works of creation, are at the same time the frailest and most fleeting.

Lorelly was so completely absorbed in the comtemplation of Viola, and the reflections arising from it, she was not aware of the entrance of Rovington till she heard his voice addressing Mrs. Elmwood. Lorelly felt as if a mist were covering her sight; but she would rather have died in the effort to master her emotion than allow any to be visible at this moment.

When he extended the customary salutations of the day to her, she was obliged to look up, and she did so with an unfallering glance, though the beatings of her heart were almost audible. Politeness required but a glance, but her previous agitation was composure to that excited by this single glance upon the face of one whom she so cruelly but unconsciously wronged.

The wrestling of imprisoned passions for a few days, or even hours, will work a greater change on the brow of youth than the lapse of peaceful years, as the wild dashing billows of the ocean leave, from a moment's wrath, traces of desolation the silent flow of water for ages could not make. He looked pale and heavy. His hair fell neglected on his temples, and an expression almost of sternness darkened a countenance usually remarkable for its sunniness and glow. Even Mrs. Elmwood's indignation was softened, and she almost began to believe him under the spell of some malignant enchanter. She was more than ever convinced of his love for Lorelly. Then why had he imposed on himself a bondage so inglorious, beneath which his spirit so visibly and wearingly chafed? The more she questioned herself, the more dense the invstery seemed: but while she was thus buried in conjecture, she did not forget that she was the self-elected guardian of Lorelly, and believing it would be kindness to her to shorten the scene, she mentioned the object of their visit, and the necessity of an early departure. ola started painfully at the mention of Lorelly's departure, and holding both her hands in her own-

"Oh! do not leave me yet," she said beseechingly.
"When shall I see you again? If Mrs. Elmovod
mant go, I know she will send the carriage for you
in the evening, if it is only for my sake; I know you
will not refuse me, with my head on this pillow, and
my eyes looking so beggingly into yours."

Lorelly felt as if a request from an invalid friend had the authority of a command, and argod in such a manner, it would have seemed cruel to have dealed it. Perhaps she was even willing to have an excuse to linger a while longer on the spot, she had before found enchanted ground; and it is possible, the hope of penetrating into the mystery that surrounded her, might have insinuated itself into her motives of compliance.

"What shall I do?" asked she, he sitatingly of Mrs. Elmwood.

"I know you will do that which is kindest and best," replied Mrs. Elmwood.

"Then she will remain with me," said Viola, encircling her waist with her gentle arms. In a few moments Mrs. Elmwood was gone, and Lorelly left The strong interest sire had always manifested in shaded her manners, was the safeguard of her apprehensive pride. So completely did she seem absorbed in the interesting young invalid, that even Catharine's penetrating glauce could not discover the wound her peace had received. Russel, who had left the room with Mrs. Elmwood, did not return again till supper was commenced, when he exmer character of graceful hospitality; but Mrs. Rovington's mother's heart was beginning to be painfully enlightened on the subject of her son's affections. All the preceding day, she had watched his altered countenance and abstracted air; at night she heard him walking with troubled steps, while he imagined her eyes were closed in slumber, and now she saw him with Lorelly, and noticed the change in his deportment towards her, from gallantry to coldness, from frankness to reserve, she experienced an aching consciousness that all was not right. She thought of her own blissful minn, unclouded in love, gliding on, "like the long, sumy hapse of summer day-light," and while tears of recollecting tenderness suffused her eyes, she inwardly shuddered at the possibility, that her son might be the self-devoted martyr of filial love. With her mind filled with these redicctions, she turned an earnest gaze on the impassioned, yet spiritual lovelleness of Lorelly, mentally contrasting it with the unattractive image of the plighted heiress, till she scarcely refrained from exclaining aloud, "Alus! it cannot be otherwise."

Lorelly felt some very uneasy sensations, when the twillight had darkened into evening and no carriage arrived, particularly after 1pr. Chandler came in and said he thought the clouds were gathering for a tempestuous night. She looked anxionaly from the window and saw the grey flakes drifting along, as if hastening each to bear a tribute to the treasury of the rain and storm. Penting some accident had prevented Mrs. Elmwood from falidiling her intention, and shrinking from the prespect of being detained where she was, she would immediately have started on foot, but from the conviction that Rovington must be her seever. She determined to wait another half hour, and if her expectations were not then realized to request the attendance of the doctor. He pronounced his padent better, and

attributed her amendment to Lorelly's restorative powers. He spoke so cheeringly, it was impossible to attach the idea of danger to one under his healing influence, and though his spirite had less than their usual hibrity, his presence acted with talismanic power in banishing restraint, wherever he appeared. He begged Mrs. Rovington for a glass of her inlimitable ehery bounce; (one of the choicest glories of New England,) that he might have the pleasure of taking one parting glass with Lorelly, 4for the sake of audd hung sync." Though he was gifted with one of the best hearts in the universe, he never troubled himself about the nicities of sensibility, and sometimes cast random shafts where they were least aimed. Ho was as much astonished as the rest of the world at Russel's strange engagement, after the observations he had noted, but said he to himself, "Every one to their take, as the old woman said." He thought he was now exercising the privilege of a familiar friend, by calling upon him to toast he chosen besidue.

Rovington poured out the deep red, generous cordial with an eager hand, and drauk, at one draught, what the declor called the cup of Ponitence, to its dregs. Lorelly actually trembled at the bright flashlings of his r stless eye, as again and again he filled and drained the brimming glass, and finding her situation becoming more and more intelerable, she rose to claim the services of Dr. Chandler as a protector to Elm-grave. Just as he was professing himself the most honored of human beings, a sudden rap at

the door, and an earnest inquiry, "whether the doctor was there," gave warning that his professional attendance was immediately required elsewhere. He was thus compelled to transfer the intended honor to Royington, and took leave of her with reiterated assurances that he would see them in the morning, before the commencement of the journey. Lorelly now had no alternative. To shrink from the companionship of Royington, would be a silent acknowledgment of his power; and convinced that she must soon meet the carringe, she lish cottage, and it was long before the night wind dried the tears of Viola, which were left glittering on her cheek. They walked fast and silently on. rumbling wheels, mid the hollow rustling of the gale through the trees. Not long after, this was succeeded by the ominous sound of distant thunder, heralded by quick, vivid flashes of lightning, that severed the gloom of the congregating vapors, Royington entreated her to return and wait till the shower was over, but her apprehensions respecting her mother were becoming so intense, all other fears were weak in comparison, and she expressed so carnest a desire to proceed, he no longer attempted to dissuade her from her purpose. There was something in the dark magnificence of the scene, congenial to the feelings of those who walked through the shades. The grey sweeping of the clouds, as they rolled heavy and grand, till they

folded themselves up, like a warlike banner in the west, ready to be unfolded at the storm spirit's-will; the dazzling pemp of the lightning, as it spanned with a fiery evanescent chain the leaden-colored arch, or covered the heavens with one mantle of paler glory; the deep voice of the thunder, the prophet of the skies, all formed a kind of dreadful harmony, to which the tone of their spirits thrillingly responded. The effort of speaking was unnecessary. Their silence was unheeded and the solence of nature. But soon the clouds gathered their strength with fearful rapidity, the rain began to fall in those big splashing drops, peculiar to the summer shower, and still the dazzked eyes of Lorel-ly watched in vain for the approaching carriage.

"How rash I have been!" she exclaimed, compelled from exhaustion to slacken her speed, while the increasing rain, from which Rovington in vain endeavored to shelter her, was fast drenching her light mautle and driving heavily against her face.

"None but a madman, like myself," cried he, "would have permitted you to have ventured abroad, under such a heaven as this. You cannot, you must not proceed; we must turn back to the nearest place of shelter, for the common is before us."

Just as he spoke, in burning flash illuminated the portico of the old village church, that steed in ghost by whiteness in the centre of the very common they were now passing. It seemed like an immediate ray from heaven, pointing out this spot of sacred refuge from the bursting storm.

Without waiting for her consent, he directed their course to this sanctuary, and in a few moments they stood alone in the blazing darkness, beneath the hallowed arches of the portico of the temple, which, though now superseded by one of ampler dimensions, and nobler architecture, was still venorable from association, while as if in fulfillment of ancient proplacy, the Almighty seemed bowing the heavens and coming down over the spot once consecrated to his earthly praise.

Loretly, breathless and weary, incapable of sustaining the weight of these solemnities, leaned heavily against the damp side of the archeway, while the incessant glare of the lightning quivering on her firee, showed it of a color as pale as the white wall that supported her. Till now, Rovington had stendily pursevered in the only line honor permitted him to pursue. He had avoided her presence, and removed himself from the sound of her voice, and the glance of her eye, as indulgence from which the flaming sword of duty guarded him; but deathny seemed resolved to friumph over the stern dictates of prudence and honor. Providence had united them at this moment, so lone and august, in a spot hallowed by the memories of religion had thrown her upon his sole protection, in a scene, before which the strength of manifestations of divine power and elemental vassalage.

It seemed as if they were alone in creation—that the voice of nature and truth was alone heard

through the gloom, where she, the object of all the unwasted tenderness and ardor of his glowing youth, stood pale, and apparently sinking before him. For a moment he forgot his extorted vow, its bitter consequences, the moral barriers that separated him from her; and yielding to the irresistible impulse, he threw around her his shielding arms, and called her by all those dear and impassioned mames, the eloouence of love has taught its votaries.

The oblision might have been mutual, but the unclumbering guardian of her soul's rectifude did not prove faithless to its trust. Her exhaustion was forgotten in her puride, and liberating herself from his arms, she proudly asked him, "Uy what right he dared to humiliate her by such protestations, and descerate in such a manner the walls that sheltered them?"

"By the right of despair!" cried he, recalled at once to himself, and smitten with remorse and horror by the recollection of his guilty rashness.

"Despair! Mr. Rovington. You have scaled your own destiny. Passion and deceit are alike sacrile-

"I have indeed sealed it!" he bitterly replied,
"and I have now lost all that dignified it, the consciousness of my own integrity. I cannot recal! It.
The words have gone forth and are registered in
heaven's record. Here, beneath God's own temple
—blasphenny as you call it; perjury if you will—I
have told you, that I loved you. I thought that
death itself could not wrest the secret from my bo-

som, but I have been mastered by a power, controlling and uncontrollable. I had been more than man, to have resisted the agony, the omnipotence of this hour. I have been tried beyond endurance, and remores is now added to my bitter portion."

"I scorn to deceive you, sir," answered Lorelly, all the native pride and frankness of her nature rallying round her heart, and howing it shows even the fear of the surrounding elements, "I scorn to deceive you; you know it, you have soen it. I could have returned all you now dare to profess, for I believed you above all hase and sordly passion,—superior to hypoerley and avariee. I would have considered gold as dust, when weighed in the balance, with a true and faithful heart. But it is past, siry you have forfeited even my esteem, and my foreigneess can only be purchased by everlasting silence on a subject, which never should have profaued this secred shelter."

"For the wealth of worlds, madam, I would not renew it," he answered, the conviction of being high above the sordid motives she ascribed to him, imparting to his manner all its native dignity. "Your indignation is just: I have acted like a madam. But there is one charge of which at least 4 am innocent. Mercenary! All the coffered gold that misers ever told could not tempt me from my allegiance to nature and truth. Yet how can you think otherwise? I cannot vindicate myself if I would;

and I must bear through life, the chilling burthen of your contempt."

A human voice rose at this moment, with wild distinctness on the wailing gale. So sudden and startlingly near was the sound, it seemed as if it issued from the lonely aisles of the church, to rebuke the beings who dared to disturb the schoes of the deserted sanctuary, with the accents of earth-born passion. Their eyes simultaneously following its direction, the crinkling flame revealed a tall, dark figure, standing beneath an elm, that overshadowed the building, and stretching its arms towards heaven. By the fantastic habiliments, the munica gestures, and black glapy locks, streaming back from its uncovered head, they recognized the unfortunate Lovelh, so singularly associated with their first meeting, and now oninously breaking on their parting hour.

"There, there," raved he, shak'ng his right hand towards that point of the horizon where the iddo of his phrensied imagination was defined on the dark back-ground of an angry sky; "the arrow come winged from the bow of the Almighty. Its point is dipped in unquenchable fire. Als, hal it is passed, But another shall come, for the quiver of vengeance is full. Yes, the oppresser shall be oppressed, for it is sworn. In the blackness of midnight I had a dream, and I haghed till the echoes he hadd. I saw an army of thunder-spirits, in chariots of sulphur, and with banners of wind; and I marched at their head—and we sat on the roof of that house, and it

rocked like a cradle. Then we took a bolt, hissing hot from the forge, and shouting the 'destroyer shall be destroyed,' sent it smoking through its heart. It is coming, but not yet. The manion is cursed,—all that belongs to it is cursed,—for the prayer of the injured is heard, and the doom of Gemorrah is over the land,"

"Cease, cease, blasphemer," exclaimed Rovington, rushing from the side of Lovelly to the spot where the maniac breathed forth his anathema. "Wint have I done, that you arrogate to yourself the right of annipotence, and wither me with your curse! Hence, beding raven, if you would not make me a raving dotard like thyself."

The phrensy of Lovell, which was always dreadfully excited by electrical phenomena, even in its wildest vehemence, was invariably quelled by the voice of Rovington.

"I uttered no ban against thee," he answered, in a subdued and morraful tone. "I told but the doom that was given. Alas! what have you to do with the wicked? You are the only being who ever pitted my sufferings, and offered to relieve them. Not no! the poor despised outcast blesses you, when no one but God is near to listen."

He paused, weeping and sobbing, for as the violence of the tempest subsides as the raindrops fall, his paroxysms of phrensy usually melted in a passion of tears.

"Surely," thought Rovington, "this man is ordained to chasten and rebuke me. Come, poor wretch,"

he cried, taking his unresisting arm, and leading him into the vestibule, "come to a safer shelter."

The rattling of wheels was now distinctly heard, through the abating tumult of the elements; a carriage was seen rapidly advancing, and it needed nothing more than the gigantic form, mounted on the coach box, to identify it as Mrs. Sutherland's, November, hearing his name loudly called from the church, with the natural feelings of his superstitious race, thought at first it was a supernatural summons, and instead of slackening his horses, he plied his whip most merrily. His terror was not diminished, when a figure, which seemed to have dropped from the clouds, stood near the horses' heads, like the sceptre in the vision of Marmion, and commanded him to stop. He was at length made to understand, that his young mistress was waiting for him in the portice of the old church, and that he must drive up to its arches.

must drive up to the actor," cried Lorelly, scarcely watting for the steps to be unfolded, and springing in before Rovington could profifer his aid, will me what has happened? Is my mother iii? Is Mrs. Elmwood sick? Or have I been forgotten?"

"No such thing, Miss Lora," answered the sturdy black, shaking the rain from the garments with no very gentle motion. "Misses well, for aught I know, and so was all the rest, a heap of a piece of ago. But if I get out of this brenk-neck country, and put my head here agin, let'um call me Yankee binckball. There's a plank broke in that dry bridge yonder, and the wheel run in and smashed out the spokes. Then I go back for workmen, and tote tools and ropes—rap, rap, all night. Then come on with lightning, blazing up in my eyes like a light-wood knot; and the corporal all the time as skeary as a rabbit. Sure chough matter, Miss Lora."

November, in this account, had exercised the privileg of his firbe, exageration, to a considerable degree, but some part of the carriage was broken in consequence of a defect in the dry bridge, which had detained him, in his own expressive dialect, "a heap of a while," and the task of guiding the terrified bays, through the thunder storm, land somewhat ruffled his equanimity. The fact that the proud steed that cries Ahal at the sound of the war trumpel, and shakes his mane like a banner of victory, trembles and recoils at the voice of the thunder, shows that even the brate creation bow with instinctive homage before the majesty of heaven.

Rovington, after having warned November to drive very slowly and cautiously, closed the door of the carriage with a silent bow, the negro's signal whistle went piercingly through Lorelly's ears, who conscious of her security from observation, throw herself back on the solltary seat, in an agitation of mind which baffles description. She felt as if the scorching lightning had passed over her naked heart, so blighted and withered were its young green affections, just too as she began to be conscious of the sweetness of their bloom. "Why," thought she, "rash and self-willed that I am—why did I reject the warnings of my mother, and expose myself to follow her deplorable example? Through life I have been surrounded by mystery, baring every feeling of my seul to others, an enecting in return nothing but durkness or deceit. Has not she been constantly before me, a living Pharos, to show where the waves of passion roll, and yet how have I scorned the mournful beacon? Oh, wise too late! Let me but find once more the shades of my peaceful home, and forget this man of mystery and presumption."

Notwithstanding November's usual caution, they shopped at Elingrove before she was aware that they had passed the avenue of trees that divived the distance between it and the English cottage. The door of the carriage was opened, and the lights streaming from the windows of the house shone full upon a figure, standing by the steps ready to assist her, whose lineaments could never be mistaken.

"Why and wherefore, sir," cried she, forgetting in her amazement that the rays reflected on him, also trembled on her own ngitated countenance, "why have you done this?"

«You would not refuse me the privilege of walking near the carriage as your protector, since I had not the presumption to claim a higher," replied he, with a look of sad yet proud humility.

In spite of Lorelly's just resentment, she could not but be pierced by the thought that he had thus exposed himself for her, in a night when she would have pitied her "enemy's dog," were he houseless; and hastily extending her hand, she exclaimed, "This is cruel—unnecessary. I needed no protection."

Rovington did not answer. The hand he took was as cold as a wreath of snow, and he silently prayed that it might be the last time that he ever held it within his own, since he could not retain it forever.

"You will not walk back," said Lorelly, as soon as they reached the threshold. "November is entirely at your command. I cannot suffer any farther exposure of your health on my necount."

"Health!" repeated he. "The elements are impotent without, when the storm is raging within. Miss Sutherland, there are but two things in this world that I ask: to believe that you can forgive me—and then—to forget you."

"May heaven grant your last petition as freely as I do the first. Farewell."

Without waiting for a reply, she opened the door, hastily closed it, and not during to appear before her mother, in such agitation, yet shrinking from the presence of Mrs. Elmwood, she stood irresolute, when Mrs. Elmwood herself came into the anti-room to greet her.

"Do not come near me, Mrs. Elmwood," cried she, retreating from her approach; "I shall chill you to death. I am drenched with rain. Let me but throw off these wet garments."

She endeavored as she spoke to until the ribbons of her bonnet, but her hands were powerless and the knot was only more closely drawn. Shocked by the tremulous tones of her voice, and the trepidation of her manner, Mrs. Elmwood drew near in spite of her prohibition, and Lorelly was compelled to look into her anxious and searching eyes. She felt as fif they could read into the depths of her soul, and unable to resist the impulse, threw her arms around Mrs. Elmwood's neck, who felt, with inexpressible concern, that other drops than those of the chill night-shower moistened the lace that covered it.

"Ask me nothing now," cried Lorelly; "to-morrow you shall know all my weakness, and all its excuse."

Mrs. Elmwood did not question her, but by every kind and soothing attention, endeavored to restore her to such a state of composure, as to enable her to enter her mother's chamber, who, as Yenus said, had been "all but done dead with fright about her." Mrs. Sutherland had a constitutional dread of a thunder storm, and after learning her daughter's exposure, fortunately sought for no other cause for her palliness and agitation.

It's unnecessary to linger on the journey that bore the travelers, with their northern friend, to a scene which though famillar to all the devotees of fashion and ease, in the vicinity of Boston, has not yet attracted them from the east and the west, the north and the south, like the medicinal fountains of Saratoga and Ballstown. Pamiliarity of description has not yet deprived it of the charm of nevelty, and I rejoice that in following the path of those whose history I have begun, I am inevitably led to the lone and rocky

shores of Nahant, though compelled to leave for awhile the fair valley of Cloverdale, and the destinics of the unhappy Royington.

CHAPTER XI.

"The melancholy stranger! who is he? Pallid and gloomy; yet so glorious still! Who loves the mystery of the lonely sea, The houry rock, and storm-encircled hill?"

Thoran it would be tedlous to describe the minutize of a journey, during which the horses were monotonously steady, and the roads uninterestingly smooth and safe, the ride along the celebrated Lynn beach, that leads to the rocky peninsula of Nahant, may constitute an exception to the general remark.

Owing to the debility of Mrs. Sutherland, they had divided the journey into several days, for the weather was now oppressively sultry, and the sun poured down his burning noon-day beams, with all the intensity and power of her more southern clime. There was that quivering heat and brightness in the atmosphere, which every one has felt and seen when panting under the fervor of a summer sky, when not a cloud softens the dazzling depth of blue, not a gale flutters through the longuld foliage, and each expanded and transparent particle of air

its individual existence. Our travelers arrived at the beach the afternoon of one of these fervid days. and the cool sound of the tide, as it flowed gently up round the wheels of the carriage and the white fetlocks of the horses, with the refreshing breeze that came softly fluttering over the sparkling waves, had an instantaneous influence, both soothing and exhilarating. The clear sea green of the waters was here and there tinged with the roseate reflection of the western sky, whose sultry glow was given back with a subdued mellow tint, beautiful as the lights of memory through the mists of time; and the snowy wreath they caught up and sported in their refluent motion, lit up by the same oblique resplendence, resembled the diamond crest of royalty. The eye dazzled by these occasional flashes, sent its glances over the far heaving expanse; but whereever it turned, it met the brilliant coruscations sparkling over its boson—the glorious but evanescent jowelry of the ocean.

As they approached the steep and iron-bound coast of Nahant, its block and insulated situation, its block unshadowed front, its grey, old wave washod rocks, gave an impression of solltude and gloom, and recalled, from the singularly striking contrast, the green peaceful fields, the fortilizing river, the imperial clams, and sweet wild flowers of Clovenialo.

Mrs. Sutherled folded her shawl closely round her, declaring that she already felt the sea breeze too chill and bracing, while Venus asserted with a kind of prophetic shiver, "it was a mighty dismal place, and looked sure enough like a heap of tomb stones." Lorelly, however, felt a thrill of strange delight, as she gazed on the loneliness of the scene, whose wild sublimity was far more in accordance with the gloomy excitement of her feelings, thun the fair smiling valley she had left behind, and tenning from the window, she repeated to herself, with a slight alteration, these magnifectnt lines.

"There is a ponsure on the path! - rock,
There is a quie in the low shore;
There is --city with none minutes;
By the dam signal come in its con;

But the romantic idea of solitory grandeur finded as they appreached the dwellings of man, and distinguished the elegant proportions of the hotel, built in a style of showy modern architecture, with all its surrounding accommodations for pleasure, while groups of fashionable idlers sauntered through the piazzus, or clustered round the bowling alley or the more attractive billiard temple.

The arrival of so distinguished looking an equipage was not an unnoticed event; and many a keep glance was directed to the figures that alighted from it; but the full-orbed vinage of the evening star alone shone upon them with unveiled radiance. Mrs. Elmwood was too much engressed with Mrs. Sutherland, who seemed slaking from fatigue, to exchange any glances of recognition, or more familiar greetings where they were due; and Lorelly, occu-

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pied by the same care, observed not the quizzing glasses that were leveled at her as she passed along, with the thick folds of her traveling veil undrawn from her face.

Mrs. Elmwood, who knew all the localities of the place, selected a chamber which commanded an unobstructed view of the ocean, and the most interesting features of the peninsula; but the spell which had-bound the senses of Lorelly was complectly dissolved. The ringing of bells, the hurrying steps of servants through the passages, the rattiling of children's g-carts in the upper plazza, the music of planes in adjoining apartments, were so inconsistent with the release majesty of untree's the proper of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the protains of the property of the property of the property of the pro-

worss, see "a dog," in some vast wildernes, " thought she; show discrediant to the hellow laugh of gailed that rises to my cur, with the melancholy narrants of the occasi" side! If I can only find the Swailow's curve they have described to me, I will make my nest there, with the birds of the air, and ask no when the state of the state of the state of the state of the state.

Sine forgot that the discord was in her own mind,
"that harp of wondrons string," which now untuned
and jarring, ho bonger gave forth the rich harmonics
of its native ton s, nor responded as of wont, to
every sweet, joyous note of nature, and of feeling.
But a short time before, she would have folt her
split exhibitanted by the novel minor of the grysecialities of life, with the isolated majestics of nature,
this new proof of the power and ingenuity of man,

in appropriating to himself all the privileges of cre atton, and in making not only the valley and the stream, but the sea girdled rock, subservient to hiempire.

Mrs. Sutherland, exhausted from fatigue and shivering from the allerts of the address because true the decision she had made, in coming to a place so ill calculated for the constitution of a southern invalid.

"I fear I have been wrong," said she to Mrs. Elm wood, "in being led by the in to and opinion of those who, accustom it to his bracing climate, have very different reconstitutes with the same words. They told me of bland, health-hysenthra saids; but surely these are caseren blast I feed,—s chill nud penetrating. I was feelish, indeed, to wish to extend our journey here, and leave such a paradle as Elm grove."

"Nay," and Mrs. Elimwood, touched by the remoreful expression of Lordy's confituance, who knew that her importantly had fustmed her mother's departure; "I will not like to the impressions of the longaid and weap traveler. Wait till a night of refreshing sleep has southed and renovated you, and then, I you pressive in your present opinion, I will not urge you to remain a day longer. A few crackling fargors will conterned the effects of our custron basts, and every night and morning, you shall have the express and peculiar benefit of a fire, provided you will admit the breath of noon, unadditerated." The cheering flame, which Mrs. Elmwood, in fulfillment of her word, ordered to be kindled in the hearth, at that unwonted season, had a truly grateful influence on the weary invalid, though it excited some mirthful wonder in the servant who performed the office. The only persons of the party, who were delighted with the change of situation, were Venus and November. The bustle that surrounded them, the throng of servants, belonging to the household, who looked upon them with a curiosity that magnified their importance, all was congenial to their ideas of felleity and honor. Venus carried her aristocratic turban high above the undistinguished heads of her confederates in office, with as much dignity as if it were the hadge of royalty, and November paraded his horses among the admiring jockeys, till he functed himself the createst man in the neninsula.

Many, whose curlosity was excited about the stylish travelers, condescended to make acquinistance with the stately negro, that they might know to whom he belonged. Never was herald more zealoss in trumpeling the perfections of liege or goddess, than the proad Virginian siave, the claims of his mistress to respect and admiration. He described her as having "heaps of gold," and the best chance of a plantation in all old Virginy; and as for Mis-Lora, she wasn't to be spaken of, for there was nothing good enough to be said of her, for she was as rich as she was pretty, and a heap better

surprising that the fair southerner should be an object of decided attention when she made her appearance the next day at the dinner table, nor is it more singular that the report of her wealth should heighten the fascination of her native charms. She was too pre-occupied to heed the impression she was making on the minds of others, though the audible "Who is she?" deepened the color of her cheek to a ed on the roses of modesty, the luc of inborn pride. I do not wish to conceal nor extenuate her faults. but in this instance, the feeling which sometimes gained the ascendency over the sweet and wemnily graces, resulted from the consciousness of her own ingenuous mature. She shrunk from observation. for she felt as if her heart were transparent, and that every eye that rested upon her, could read the sealed. She had entreated Mrs. Elimwood not to of friendship rendered it indispensable, who readily

There was one gentleman, who sat near Mrs. Elimmood, and who greeted her, on her entrance, with earnest welcome, who first attracted and at has riveted the involuntary attention of Lorelly. He was already on the shady side of manhood, as the slight tinge of grey, that here and there dimmed the lustre of his dark brown hair, and the occasional lines that marked the smoothness of his pale, high brow evidently showed, yet it was equally evident that sorrow or ill health had anticipated the touches of time and left traces deeper than those of age, on a face which must have been almost glorious in its prime. When he was looking down, Lorelly thought she had never seen an expression of more prevailing melancholy, concentrated and unrelieved by one ray of gladness; but when he suddenly raised his deep, piercing eyes, the intellect that flashed from every glance, seemed to disperse the shades that gathered on his brow. The effect was as instantaneous and powerful, as the illumination caused by a lantern gleaming on the shadows of night.

There was something so distinguished and foreign in his air, she conjectured it must be the interesting foreigner, of whom Mrs. Elmwood had previously spoken; and she was confirmed in this supposition by the tones of his voice, which had a singular depth of music in its cadence, a voice which could never he forgotten, after once being heard. She was strangely affected by the sound, and listened intently, whenever he addressed Mrs. Elmwood, not for the words, but the sail melody that was still lingering in her car. Several times she caught those illuminating glances turned upon her, with an indefinable expression of curiosity and interests.

It was not the look of admiration she had been accustomed to meet from the roving eye of youthful gallantry, nor the ardent homage of Rovington's remembered gaze; it seemed as if memory was calling up from its silent recesses, recollections which unconsciously rested on the unknown face before him.

When the company rose to leave the table, Mrs. Elimwood lingered a moment to accomplish the object at that moment nearest her heart, the introduction of Lorelly to this stranger, whom she made known by the appellation of Mr. Savage. She had become acqualated with him the preceding summer, though he seemed to have no taste for general society, and loved the lonely rock and moaning surge, more than the companionship of man or woman. One of these fortunate accidents which often bring congenial minds in contact with each other, inevitably drew them together, and it would have been impossible for the veriest misauthropist to resist such an union of goodness, talent, and feelings, as were presented in the person of Mrs. Elimwood.

Insensibly, but irresistibly won by a clumm so unperior to fashionable pretension and frivolty, be gradually attached himself to her society, and emorged from the veil of gloomy reserve which shrouded him in his intercourse with others. Mrs. Elmwood appreciated the new source of happiness opened to her the more highly, as it was scaled to othersy, nor was: she in this respect less dishinterested than her fellow beings; for the blessing that is common to all, is seldom individually prized.

The fountain that sparkles in our own garden, guarded from the thirsty lip of the vulgar, may not be purer than the spring that gushes by the wayside, but it is a thousand times more procloss.

She gazed with delighted wonder on the riches of intellect he unfolded, when his sadness brightenintellect he unfolded, when his sadness brightenings expanded in the sunshine of social confidence and regard. As the turbid wave, becoming framparent and gently rolling back, reveals the genthat are buried in its bosom, his mind, calmed and
purified by the influence that shone upon it, disclosed the treasures over which the restless waters of
memory continually rolled.

All that she learned of his history was, that he was born in Italy, of an Italian monher, but an English father; that he had been educated in England, and had visited this country when very young, and had returned apparently with no purpose, but to dispose of his wealth and leisure, as best suited his lonely habits and peculiar taste.

When Mrs. Elimwood left Nahant, he even accompanied her to Cloverdale, and joined in an excursion to the Silver Lake. He remained however, but a few days, during which he established the character of the silent foreign gentlemen; for it was only to her, the pensive gravity of his manners relaxed. It was with unfelgned pleasure she now renewed the acquaintance on her own account, and she trusted that Lorelly, with her ardent admiration for all that was intellectual and lofty, would find in the conversation of this gifted man, a charm to beguile her from the remembrance of Royington.

She could not help falling into her old habit of castle-building; and notwithstanding the dispating of years, she delighted in the belief that Lorelly's youthful attractions, which she considered of the very highest order, animated, as they constantly were, by the inward divinity, would touch the heart of the softened misanthropist, and that she could not foolishly value he worth and talents less, because the glow of youth was fad, d, and the shadows of time begun to fall jowards the eastern horizon. She was somewhat disappointed in her anticipations at first, for Mr. Navagi became gloomy and reserved after his introduction, and soon after abruptly quitted them.

Lorelly gladly availed herself of the opportunity of returning to her mother's chamber, who, some what recovered from her futigue, was sitting remote from the windows; but width prospect of the smaltitudinous sca" and its heavy barriers. She presented a melancholy instance of morbid sensibility, preying on the inactive energies of hie, working its silent progress with slow but deadly certainty to the

Sickening in her native regions, she panted for scenes remote from those haunted by unreveal ed remembrances, and imagined she would find health and comparative repose in a New England clime. The unfortunate needed at which had actained her in Cloverdale, by definiting her is one around opening new around by full finiting her is one of the record of a content of the large product of the large product of the large product in the large product

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Mr. Rome of the theory of the energy of most replaced in the same of hor no burdency and most replaced above to the great deliberation in making the subject in Court Emberson of the first subject at the first particular theory of her present attention, burden and the court of the subject to the first particular theory of the results and the first particular theory and the first particular theory which is the first particular theory while the first particular theory while the first particular theory while the particular theory wh

"Strange as you may deem the accretion," shownwered of an ear ran of the arrow of my unlarper parties. From eather tellible, del I ray witness. The conserve that a mode concentrationary, unconcerned to the source. When II is a three to the concentration of the control of the conjugate of describe the control of the control of the I is a conlinear tellibration of the control of the returned had a conserve the control of the control of the control between the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control of the control of the control of the last control of the control o

Moreover, M., Edward, A. vandrock, in this seeks burylar and a missing bulgary and advanced from the second content of the blood of Landhamada and the second content of the victim of the plant of a content of the content of the victim of heart for the content of the second content of the land for the content of the second content of the second content.

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One by one, they visited every place pointed out to the observation of strangers. These are too familiar to the inhabitants of New England, to require a minute description; but there are many who reside in remote states, who are not aware of the pretentions of Nahant to its present character of fashlonable sublimity.

At the time of our story, there was only one splendid hotel, and several private cottages on the peninsula, which, during the heat of summer, were througed with the metropolitans, but entirely deserted in the desolation of whiter. The number of buildings is now greatly multiplied, and in consequence, its necommodations for pleasure; but then the votary of dissipation had every resource around him, in the beautiful billiard house, built in a style of pure classic simplicity, fronting the ocean; the long bowling alloys, sheltered from the vicin-itudes of the weather, and the weekly balls that attracted from the city its gavest and loveliest.

Lorelly was delighted with the natural curiosities presented to her sight, and kindled into her wonted enthusiasm, at the contemplation of them. Though her own native state abounds in the most magnificent of nature's works, she had never had an opportunity of witnessing them, as the state of her mother's health confined her almost exclusively at home, and it was only one of these inexplicable caprices of fancy, which every one must have seen in valetudinarians, led her to undertake the journey which brought her to the north.

Lorelly had never seen the everlasting granite, self-beaved in one majestic arch over the waters that roll far and darkly below,—the natural glory of Virginia,—nor those deep caves, whose brilliant and ample chambers rival the creations of Arabian poets, and which the imagination peoples with the genii of the air and the wave. But she had seen the cloud-capped? Alleghany journeying into the skies, the home of the thunder and the storm; she had watched the mountain, sometimes dark and gloomy, frowning on the valley that bay at its feet, then softened by a floating veil of mist, that gradually becoming more and more transparent, at his reflected the sunbeams of henven, and appeared involved in a mautle of rainbow.

It is impossible to gaze on monutain scenery, without feeling a corresponding elevation of thought; and Lorelly had early imbibed a love for all that is sublime and beautiful in nature. But notwithstanding her affection for Mrs. Elmwood, and her increasing respect and industration for Mr. Navage, she delighted in stealing a solitary ramble, when conscious of being unobserved, she could venture to look sail and uninterested, without fear of being thought a love-forn maided.

One morning, when Mrs. Elimwood was very busyl in writing letters;—for she wrote folios to her husband,—Lorelly—went alone to the Swallow's cave, a long dim hall, secoped out by unture in the solid granite, and echoing increasunly to the mean or the roar of the occun, where the bird from which it derives its name, makes its damp and secluded nest. She descended the ledge which led to the entrance of the vault, and having reached the vestibule, stood sometime, uncertain whether to proceed, as the tide had been unusually high the previous evening, and left the floor of the cavern slipperty and wet. But she had secured the privilege of being alone, and regardless how much she was soiling her white frock, by coming in contact with the mouldy stones, she supported herself against them, and tried to think steadily of all that had transpired during the last few months.

Had she quitted Cloverdule after hearing of Rovington's engagement with Miss Marriwood, without seeing him again, scorn and resentment might are long have annihilated the sentiments she blushed to have cherished; but the scene in the thunderstorm, where she received the conviction, that in spite of every things he loved her even to despair, confirmed his empire, or rather re-entironed him in her heart; one moment she contenned, another she palliated his conduct, then she despised herself that she could not hate him and banish him from her

thoughts.

Perhaps there was more real hamility in her mind at this moment, than she had ever felt before, and the tears, that for the first time since her departure from Cloverdale she had suffered to escape from her eyes, had their source in a purified fountain. With the monotonous sound of the tide flowing in her car, she did not here the approach of feetiseps,

till Mr. Savage stood on the platform which supported her, probably induced by the same motives that prompted her walk.

Shame at having yielded to a momentary weakness, displeasure at being detected in the act, glowed on her check and sparkled in her eye; but both these scinsations were absorbed in wonder at the expression of Mr. Savages' countenance. It was the same undefinable look, which she met on their first acquaintance, only deepened in mehancholy and blended with painfol-sympathy.

"I would not intrade," said he, in an agitated tone of voice; "I did not know there was a solltary rambler but myself. And yet," continued he, advancing still nearer, "if any being is privileged to enter where care has sought refuge, even if it appears in the form of youthful lovelhues, that chartered but unenviable being is myself."

"Are there no tears but those of sorrow?" said Lorelly, shrinking from a scrutiny she had not the power to distance, for she always felt spell-bound in the presence of this man.

"Yes! of agony," he replied, with thrilling emphasis; sand three is a dry sorrow which knows not tears, which makes a burning desert of the heart, and withers up every green affection. Forgive me, Miss Satherland, I would not chill your ingenuous youth, by my unblest experience. The world will unfold itself soon enough for your happiness, for I pray heaven it may not yet be bartered. I speak to you now, as I have not speken to woman for more than

seventeen years; but there is something about you, that draws me towards you, as with an invisible power. I feel it, I obey it, yet I cannot define it. I, who have so long been an anchorite, a sour misanthropist, with all of your sex, except Mrs. Elmwood, and with her it is an intellectual congeniality. I find all my hopes, even memories, hovering around you, and the thought of being separated from you, creates, even now, a regretful pang in a breast, I thought impassive to any new entotion."

"Strange and unaccountable declaration," thought Lorelly; "how constantly is it my lot to be the witness of passions, whose origin is wrapped in mystery." She raised her embarrassed glance to his face, but meeting one of those luminous flashes, which always reminded her of phosphoresecent light, from their contrast with the prevailing gloom of his countragence, she again bent it on the rock.

"I embarrass you," continued he, after lingering a few moments, but vainly for a reply, "I distress you by the singularity of my manners. A man, so long accustomed to commune with himself, or to find his society in the loneliness of unture, cannot easily discipline his language as he ought. Do not shrink from me, for I am no longer a young man, and the impressions your beauty must make on the heart of youth, are not for such as me. The snows of time have touched me; yanr bloom is just unfolded, fresh and fragrant. The spring's first rose, and the autumn leaf, are never seen together. Not I look upon you, and form many a visionary plan;—I some-

times wish that you were the child of want and obscurity, poor and unprotected as the gleaner of Palomon's fields, that I might lavish upon you my unvalued wealth, and carn the right to foster and protect you."

His voice trembled painfully as he uttered the last words, and Lorelly, relieved by his avowal, that the interest he felt in her, was not inspired by love, suffered her sympathy to flow unrestrained.

"If you are unhappy, sir," said she, "and find any soothing influence in my society, it is not necessary that I should be destitute and forlorn, to appreciate the value of yours."

"But the young and the happy have claims upon you," answered he, deeply touched by the carnest sincerity and warmth of her manner. "Stellish as I am, I dare not encroach too far. I have seen much of the world, but my wisdom, if I have gained any, is of too stern a character for one of your age and enthusiasm. Have you not observed that when I speak of foreign lands, and you ask me to tell you of what is interesting. I describe the old grey ruin, the try manifed tower; the crumbling pillar, something that is cloquent of desolution? I never speak of any thing green with life and flourishing with splendor. Such scenes are lost upon me. I see no beauty in the works of man, fill time begins to shake the marble, and efface the gold; and there is nothing in nature I love to gaze upon but there is nothing in nature I love to gaze upon but there is nothing in an-

"You are doing yourself much injustice," said Lorelly; "for you have told me of much that is

CHAPTER XIL

MRS. HEMANS.

A rew days after the scene in the Swallow's cave. Lorelly almost accomplished a miracle, for she persuaded her mother to prepare for a ride on the beach; and delighted with her unhoped-for success. she waited impatiently the appearance of the carin rendiness at the appointed hour. The hour came. but no carriage. Astonished at his want of punctucould catch a glimpse of the delinquent, and saw with amazement, November standing with his arms akimbo, talking leisurely with some of the servants in front of the hotel. Hastily throwing up the sash. she leaned forward and called to him.

"November, have you forgotten that it is the hour I told you to have the carriage ready?"

The negro rolled up his eyes sideways to the winhis companions kept taiking in a low voice around him. Accustomed to implicit obedience to her slightest wishes, Lorelly could scarcely believe the

purely boautiful in nature and art. You forget your description of sunset on the bay of Naples, the statues and paintings you have almost brought before my eyes; and no later than yesterday you spoke of Cloverdale with pleased remembrance. You cannot make yourself morose if you would; and it is hardly worth the effort."

"I grant there are moments," he replied, forced to smile at his own inconsistency, "when moved by some kindly influence, my spirit rises above its gloom. Did you ever see the cloud so black that would not light up, when the moon or stars shone upon it? I can still reflect the brightness I cannot

impart." A party was seen winding along on the ledge of rocks above, and Lorelly was warned that she might be exposed to remark, by remaining longer in her present situation. She moved to return, and noticed with pleasure that during their homeward waik her companion evinced a nearer approach to cheerfulness than she had ever witnessed before. From this hour she felt as if he had a peculiar claim upon her attention, as a man avowedly unhappy, who found a solace in her society, and whose superior age authorized the indulgence he sought. The next scene in which she was an actor, was of so different and novel a character, it may weil serve as a subject for another chapter.

evidence of her eyes, and turning to Venus, who was holding her mother's shawl, ready o envelope her, sald in a somewhat excited tone—

"Venus, go this instant, and ask November what he means by such conduct. He saw me; he heard me; yet he has not stirred one foot to obey me."

Venus unhesitatingly went; but she muttered to herself all the way through the passage—an ominous sound.

"He could not have heard you, Lorelly," said Mrs. Sutherland. "He is the most submissive creature I ever saw."

"Perhaps not; I think I will go and see, myself," replied Lorelly; and not wishing her mother to be exposed to hear the answer she feared Venus might bring, she left the room, and met her embassador on the stairs, returning with slow steps.

"Well!" said Lorelly, Impatiently.

"41cs no well at all, Miss Lora," cried Venus, in a blubbering voice, holding up the corner of her white apron to her eyes; "its no well at all. I knows nothing what got into November. He put on such airs, and call himself big gentleman of color, and no vile slave. Yankee folks put mighty bad things in his head. They try to stick all sorts of stuff in my brain toe; but I allow them all fooks, I do."

Lorelly did not stop a moment to consider what was best to be done in such an emergency, but always impulsive, ran down the remaining steps, and walked rapidly out to the very spot where her rebellious vassal chose to stand, in the new-acquired glory of independence. As she passed along she heard distinctly several of the clan saying to him, "Stick to it, Blackey. Gain your point now or

"November," said she, her roused indignation giving her courage to proceed, "what is all this? I come myself to know why, for the first time, you dare to disober us?"

November looked as if he did not know exactly what to say, but turning from one side to the other, and meeting with encouraging winks and nods, he put his hands in his pockets, and drawing himself up to his full gleantic height—

"Why, Miss Lorn, if you must know what's true, Yve found out that I'm no more a slave than you be—and I am't a going to be ordered about any more, like a nigger, when I can be free gentleman. Misses no abuse me longer. I tell her she better stay at home, if she want nigger slave to dog after her."

endurance at such an attack upon the mildness of her mother's character; "you never were abused in your life by any human being, and least of all by my mother. A gentler mistress never breathed than she ls. Is this the fidelity and affection I have been praising and defending? Who are your counselers? These?"

The representatives of the lower order of democracy slunk back from the bright, rebuking glance that flashed over them, and left the audacious rebel to fight his own cause, after having covertly excited him to open mutiny.

"Every body free in free country, Miss Lora," cried the sullen negro; "I no such a fool but I know that myself. Here I been working and working for nothing, or just what's as good; when I'm my own master, after all, and might have had a heap of money, and my own count lorg.

Lorelly was unprepared for such sturdy resistance, and began to feel that she was but a woman, and a very young one, unfit to contond with obstinger and strength.

"Go, then," she cried, with a quivering lip but a steady voice; "go, ungrateful that you are. Publish on the house-tops that we have abused and trampled on you. I scorn the service that comes from a grudging heart. You know you are free. My grandfaither, on his death bed, offered you fiberty and every privilege connected with it, and you refused it. "I'll take care of mistress, while I live," was your canswer. And now, when trusting in your fidelity, we came with you to a strange land, when your mistress is sick and unable to enforce your drites, you turn with insult upon mo,—whom you have so often carried a child in your arms,—when I have no one near to undect me."

"You are surrounded by protectors, madam," said a gentleman, pressing forward from a group which had been attracted near the spot. "We regret extremely that you should be exposed to so unpleasant a scene; but do us the justice to believe that the attempt to create disaffection, is limited exclusively to the lower class of our inhabitants. Beliove us, we know how to respect the national bond."

The respectful dignity of this gentleman's address, recalled Lorelly to a recollection of her own strange situation, standing unbonucted, the centre of gazing cyes, the champion of her own rights and those of her native state. But it was not the singularity of her situation alone, which attracted gazing cyes. Sho stool the very personlification of juvenile spirit; yet her excitement was so chastened by feminine grace, no one presumed to associate the idea of bothess with her words or looks. If the simile of the rebuking cherub had not been so often applied, the temptation of introducing it here would be irresistible.

She had touched the right chord in the really affectionate heart of the slave. The reference to his old master's death bod, and her own endearing childhood, the sickness of her mother, and her unprotected situation, joined with a recollection of their constant kindness and confidence in him, smote him with upbraiding pangs; and when Lorolly, turning away from him, again repeated "you may go, November," his boastful independence melted into shame and penitence, and bursting into real genuine tears, he besought her forgivoness.

"I never do so again, Miss Lora, long 1 live. I wouldn't leave you for all the fine things in Yankee country. Bad folks put bad things in nigger's head. Don't tell mistress 'bout what I done, for I always knows how to please her, and she gives me so much privileges. No quality folks learned me such notions.—No—kitchen buckroes, that's all; I never go near 'em again."

Most freely did Lorelly accord her forgiveness, and the promise he solicited, for her resentment was not so implicable as to resist the tears that fell from the height of six feet, from eyes so unused to the melting mood; and there was a secret something that told her, too, that the "kitchen buckroos" were half right in their essertions. With an acknowledging courtesy to the gentleman who had stepped forward as her champion, she recentered the hotel, and returned to her mother's apartment. She felt the more grateful to the stranger, as Mr. Savage was not present, and there was no other whose protection she dared to claim. This gentleman, she afterwards learned, was a Mr. *******, from Boston; a man of comprehensive intellect and philanthropic heart, who had distinguished himself by a very strong and cloquent disquisition on the subject of davery. Whoever wishes to know his sentiments, may probably find the pamphlet on the sickes of he booksellers, and they will discover that they are in perfect coincidence with those expressed in a carlier chapter of this book.

Nothing could have manifested Venus's devotion to her mistress more than her remaining with her, during the scene of November's apostacy. The honest pride of showing her superior attachment and findellty, triumphed over her craving curiosity and desire of displaying her conjugal authority, for Venus, like the true goddess of love, held powerful sway over one man at least, and his infatuation must have been great indeed, to have refused to list on to her, as Lorelly's messenger. Poor November's cars tingled long afterwards, from the smart rebukes of his indignant spouse.

ther what had transpired, but Venus indemnified herself, while she remained, for being absent from the scene of action, by relating to her mistress all the attempts of the plebelans of the household, to shake their loyalty and rouse them to rebellion. Mrs. Sutherland was peculiarly vulnerable on this point, and like most people in a moment of passion, expressed her feelings with more warmth than justice, for she accused all New England of joining in an unholy league against the south, and making an evil but too deeply folt, still more mendurable. Mrs. Elmwood, with that delicacy peculiar to her character, had forborne to interfere in this affair. She was not present at its commencement, and though her first impulse was to join Lorelly, she thought upon the whole, a third person would be any thing but an auxiliary on such an occusion. She felt for Mrs. Sutherland, but she could not patiently listen. to such a sweeping accusation, and interrupted her with considerable warmth and energy.

"Indeed, Mrs. Sutherland, you are unjust, I was going to say more, unkind: I deprecate the habit of judging of society by its dregs. Till this is extirpa-

ted, the empire of prejudice will never be shaken, but continue to extend, encroaching more and more on the limits of good feeling and good sense. You grant yourself that slavery is an evil, a crime; that man has no right to hold his fellow-man in bondage. nor to barter human blood for gold. As a philanthropist, you blush for it; as a christian, you mourn over it. But the evil is hereditary, and has descended upon you, from generation to generation, and I do not consider you any more responsible for it, than one who lives near, or is born in the vicinity of a volcano, for the burning deluge that sweeps over the vale. If you receive birth under such circumstances, it is your destiny. All that religion and humanity can do, ought to be done to soften and sanctify it; and all the good and the wise should co-operate with each other, to devise the best means of radically healing this national malady. These I venture to say, are the sentiments of the better class of New England people; they are my own, and I know they are such as the gentleman whom Lorelly, names as her champion, has publicly and cloquently cspoused."

"I will not venture to contend with you in an argument," answered Mrs. Sutherhind, somewhat displeased by Mrs. Elmwood's zealous declimation; "neither my physical nor mental powers are equal to the task; but you must acknowledge that our treatment of our slaves, is cruelly misrepresented. The southern soil, moistened by the blood of the negro,

drawn from his back by the lash of his tyrant ma ter, is an image famillar to all in your clime."

"But is not this image sometimes faithful, my dear Mrs. Sutherland? Are all slaves as blest as your ungrateful rebel?"

"It enmot speak beyond my experience and observation, but as far as these teach me, I do not think I am a solitary exception. My fidther was a stern man in family government;" here Mrs. Sutherland's voice perceptibly failured; "but I never saw him strike one of his slaves, or treat them is devoid of human fieding. He never would sell them, unless kind and liberal feeling could procure for them. I would to heaven, I had no heavier weight on my conscience than the manner in which I have exercised a power received as a birth-right."

She looked upwards as she spoke, with a look of such wee and remorse, her hands involuntarily clasped, and her pale check resting on them, that Mrs. Elmwood's heart bled for her, while she shuddered at the implication of her words. Lorelly saw with trembling, the wild glance, too often the herald of a paroxysm of agony, and hastoned to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Let us leave the great national question, my dear Mrs. Elmwood," said she, "for statesmen, to settle, My head always aches, when I try to grasp any thing so vast. As individuals, we ought to be willing to let your opinion balance ours, and I know all your best feelings are in favor of us, as human beings. Indeed all the sentiments you have expressed on the subject are our own. I have never told you of the black poet,* we have on our plantation,—another Burns,—who sings the requiren of the wild violet, that he turns ruthlessly up with his ploughshare. He taught himself to rend when a little boy, and after mastering the spelling book and Testament, petitioned for admission to my grandfather's library. Poems, romances, dramas, mythological works he devoured as eagerly as the famished child the cakes and sweetmeats within his reach. I never shall forget the astonishment I felt when he first asked me to write down for him a piece of poetry, which he clicitated; nor the inspired expression of his suble countenance, as he repeated the really melodious numbers."

"I suspect you are imposing on my credulity, Lorelly," said Mrs. Elmwood, with a doubting smile.

* The black post mentioned here, is not an immigrant character. The author has only changed the plane of his birdle, and driven him do reversion of a freedom he has fulle hope of enloying. He is a notice of Orange course, North Carolina, and rankes in the violatity of Chape at Hint. The lines noted, are taken without any alternative, from a collection of possen, the warks of his new measured against. The sun thor less often transcribed samants, which he would distant with spatie on air of Impiration; and not sumeried at the readiness with which he would change a verse or sentiment, which was objected to, surronnous in expression or deficient in positive harmony. Though familiar with the best classic works belonging it the fine libraries of the university, he had not been stand to view or largeth harmony. Though familiar with the down classic works belonging it the fine libraries of the university, he had not been standy to view or largeth harmony. Though familiar with and on his masser's plantation, and it was only duting the evening, and on Sonday,—the hallday of the slave,—be found believe to anoty the authors he levels.

"No, indeed I am not. The lips of George have been bathed with pure Castalian dew. He is a legitimate child of the muses, as you would not hesitate to acknowledge, if you could read some of his genuine aspirations. I think I can recollect some stanzas, composed under circumstances of as true excitement as the battle of Bannockburn."

"Repeat them, by all means. They must be literary curiosities."

"One which made a strong impression on my mind, was suggested by the death of a young female slave, to whom he was much attached. Though you may smile at his similes, when you think of the dusky of the flower he addresses, there is native feeling in the lines—

"Thou delicate blossom! thy short race is ended, Thou sample of virues and prize of the brave; No more are thy beauties by mortia structed, They now are but food for the worms and the grave. I view the now knowth of occuping the contently's occurs, Thy sood how it mades, as it flows on the wave! I smilles as if fully with the softsat enosition, But hope to behalf on the forevering the grave.

I could repeat the whole, but I fear to weary you, as there are several other specimens equally remarkable, that I am anxious to give you."

"Astonishing!" said Mrs. Elmwood; "there is an elevation of thought, and a delicacy of expression equally remarkable, when contrasted with the dull degraded intellect of his tribe."

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"Lorelly," said Mrs. Sutherland, soothed and interested by the present conversation, as Lorelly well knew she would be, when she made her favorte and pride the theme; "do you recollect the lines he wrote upon the clouded reputation of poor Mahla, called the yellow heauty of 1,?"

"I never could forget such lofty hyperboles, associated with the image of Mahla, in her linsey dress, toding a tub self-shanced on her head, the envy of all the black belies of the plantation; our inspired George apostrophizes her thus:

*See that full'n Princess! her splendor is gone.
The pomp of her marning is over;
Her day-star of pleasure refuses to dawn—
She wanders a desolute rover.

She looks like some Queen who has boasted in val Whose diamond refuses to glitter; Described by those, who once bow'd in her train, Whose flight to her, and must be hitter

She looks like the twilight, her sun sunk away,
He sets, but to the again never!
Like the eve, with a bloch bids forewell to the day,
And darkness conceals her forever,

Mrs. Ehnwood listened with delighted wonder, while the sweet musical voice of Lorelly, gave additional harmony to the metrical strains of this gifted son of slavery.

"And does he not sigh for liberty?" asked she; "can a soul capable of such flights, patiently submit to hereditary bondage?" "Ile has panted for liberty," replied Lorelly; and his prayers have been granted. He found no companiouship in feeling with his fellow slaves, and his spirits dutiered like the imprisoned eagle, to be released from bondage. Whatever argument you may find against our own cause; I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few lines, which proved his ransom. As soon as my grandfuther read them, he gave him his liberty, on condition that he should continue with him till he was of age, and then go to Liberia.

> 'Oh, Liberty' thou golden prize, So often — ught by blood, We crave thy socret sun to rise, The gift of Nature's God's

Bid Slavery hide her meagre face.

And barbarism fly—

I seem to see the sad disgrace, In which custaved I lie,

Dear Liberty! upon thy breast,
I langed it to respire,
And like the awan unto her nea
Pd to thy smiles retin ?

The piece is long, and I cannot recollect the remainder, but it shows the soarings of an enlightened imagination, rising impulsively above the darkness of his destiny. He is of age, but still lingers near us, for his allections are even stronger than his hopes. He is faithful, grateful, and unpretendings and looks as superior to his tribe, as your imagination can picture him. Instead of the broad saile of the African, he has the mild gravity of a Grecian philosopher."

CLOVERDALE,

"Dear Miss Sutherland—I would say dear Lorelly, and I know you will grant me that privilege, for you are as kind as I am encroaching. You did not ask me to write you, but something tells me you will welcome tidings from your invalid friend, and the sweet valley you seemed to love so well while with us. You left me lying on the sofu, in our little parlor that looks into the garden, languid and useless, a fading plant amid the bright colored blossoms of summer. Here still I lie, though I sometimes feel

the garden, through the flowers I have planted and watered; and when I look on them in their frail beauty, their fragrant voice seems to say to me, 'Viola, you are fading, faster than we.' Do not smile at the expression fragrant voice. The odor of flowers was always eloquent to me. It is their language and breathes of heaven, to the children of the stars, but is as divine, and proclaims as clearly and loved too well what is only sweet, fair, and perishing; but now when I gaze on their rainbow tints, I think only of Him, 'whose breath perfumes them, and whose penell paints;' or if my thoughts. take an earthly direction, I reflect on the hour when their leaves shall strew my early grave, and another spring be weeping in dewy stillness over the young votary of nature. Dear Lorelly, forgive the tear that falls trembling on my paper as I write. I um very young to die; and it is so natural for youth and hope to shrink from the cold sods of the valley-the lone and voiceless tomb! Then my mother looks on me with such mournful love; my sister watches over Russell, my brother-Oh, Lorelly, I cannot speak

"Two or three days are past since I laid down my pen; but I am better now, and will not weary you

with sad reginings. Do you remember that beautiful somet of Kirke White's?

Gently, not gordy on thy victions has been commonly by they have a constant been commonly by the constant of t

"That prayer is unswered in me. Soft as the touch of intimey is the domining hand that is laid on my heart; and I only know that it is that of doubt, by the pulsation that grows every day we sker and weaker, and the current that flow norm and more slowly it my verus. I am writin with my pertudio resting on my know, and yet see 4.1 but in unsteady within docks. They would rain do prive me of my peop but it is such a play some to readd myself to your readhortout. I must be noted by the leading to your readhortout. I must be noted by the leading in the property of a day of the rain of the leading at me so like a playme ament, I almost welcomed the weakers that in did me an object of soch interest in your eyes.

"There even thurs I'd surfar after that year of the real that you steemed no brother to "ban year once did. I know not hew to "sposs what I would but do not judge him unkindly. He neves lived for himselfs but us; and whom I thouk that my weak murmurs may have induced him to——I dare not go on. It may be wrong; I as, may he aven ingive me. But to see him look so put and altered; and know he never can be happy—it almost breaks my heart. Oh if you know we had a larger and heart.

visions had brightened my funcy, what garlands of happines. I have sometimes woven—visionary creature that I had but the droom are fled, the garlands are sentles. Ver thanks to the neary of my heavenly Pather, through the diamenta is a widering were the things of earth, a half radiance is skining on my soil, the healing rays of the Sun of Righter were.

"De real Landly records that I may look on you again be ere a par a yeary and am so in an increase. Tell no beloaved Mrs. I have not less that be a real manure for less presence. I symmetry were more. Send in an all presence and a visit to a mode in piller or symmetry or manure and a wife to a mode in piller or symmetry or manure and a visit to a mode in piller or symmetry or manufacture or manure and a visit to the order of the symmetry of t

For the energy law to a considered on the latter whose united by the shared shared and most the formation of the head distribution of the head distribution of the November and the first proposed on the same material by wear for proposed on such a summarization of the gas he pain forespecies recognized and almost and through the shades of developing most almost and through the shades of developing the same shared for the shades of the shared for the shades of the shared on the first and on the shared on the controp before. From box that the shades of the shared on the words (she shades) and the other sort is founded and the words (she shades) and the other sort is founded and the most of the shades and the shades are the shades and the near that the shades and the shades are the shades are the shades are the shades and the shades are the shades and the shades are the shades are the shades and the shades are the shades and the shades are the shades are the shades and the shades are the shades are the shades and the shades are t

was passing over it. With more purity, but equal intenseness of feeling, she could have exclained with the recluse of Paraclete—

"Oh, Death, all eloquent, you only prove
What dust we dont on, when 'tis man we love."

Fortunately she was alone, and the anxious eye of maternal tenderness was not witness to her emotion. The moment she broke the seal, she had retired, distracting her fortitude, though ignorant of the contents. The broken sentences which spoke of the wretchedness of her brother—the visions she had once indulged in—that which she could, but dared not reveal—all mysterious as they were—conveyed to her worlds of meaning; and though nothing was explained, contained volumes of vindication. A ray of conjecture datted through the gloom, but it rather served to be wilder than to englighten her. Strange paradox of the human heart! The knowledge of his wretchedness was her only consolation; and the image of Rovington as it was now presented to her, pale and saddened, was a thousand times mere attractive to her imagination than as she had first beheld him, in the unshorn brightness of his manhood. Then came the shaddering conviction, that such memories were sins, that he was the plighted husband of another, and that other—Pendinex Marximanal.

A light step entered the upartment—the next moment she found herself clasped in the arms of Florence Fairchild. "Ah! my sweet friend?" exclaimed she, in the same melting tone of affected sensibility, "Have I found you at tast? How sweet is the re-union of congenial souls, after the pange of separation?"

Lorelly was more surprised than pleased at this unexpected meeting, and was too honest to profess a repture that she did not feel. "Are you alone?" said she, after expressing all the pleasure sincerity admitted, and trembling at the thought that her cousin might be her companies.

"No! I came with some friends, who passed through Cloverdale this week, and requested me to join their party to this romantic spot. I was enrape tured with the proposal, for I was dying with canul, in a state of perfect stagnation. Penitentia is so engrossed with her cker ami, she forgot my existence, nor could I uphradi her. When woman loves, she sees nothing but the idolized object of her adoration,—the external world is annihilated. She is soon to be bound in the silken fetters of Hymen, when I shall return to officiate as bridesmaid, on the interesting occasion."

Poor Lorelly was doomed to sit and hear this, and many other speeches of a similar nature, and try to wear an unnoved countenance and calm demennor, but in vain. Her color came and went, quick as summer lightning, and her troubled eye sought to evade the cold bright glance that revoled on its anguish. Florence revenged herself for her slighted charms, on the rival who had cast them in the shade, and she went on, describing Rovington as a happy and devoted lover, and Penitence the most enviable of her sex, till Lorelly's tortured spirit writhed in agony. She at last turned the conversation, by speaking of Viola's danger.

"Ahl yes, poor sweet young creature!" continued Florence, putting her white handkerchie! to her eyes, with as much feeling as "Fliburina, "she is too pure for this unetherlal world, too spiritualized for converse with gross mortals. Oh! she looks so lovely in decay, with that bright death-rose on her cheek!"

Nature here drew from her, the unaffected tribute of a sigh, for she thought that the vernal roses of her own check might one day be changed to the same wasting brightness, nor was her heart so democralized by vanity, as to be incapable of sympathy for one so young and unpretending, so enrly-doomed as Viola.

In the full current of sympathy, the more selfish sorrows of Lorelly became merged, and though conscious herself that the waters of bitterness mingled with the stream, they had at least a legitimate channel. She locked forward to a species of martyrdom, during the remainder of their visit, for she knew every flower of romance and sentiment, the fair Florence lavished upon her, would contain some lurking thorn, and she must take them and smile too, though with bleeding fingers and an aching heart. But the same sickly love of admiration which engendered the feelings of envy and jealousy, of which Lorelly was the victim, became in this instance her safeguard from persecution.

The dazzling beauty of Florence attracted immediate attention, and the report of her being an heiress,—which her relationship to the rich Mr. Marriwood sanctioned—was a great an additional attraction, as it was in the introduction of Lorelly. But Lorelly disregarded the incense, which Florence most graciously accepted, who smiled with the most winning softness, on all who acknowledged her pretentions to admiration.

There was one young man, by the name of Valhorn, who arrived the same day, and was highly distinguished for his excessively fashionable appearance, and particularly for the elegant mustaches, which shaded his upper lip. He was a reputed Englishman, and boasted of having noble blood in his veins, announcing himself as the descendant of the Earl of somebody, and assuming all the airs of titled ar istocracy. Florence was happy and honored enough to fix the notice of this self-styled sprig of nobility, (and it may be that his claims were legitimate,) and weak enough to feel herself flattered. He became her shadow by day and her reflection by night, while her sweet friend, who was cherished in the deep foldings of her heart, was neglected, and in that respect blessed. She almost imagined him some prince in disguise, who had been allured from foreign lands, by the fame of her beauty, like those in the Arabian tales, for she told Lorelly, in a spare, moment of confidence, that she had been struck at the first glance, "with the imperial roll of his eye, and the princely curl of his mustaches."

Mrs. Elmwood gently remenstrated with her, upon the imprepriety of receiving such particular homage from an entire stranger, whose only credentials were his own vain boasts, but Florence talked about native nobility and lightning intelligences, and electrical communications from soul to souls till Mrs. Elmwood, bewildered in a labyrinth of nonsense, turned from her discouraged and disgusted.

This liberated from the companionship of the deeaded cousin of Pentituces, Lorelly stell us if one misory were removed, and she rejoiced, though she was too generous to have done so, had she been aware how dearly the beautiful Florence was to pay for her initiatated vanity. Unconscious of this, she rejoiced for her own relief, and whenever she could stead away unobserved, wandered round the procky case; she knew thoy were soon to leave.

There was a rock that projected far into the senwhich was almost rent from the original mass, and was only accessible by some irregular stepping stones, usually covered, when the tide ran high. It had not yet been dignified by a name, like the Pulpit Rock, and Spouting Horn, nor was it pointed out to every visitor, as an object worthy of particular admiration; but his very circumstance made if doubly interesting to Lorelly, for sin felt that she was the discoveree of its beauty, or rather sublimity,—it having undoubted claims to the latter,—being insulated, gref, irregular, and moreover almost surrounded by the most ancient element in the world. Here she sat, glorying in her solitude, watching the

swelling tide, as it rolled slowly and regularly against the rock, dashing the spray so high, as to throw occasional moisture on her face, then calmly subsiding, with that gurgling, monotonous sound, which might well be called the luliby of nature. She was no poet, but she had nevertheless a kind of poetic ambition to know what inspiration the baptism or ocean's spray could impart, and without looking behind to observe how much the tide had already corresphed on the path which led to her present of vation, she retail need to count the waves, admining the beautiful muse of the cub more of human inflorur, applied to the heaviest ills of mortality, as the saw the billions gradually swell and enlarge till they reached the decimal number, then pause as if exhausted with their own efforts,

The asy was overeast, so that the sea did not present the magnificent red-winen of the sun-beams, which had so often shone desclingly in her eyes, and she was comparing its present dull green, feathered with white foam, to the emerald hoe and dinmond sparkles of the yesterday, when a phenomenea as unexpected and unaccountable as it was sublime, arrested her attention, and soon riveted it in awe. Rolling on, from where it was bounded by the horizon alone, the ocean assumed that bright, fiery tint, often witnessed near the tropics, but of rare occurrence in those regions, gathering intensity of color, as it flowed nearer and nearer till it to broke, in incandescent radiance, against the very rock on which she was seated.

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Perfectly unprepared for such a splendid exhibition, and believing it an unprecedented phenomenon there, it is not surprising that a sensation of terror should have prevented her from enjoying the grandeur of the spectacle, and that she involuntarily turned to retrace her steps back to the hotel. With surprise and alarm, she saw the path over the stepping stones covered with water, so rapid had been the rising of the tide, a circumstance she had thoughtlessly and unpardonably disregarded. She could not discern a trace of the rocks to guide her believed the brightness of her spirit was dimmed the example of the Lesbian songstress, nor to make the rocks of Nahant memorable as the cliffs of Leucadia. She did not stretch out her arms to the reddening billows and welcome their approach, as a true, despairing heorine should have done, but with an unaffected shudder of dismay, pressed her hands togother, and upbraided horself for her unguarded folly. The thought of her mother and the anxiety she would suffer on her account, brought with it a consolation even in its anguish. "She will think of me and send some one to my assistance. Mrs. Elmwood will not forget me; Mr. Savage too."-

Unfortunately, the ledge of rocks which formed the bank she had descended, was higher than the one which was her footing ground, so that she could not ascertain whether any messenger was approaching, nor could she make others conscious of the real danger of her situation. What convulsion of nature, the sudden ignition of the dull, cold wasters portended, she knew not; but it was awful to see them stretchings rolling, and dushing round her, a liquid conflagration, a founding blaze, uniting in idea and similitude, two of the most powerful and destructive elements in creation.

Every time they chafed sullenly against the coast. tossing over her head the spray, which her imagination converted into partieles of living fire, chilling as they were, she started with increasing apprehension, and becoming sick and dizzy from the intenseness of her feelings, and the incessant motion of the sen around her, she believed herself doomed to find her. grave in the flaming surge, whose hearse murmurs sounded in her ear, like the dirge of her own soul. It would be impossible to analyze all her emotions, but notwithstanding the fear of death, the regret of life. the thought of her mother's agony, and whatever other remembrances pressed upon her heart, an overpowering yot supporting sense of the giory of God. and a trembling reliance on his mercy, at length pervaded her being, and hore up her spirit as on the wings of the chorubim. She remembered those words of scripture, where the prophet exclaims, "I will hide myself in the hollow of the rock, till the glory of the

Lord has passed by," and feeling, as she had never done before, the omnipresence of the Deity, she covered here eyes with her hand, to shut out the sublime incomprehensibility of the scene, and kneeling down on the rock, commended herself to Ilim, who holds the world's occaus in the hollow of His hand. The fervor of faith and the stillness of resignation was interrupted by the sudden, earnest sound of a human voice calling her name, and all the hopes of life rushed warmly through her veins, when looking up, she saw Mr. Savage, standing on the ledge above, for she knew he would not leave her to the consequences of her own rashness.

"Good Heavens! Miss Sutherland!" he exclaimed; "what could induce you to expose yourself in this manner? The tide rises at this hour, and has often covered the rocks where you are. Such a sea as this too!"

"I have indeed been most foolish and mad," she answored, ashamed of her danger, divested as it was of moral dignity. "I deserve to suffer all the consequences of such wild self-oblivion. I forgot the tide till it was too late—and this awful phenomenon"—

"Be not alarmed, there is nothing to be apprehended from it; I have often seen it in other climes. One moment—I will return and release you.— Thank heaven! the means are hard by."

It seemed but a moment, even to the expecting Lorelly, before he reappeared with a fishing-rod, which most fortunately some weary angler had thrown upon the beach, not far from the spot where

he witnessed her isolated situation. To ascertain by this rod, the locality of the stepping stones, and thus guided, to wade through the tide to the place of her retreat, were acts which involved no danger to himself, while it secured her rescue, by means too simple and common-place to be strictly romantic. She hardly knew whether gratitude or shame was predominant in her mind, when Mr. Savage, bearsembled in thoughtless imprudence, while he directed his course by the staff he bore in his other hand, ascended in safety the precipitous path, over which the surge now dashed and foamed with increasing violence. It was some moments before she could realize her security; for to her dizzy senses, the ground seemed to rock and heave like the ocean of the spray, which had lately wrapt ber, as with a

"How much do I owe you, sir?" said she, with all her characteristic ardor of manner. "Yet I fear you think me a very foolish girl. How like a poor for-lorn sea-guil I must have looked, perched on such an eyry;" and she could not forbear hughing at the image her funcy drew of herself, assisted as it was by the sight of her ruffles, which fell in fliney folds on her neck, and her uncurled bocks, which, damp with the spray and disordered by the strong sea-breeze, hung heavily round her face.

"No! you reminded me of the haleyon," replied to spenk three to soothe the troubled waves. Though to spenk truly, I was too much alarmed at your real danger, to compare you either to the bird of peace or rapine, You owe me nothing, Miss Sutherland. "Tis I who am your debtor, for you show me there is something in the world still preclosus—something that breathes of hope, in a life of memory."

Lorelly, whose eyes were turned in grateful acknowledgment towards him, was suddenly embarrassed by the fervor that lighted up his gloomy countenance, and the marked emphasis of his words. Though in a former conversation, he had disclaimed all thoughts of love, the interest he manifested in her was so very peculiar, she began to doubt the propriety of being so much in his companionship. She had already overheard remarks respecting his attentions, which vexed and disconcerted her, and alte was clear-sighted enough to perceive Mrs. Elmwood's wishes. Anxious to diverthis thoughts from herself, she alluded to the ominous and almost supernatural nearcance of the ocean.

"To your inexperienced eye," said he, "this appears supernatural, and it is indeed Imposingly sub-lime. But I have been a mariner on the Indian Ocean, when the whole expanse around me was involved in an intolerable brightness. You know it is a kind of phospherescent glory, whether proceeding in this instance from the glow-worm of the sea, or the decomposition of matter, I do not pretend to determine. Thave observed for a few days past, that the

weather has been unusually sultry, and the sea of a waveless calm, circumstances which generally herald this light in the tropical climes."

stand the nature of phosphorus, but she had never made very deep or accurato researches. The additional remarks she elicited from Mr. Savage, though they might be uninteresting to the reader, familiarly acquainted with the secrets of science, were received by her with enthusiasm. She had never met with the master spirit who could call out the hidden stores of her intellect. In the society of Rovington, she always felt a mental invigoration, a freshness and glow of fancy unknown before; every subject he approached, seemed covered with spontancous beauty and bloom, -but Mr. Savage exerted a different influence. The gloom which hung round him, invested him with a kind of grandeur. Severed as he seemed from the gaietles of life, she looked upon lim as all intellect and soul-a lamp of knowledge, burning intensely and bright, through the mysterious shades that surrounded him.

"I see a similitude to my own mind," said he, as they continued their walk to the hotel, "in these cold phosphorescent rays. They sometimes flash dazzlingly on the eye, but remain chill, unwarming, and unnatural. I know you think me little less than a maniac—and perhaps I merit no other appellation. But you caunot dream of the misery I feel, when I see you shrink from my glange, as if it expressed a feeling, you should blash to impire. I cannot analyze the emotions that soften my heart, but when I bore you in my arms from your perilous post; I felt as if I could clasp you forever to my bosom, and forget the dreariness and isolation of my destiny."

"You distress me beyond expression," said Lorelly, "by your words and manner. You utter sentiments I ought not to hear; but in a tone so full of wrotchedness, that sympathy triumphs over the dictates of propriety. It ought not to be. I pity you, Mr. Savage, whatever are your sorrows; but I must still respect myself and forbid such conversation."

"You are right," he cried dejectedly. "I own that I am unpardonable, but if you knew the history of my youth,—how my hopes have been crushed, my love betrayed, what wrongs I have endured.—Ohl you are too kind and gentle not to forgive me. For worlds I would not sit down and repeat that which has made me what I am; but I owe you some explanation. The slave of my own passions, I yielded to their sway. With the blood of Italy in my velas, I mingled with the cold incline and forgot they must be cold in heart. I came to this country—I loved, as man seldom loves—as man never loves but once. There's something in your voice, your glance, your smile that recalls—no matter—'tis madness. Few words may tell you all; I married. Yes!" continued he with a hourse, convolsive laugh, "I married. Her vows went up with mine to the ear of God; we were parted, and ere the kiss she left upon my lips was cold, she—she married another."

The last words were uttered so low and deep, Lorelly scarcely understood the sound—she thought she saw them rather than heard,

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, thrilling with horror at the echo of his wild laugh, "impossible, no woman could be so vile,"

"Do I look as if I were jesting with your credulity," asked he, with sad severity. "Are there no sears, that the lightning has left?"

Lorelly could not answer. She felt oppressed and alarmed at the magnitude of the crime. The singleness and purity of her heart could not comprehend it. She had heard much of the wickedness of the world, but so black a transgression almost transcended her powers of belief. She might have exclaimed with Desdemona, though with very different feelings, "She wished she had not heard it." But other sensations soon relieved the shock her young simplicity had received.

The romantic interest of the story, such a living proof of constancy and depth of attachment, the associations it awakened in her mind, all had so exciting an influence, she found herself carnestly, unconsciously wishing to hear more. The moment of confidence was however past. They were almost on the steps of the hotel, and she recollected with some confusion, the discomposure of her dress and the strange figure she must make in the eyes of others. She found it difficult to forgive herself the pain her imprudence had given her mother, who had dispatched Venus and November in different

directions, after the absence, though assured repeatedly by Mrs. Elmwood that she knew that she was with Mr. Savage, and therefore safe.

Before introducing another scene, I would remark here, that in conversing with a gentleman, who has recently visited Nahant, he mentioned a similar phosphorescent brilliancy of the ocean, which he himself witnessed. He spoke of the magnificence of the spectacle, as indescribable, and that it was, as in this instance, the precurser of a north-east storm. The phenomenon had never but once before been observed there, and it is probable it was at the time just described, when Lorelly sat alone on the "sea-beat rock," like the lonely daughter of Armin, "fair as the moon on Fura, sweet as the breathing gale." She had never thought of comparing herself to one of Ossian's white-handed maidens, but she loved the voice of Cona, and often had the words of Oithona floated on her memory.

"My heart is not of that rock; nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm."

It did roll majestically for several succeeding days, agitated by a chili, north-easterly storm, while the rain drizzled with lamentable monotony against the window panes, the wind howled pitcously in the chimneys, and the human face looked blue and melancholy. If the eastern blasts continue to be the terror of all New Englanders, it is no wonder the smacelimated southerners were dismayed. Lorelly exerted herself, however, in a most 'praiseworthy

manner to relieve the ennul of her mother, so that the whole burthen of cheerfulness might not rest upon Mrs. Elmwood. She read aloud, then talked of what she had read, repeated the poetry of Minof Mr. Savage, withholding only those expressions of individual feeling, she considered sacred as spoken in confidence to herself alone. She dwelt so much on this pensive yet fascinating man, as she called him, that Mrs. Elmwood began to think that her hopes would in times be realized; and Mrs. Sutherland's interest was deeply excited to see one, who had gained such an ascendency over her daughter's imagination, destitute as he was of the congenial charm of youth. His melancholy, even his misanthropy, were passports to her sympathy; and though her curiosity respecting him, was never active enough to induce her to ask a question respecting his birth-place or pursuits, or to triumph over her habitual langor, she derived an undefinable gratification in knowing there was another being near her, gloomy and abstracted like herself. Could she have conquered her reluctance to the society of strangers, she would have been tempted to make this one exception; but opportunity at length favored the introduction, which Lorelly had long openly desired.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The past, the future—all that Fate Can bring, of dark or desperate, Around such hours, but makes them cast Intenser radiance while they last."

FIRE WORMLIPERS.

"I dare not raise my eyes to heaver Nor mercy ask for me; My soul despairs to be forgiven, Unpaydoned, love, by thee,"

HE STRANGER.

ern gale is gladdening and welcome to the senses of man and woman, it is after a dull north-easterly storm. All nature seems regenerated and adorned as for a bridal hour. The sky is arrayed in more resplendent sapphire—the earth in richer, deeper emerald. It is true, there were no emerald robes covering the grey peninsula; but the old rocks here and there sent up a sparkling gem to the heavens, and the glad ocean heaved and smiled, as if conscious that each individual wave had a "vassal breeze" of its own, to curl it with grace and wreath its dazzling foam. The renovating influence is not limited to the natural world. The human spirit rebounds elastic, when the heavy pressure of the dense atmosphere is removed, and shakes off the remnant vapors, as the bird the rain-drops from his

wing, when he soars up into the clear blue ether after the summer shower is gone by.

"Day after to-morrow we return to Cloverdale," sald Mrs. Elmwood to Lorelly, "unless you plead for a longer stay."

"My mother wishes it," answered Lorelly, her heart throbbing quick at the thought, "and it will be one step nearer home."

"Is there no one here whose absence you will regret?" ast ed Mrs. Elimwoood. "You know the hospital' dimensions of Elm-grove. Name the friend whom I shall invite to accompany us, and your wishes shall be laws."

"Have been very much pleased with the intelligence and courtesy of some of the haltes," replied Lorelly, with perfect simplicity, "but have not become sufficiently intimate to call them friends. Mr. Savage is the only person whose society I shall truly regret, and yet I do not know that I wish to retain is

"Why? Have not I heard you call him the most interesting and fascinating of men? I think you cannot be insensible to the distinction he has bestowed upon you; and I estimate your understanding too highly to suppose that you consider it an unpardonable defect, that he is no longer a young man."

"I like him a thousand times better for not being a young man; and could others understand my feellings and his, I would not hesitate to treat him with all the confidence and affection of a daughter. But they are so foolish and mistaken, they think that a young girl and a single gentleman can have no sentiment for each other, that partakes not of love."

"Whom do you mean by they, my dear Lorelly? I suspect after all you are only pluralizing your foolish but single-hearted friend—Mrs. Elmwood."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Elmwood, I could not think of applying such an epithet to you. I believe you too superior to other women, to imagine the aim and end of our existence is conquest. You love me; you wish me happy; you think my happiness would be secured by an union with Mr. Savage. But be assured, my dear madam, he has no heart to give me. It was blighted, egushed, in his early youth. He is unhappy, and I pity him. He knows my sincerity—he values my syn-pathy—and that is all."

"'And this is all the witchcraft I have used," repeated Mrs. Elmwood, with arch gravity:

**She lov'd him for the sorrows he had borne,
And he lov'd her, that she did pity them.'"

"I cannot call you either foolish or unkind, Mrs. Elmwood," said Lorelly, coloring with displeasure; "but, believe me, at this moment I think you both."

"Think me any thing you please, dear Lorelly, angry when you will, it shall have scope." But I had far rather wound your feelings, nay, forfeit your friendship, dear as I prize it, than see you, with all your high endowments, nourishing sensibilities not only futal to your peace, but to the dignity and worth of your character. Mr. Savage loves you. Every look and action speaks a depth of tenderness mere friendship and esteem never manifested. I leave it for your pride and sense to decide, whether it be not a nobler resolution to light up with the rays of joy and affection, the darkened existence of such a man, than to waste your sunny youth in hopeless and forbiddon recollections."

Pierced by the truth of her words, and humbled by the conviction—not knowing whether to be most displeased with herself or Mrs. Elmwood—Lorelly made no answer; but the veins of her temples, which like her mother's always became visible in a moment of agitation, showed by their throbbing how painfully she was moved.

"Cruci as you may deem me now," continued Mrs. Elmwood, "you will forgive me, you will thank me hereafter. It grioves me to give you a moment's pain, but the kind physician probes t e wound before he can apply the healing cerate. All I ask of you, isto reflect before you throw from you a prize, which once forfeited you may vainly wish to recall,"

They were standing, during this conversation, in the window recess of one of the lower apartments. The hotel was comparatively descrete, for most of the bearders had returned to the city on the approach of the storm; and those who remained behind, had gone abroad in quest of pleasure, weary of confinement within doors. Florence was rambling somewhere with her new inamorata; so that Mrs. Elawood was emboldened to speak to Lorelly in this manner, almost secure from interruption. She was actuated by a high motive, and perceiving she had armed Lorely's pride in her behalf, trusted to her candor and affection for future forgiveness, and wishing her to con over the salutary loses a silently withdrew.

"I believe I am too proud and sullen," said Lorelly, without lifting her eyes, and unconscious of Mrs. Elmwood's departure, so completely had she been absorbed in reflection. "You have touched me, Mrs. Elmwood, where I am most vital; but I am convinced it was kindly meant. In one thing, however, you are mistaken. Mr. Savage has himself declared that he does not love me,"

Surprised at hearing no reply, she turned hastily round, and saw, not Mrs. Elmwood, but the very person of whom she was speaking, in the centre of the room, who must inevitably have heard all she had uttered. Nothing but her abstraction of mind could have prevented her hearing his entering footsteps. Overwhelmed with mortification, she was making a precipitate retreat, considering all explanation inopeless, and that she must henceforth be degraded in his estimation; but taking both hands in his own, he gently but forcibly arrested her passage. He was evidently embarrassed; his hands trembled as they detained her; and for the first time since she had known him, the blood rushed into his pade face.

"No, Miss Sutherland," said he, "Mrs. Elmwood ls not mistaken. You are dearer to me than all

bencath heaven's canopy. But the love I bear you is unmingled with one throb of passion. It is more like the yearning tenderness of a parent for a lovely and beloved daughter. When I am alone, and often with a heavy heart and aching temples lean unpitied against the wall, I think how sweet it would be if your gentle hand were pressed upon my brow, if your soothing voice were breathing in my ear. Your image comes to my solitude, like a fair spirit riscn from the ashes of passion and purifying its firee,"

All that Mrs. Elimwood had said of "the noble resolation of cheering the darkened existence of such a man," here pressed on her recollection. He had been married, but the ties were broken; he had loved, and been basely betaryed; and now when the world was joyless and dim to blim, she had the power to call up the flowers of hope and love in his lone and blighted heart. She might be to him a ministering angel; she could make up to him for the wrones and sorrows of his cartier years.

41 will school myself for this," said she to herself; "I will tell Mrs. Elimwood to ask him to accompany us, and perhaps in the contemplation of his virtues, I may learn to forget what it is a crime now to remember."

"You are sad," continued he, carnestly watching her revolving countenance. "I draw too largely on your sympathy. Yet something tells me all is not tranquil in your heart. You seek the lonely cavo and solitary rock. The young and joyous do not delight in solitude."

"You have indeed cause to think me most weak and vain," answered the humbled Lorelly; "you have come upon me in my unguarded hours, and I have yet to learn self-possession and self-control. Most dearly have I suffered to-day for Mrs. Elmwood's ill-timed kindness."

"And why should you suffer? Have I presumed too much on her friendship and your indulgence? If it!s my presence distresses you, I am gone. I have often intruded on you I know, and you may well look upon me as a persecuting spirit."

"You were too recently a guardian one, for me to cherish such associations. Let us call up kinder ones during our short stay. One day more, and we return to Cloverdale, from whence we wend our way to our Virginian home."

"So soon do you return! And when you are gone, can I make existence the blank it was before! Must I part from you just as I have learned I have capabilities of happiness left, when I thought them utterly destroyed! Shall I ever find another who will look on me as pitying as you now look? No! never."

He spoke with the air of a man who was uttering a soliloquy to himself, rather than addressing another; and abruptly turning from her, scated himself in a chair by the table, and leaning his head upon his hands, seemed utterly unconscious of her presence. But Lorelly knew that he was greatly moved; that he had covered his face to conceal the depth of his emotion; and that his emotion was caused by the knowledge of her immediate departure. Without waiting to consult the dictates of cold propriety, she approached the table, and gently laying her hand on his, which voiled his brow-

"It grieves me to see you thus. I am not worthy of such interest; but if you remember me at all, let it be as one who will constantly pray to God for your happiness; even fervently as for her own."

She received no answer; but the soft hand laid upon his brow, was clasped in the fervor of gratitude, and uncovering his face in the act, she saw that the misanthropist wept. She felt as if she ought to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in explation for the sin of drawing tears from this injured and extraordinary man. It seemed as if she had unwittingly committed sacrllege, and she might possibly have sat down and wept by his side, had not the voice of Florence, heard beneath the window, reminded her there were other beings in the world beside themselves. Mr. Savage started as if he had heard an alarum, and instantaneously releasing the hand of Lorelly, quitted the room without speaking; leaving her bewildered, agitated, and wishing she could be his daughter, that she might be authorized to cheer and console him.

The next day was the last they were to spend at Nahant, and it was the fairest of the whole. Mrs. Sutherland who had never made any exertion to leave her chamber, after the memorable rebellfon of November, consented to walk to the nearest beach, and take one view of the ocean, before she bade it farewell. She had promised this long before, but neither Mrs. Elmwood nor Lorelly flattered themselves she would be prevailed upon to fulfill her words—for in spite of her amended health she confined herself to her own room, as closely as if she were inpurisoned in its walis.

Venus was half wild with ecstasy "to think Miss Fanny was going to get out; she had a powerful misery in her head all day, but she allowed it all gone, she was so mighty pleased." November "toted" a bench, and placed upon it the cushions of the carriage, which were most luxuriously soft, that his mistress might find a resting place after the fatigue of her walk. He seemed determined to make amends for his former delinquency, and would gladly have spread a Venitiun carpet over the rocky soil, . if by so doing he could have proved his superior respect. It has often been observed of the negro slave, that conscious as he is of his servile condition, and associating with it ideas of drudgery and toil, his awe of his master is just in proportion, as he sees him exempted from man's hereditary curse; and it is well known that he pays instinctive homage to the beauty of the human countenance, as it is sometimes fabled of the inferior beings of creation.

Possessing, as she did in so eminent a degree, these claims to respectful admiration, it is no wonder Mrs. Suttlerland was viewed by her slaves, with a feeling similar to that which a queen inspires in her vassals. The dedicacy of her health, the loveliness

of her person, and the softness and indolence of her disposition were all securities for their loyalty and devotion; and though November was moved in evil hour, by evil tongues, to shader her fair fame as a mistress, he was as proud of belonging to her, as he was of heing the controller of Uncle Tohy and Corporal Trim.

"I am surprised I do not feel more weary," said Mrs. Sutherbard, when scatted on the cushioned bench between Lorelly and Mrs. Elimwood, while Yeaus stood near, with a face which showed almost as much lyary as choop.

"Oh! Miss Finny," cried she, "yon look so well; you look most as young as Miss Lora, and a heap handsomer. Al Miss Lora shake her head and laugh. She pretty, mighty pretty — but Miss Fanny got a wonder of beauty."

Mrs. Sutherland smiled at the evalted praise of Venus, though the half heard her repeat the same expression surely a million times, and as the smile fillited over her pentice features, it had such an inrodicting effect, it justified the increase just offered to her still surpassing loveliness. Exercise had tinged with a flain trasselint, her usually publicheck, and her eyes wore a solicined brightness, very different from their general expression of melanchoty abtraction.

"Venus is right," said Lorelly, hooking at her mother with eyes of admiring affection. "Is sho not, Mrs. Elmwood? I have never seen any body yet half as hand-ome as my mother." "Wounding as it is to my vanity," replied Mrs.
Elmwood, "I am obliged to confess your remark is
just. Nay—do not begin to say, you did not think
of me. I know you did not—you were thinking
only of your mother, and I know she will be repaid
for the exertion she has made, by the happiness she
have recognized to?"

If feet but too sensibly I am one of the cumberers of the earth, said Mrs. Sutherland, the brightness of her countenance gradually fielding. *I have wasted the best portion of Goa's best glit; but with the conviction pressing on my heart, I want the energy that converts moral conviction into a principle of galler.

"Denrest mother," exclaimed Lorelly, "you shall not utter one and redection now. See how gaily the sun-beam shall on the waters, how generally the young billows curl round that rock, and how picture-sque and romantic you little host looks as it coses up and down, light as Hope's sork-tree barks."

"Mr. Savage must be in that food; same step Elmwood, as she observed with Lorelly the core glancing through the distant foom, "he told me he was going to Egg 1-bank after dimer, and I purposely delayed our walk that I might have the pleaarce of introducing him to your mothers".

Mrs. Nutherland's hubitual drend of strangers would have surmounted every other consideration, had not Mrs. Elinewood told her of his devotion to Lorelly, and of her carnest wish that she might return his evident attachment. "He saved my foolish Lorelly from being drowned," said she, watching the boat as it skimmed, like a sea bird, the deep-blue els ment. "He at least merits a mother's gratitude,"

Lorelly felt agitated, and began to dread what she had most desired. She had not seen Mr. She vage since their singular interview of the preceding day, except at table, where he was gloomy and facture and evidently avoided conversation. She was not sorry when Florence, who was passing alongs leaning on the arm of Mr. Valhern, lingered a moment in the spot and filled up the pause of expectation,

"What a charming group you make," exclaimed she, "quite a subject for the pencil of genius. Had I the magic power of sketching the human face divine, I would not seek a more interesting trie."

"What, paint a Venus without an Adonis!" said Lorelly, laughing and turning the compliment on the most conspicuous object in the foreground.

"Three is such a sweet, poetle number," continued Florence, wishing to uppear classic before Mr. Valhorn. "It is sacred to the graces and the molodious sisterhood, who dwell in the graves of such

"Yes; doubly, trelily so," interrupted Mrs. Elmwood, half smiling and half sighing at such extravagant folly, "if three times three can give a threefold sense. But tell me, Miss Fairchild, when shall I tell your uncle that you return?" "Do not be so cruel, madam, as to mention such a thing," said Mr. Valhorn, turning a despairing glance on Florence, "the very thought makes me think of suicide."

Florence acknowledged the compliment by a languishing smile; but she really blashed and hesitated, in replying to Mrs. Elamood, that she intended to write to her under herself and her dear Penitentia, from whom she grieved to be absent at such an in-

Mrs. Eimwood could not understand the embarrassment of her manner, but entirely disapproving · her conduct and distrusting the motives of her admirer, determined to do all in her power to induce her to return with them on the morrow, that she might not become entangled in her own snares. Florence did not recover from her confusion; but after opening and shutting her parasol several times and passing her fingers through her ringlets once or twice, continued her walk, to the infinite relief of Lorelly, who could never be in her presence, without thinking of Penitence, and that name was synonymous with the rack to her. The boat was no longer in sight, but Mr. Savage was seen approaching from the beach and directing his steps towards the spot where they were sented.

though it is slightly shaded with grey." Lorelly was so much engrossed in thinking of the impression Mr. Savage would make on her mother's mind, she happily forgot Mrs. Elmwood's strictures, and spoke unrestrainedly the language of her thoughts. He was now so near that he lifted his hat in token of recognition, and partially revealed the noble brow and fine hair, Lorelly had just described. "How carnestly he fixes his eyes on my mother," thought she; "he is no doubt surprised at her beauty and still youthful appearance. But what sudden, fearful pale he turns." She looked at her mother, whose hand at the same moment convulsively grasped her arm, and "Good heavens!" involuntarily escaped her with a dim, bewildered gaze upon his face; her right hand was pressed wildly on her temples, and her bloodless and quivering lips parted with that expression of powerless agony, which the night-mare im-

"Mother, dear mother!" she cried in the mystery of dread, the sickness of death coming over her own soul. "Oh! Mrs. Elmwood, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Elmwood, who had risen to introduce her feiend, as Mr. Savage approached, was unable to treply, so absorbed was site in the contemplation of their incomprehensible emotion. If it were possible to conceive of all the passions of the human heart being concentrated in one still, thrilling gaze, they were condensed in that which rested on Mrs. Sutherland's now death-like face.

"Merciful Father!" he exclaimed, in a voice which sounded like the echo of his own. "Is it, can it be Frances Hamilton? my perjured wife!"

A shrick, which long afterwards rung fearfully through the dreams of Lorelly, burst from the pale lips that had been making such ineffectual efforts to articulate his name, and stretching towards him her trembling arms, she sunk apparently expiring on the bosom of her daughter.

For one moment he recoiled, shuddering, as if serpent memories were uncoiled within bin, but the mute agony of her eye, the dend fixedness of her marble features, the arms extended in silent supplication—stern resentment wrestled in vain with the energies of awakened love, which triumphed at last over every opposing passion.

Though strength had fled her frame, the living consciousness remained. She felt herself elasped in an embrace, in which she would gladly at that moment have breathed out her life. She felt the pulsations of the heart she had so deeply loved, yet mysteriously wronged, and which she had long believed cold as the clods of the valley, throbbing wildly against her own, and she kaew that the eyes which had once been the lamps of her youth, were shedding their light upon her brow.

ding their right open het.

All that Mrs. Sutherland had ever uttered of anguish, crime, and remorse; all her dark and troubled hours and correding memories, passed like scorching

then, from whom her pure heart had indignantly revolted, as a creature of man's imaginings, rather than God's creation-the guilty, purjured wife of Mr. Savage, was her own mother. And who was she? She dared not pursue the interrogation; she could not sustain the oppression of her feelings, but sinking on her knees by her side, she ejaculated "Oh, my mother!" and covering her face with her hands, wept aloud. At this simple, pathetic appeal. which was wrung from the very heart of the speaker, the spell which bound the senses of Mr. Savage, seemed suddenly broken. Holding from him with one arm the pallid form, over which he had just now so passionately hung, and pointing with the other to the weeping Lorelly, "Tell me," he cried, in scarcely articulate accents, "whose child is she? Tell me

Lorelly looked up wildly, to see if life yet lingered on the lips that were to pronounce her doom. "Yours, Henry—yours," faintly articulated her mother; "yours—so help me God—"

Before the seutence was concluded, whose truth the holy eloquence of nature so powerfully corroborated, Lorelly found herself for the first time, closely folded to a father's heart, and the tears of paternal tenderness fulling fast as summer raindrops on her cheeks. In spite of the dark shadow, which still rested on her mother's history, she experienced a sensation of happiness, almost aching from its intensity, in the discovery of so dear a relationable. Mrs. Elmwood, whose sympathics were strongly and painfully excited by this extraordinary scene, looked anxlously round in the fear of intrusive curioity. But nothing was heard near them, but the low majestic music of the waters, and the loud sobs of the wondering and tender hearted negro; she thought of the beautiful sentiment of the poet—

> "Some feelings are to mortals given With less of earth in them than heavens, And if there be a human test, From passions dross refered and clear, A user so limpld and sa meets, It would not tain an angel's cheek, "It's that which trader fathers shed,"

Strong emotion is always sublime, and when it finds a legitimate and sacred channel, it excites a high, moral veneration. The spirit of God is seen moving over the billows of human passion; it is felt in the calm that settles at last on the restiess deep of the soul, more gloriously than when it sweeps over the world of waters, or broods over the creation it

But though inextinguishable love had soared for a while above the remembrance of his wrongs, dark thoughts rolled back in the besom of Mr. Savage. There was no Lethean wave, to drown the memory of the broken faith that had left a curse upon his heart, and a brand upon his brain, and made him an unblest alien from the warm and generous socialities of life. "He would have upbraided her, but when he looked on the white drooping check he had last seen clothed in youth's richest bloom, the deep supplicating eye turned up to him, with such love and remores, and thought the sweet young creature, whom he held in his arms, was his daughter, was their daughter, reproach died on his lips, and a voice like that of an angel, pleaded for paralon in his breast. She dared not hope for furgiveness, but she had ned, she had seen, she had embraced him once more. Nie had realized what she would have laid down her life to purchase. Changed as he was, she still traced the lofty lineuments of once unequaled munheod. The line gold of the temple was become dim, but the goodly proportious remained, —the divine for still burned on the altar, and the breath of music rose mingling with it incense.

CHAPTER XIV.

"How could I own the dreadful truth,
Or saily thus my fame?
How suc't a direful stigma cast
On my unbl mished name?

Exclusive Ballice

The evening succeeding this agitating scene was one never forgotten in the annuls of Lorelly's existence; for the unbailbowed mysteries that had so long surrounded her were then explained, and not-withstanding all she suffered during the recital, she felt as if the weight of a mountain were removed from her mind. Mrs. Sutherland, exhausted by emotion, by pillowed on a sofa, by the side of which Lorelly ast on a low footstoot, while Mr. Savage walked up and down the room, with irresolute and teachled sleep.

"Henry," said Mrs. Sutherland, after watching a few moments his silent motions; "Henry, we are alone. I know not whether I shall have strength to survive the joy, the hitteness of this meeting; but even if life be the penalty, most gladly will I resign it, to hear the ward of pardon breathed from your lips into my dying care."

Mr. Sayage drew near, and taking the pale hand that drooped over the arm of the sofa, held it silently in his own, then suddenly dropping it exclaimed, "Tell me, Frances, all that I have to forgive; and it I cannot pardon-why then-we can but die to-gether."

never, for one moment, have my true affections when maddened by despair, lost, bowildered, I crume. The moment my stern fother left me. I

Lorelly gazed first on the picture, then at her father, but his face was shaded by his hand and she could not compare the features bright with even boyish bloom, with the pale lineaments of faded manhood. She could recognize no resemblance, save in the brow and eyes,—the one so nobly defined, the other occasionally flashing with such laminous rays. Like another Apelles, the painter had infused the very sonl of life into the cold and senseless ivery. She thought she saw the dark, rich locks clustering round the temples, wave soffly as her breath passed over it, and a proof suite of conscious beauty curl the chiscled lips, round which

"And this is my father!" said she. "Oh! why was

I not sooner toan,
"Say, rather, unhappy child," cried Mrs. Suther"Say, rather, unhappy child," cried Mrs. Sutherland, clasping her hands convulsively together, and
turning a de-pairing glance, upon her lusband, "say
trather, why am I told at all? For the crimes of
thy mother will be visited on thy head, and thou
too must be an alien from the bosom of thy fat-

theer?" exclaimed Mr. Savage, "she shall be forover cherished here?"—drawing her closely to his breast us he spoke. "And you, France s—once too idolatorstly loved, still mutterably dear—my erring but repentant wife—" The words died on his lipe; but the condict between remembered wrongs and beseeching affection was over. He believed the confession which agony had wrung from her; he felt

how fondly he had been cherished; he read how deeply she had suffered, how bitterly she had expiated her abertation from rectitude; he looked upon her as a victim to parental severity—as "one more sinned against than sinning"—most grievously chastened and tried. Conscience justified the yearnings of tenderness, and bending over her, he folded her in the ombrace of pardon, and imprinted its hely sead on her trembling lips.

The fountains of the human deep were broken up. Long and freely Mrs. Sutherland wept. The lapse of blighting years was forgotten; her withered hopes and blasted feelings gathered greenness, freshness, and fragrance as the healing waters gusted. Lorelly inwardly blessed the kindly shower; for often as she had been the witness of her anguish; it was the dry agony of grief—the desert unstitud by the rain drop or the dew.

"Now, dearest mother," she cried after a gentle calm had succeeded this out-flowing of strong emotion, "tell me all your history. I yearn to break through these shades of mystery. Why have I been brought up in such darkness concerning all hat is nearest and dearest to me? Why were you parted from my father, and why did not his very name awaken your suspictons of his identity, with the strangers of often mentioned?"

"My name is changed," said Mr. Savage; "it is foreign to your mother's car. When I left her, in obedience to the summons of a dying father, I found myself compelled to take that of a distant and childless relative, who being destitute of heirs, bequeathed me his fortune on condition that I would perpetuate his name. Frances, her request is sacred. Let this hour be devoted to unlimited confidence, and then as we value tho peace of our future lives, let us draw an oblivious veil over the past. She has a right to know why her parents should have so much loved, yet been so widely sundered; and I to ask, what exerted power maddened the reason, blasted the happiness, and destroyed for a time the moral perception of the wife of my boson, the mother, of my child." The vibrations of his voice showed that he had touched the chords "where age-

"Yes! Henry, it is just," she answered, "I feel that it is just. Heaven grant me strength for the task. Unworthy of the felletty of this moment—unworthy to be restored to this my forfeit place in your arms—let the story of my transgressions be an expiatory penance. But oh! If 'n broken and a contrite heart' is the sacrifice which God requires, I have long offered up an incense more acceptable than the blood of hecatomba."

She paused, as if to pray for the strength she needed, then continued: "Lorelly, when I first met your father I was not fifteen years of age, and he scarcely arrived at the years of manhood, such as that glowing ivory faintly images. I was far from my home, beyond the mountains of Virginia, visiting a friend of my deceased mother, who cherished for me even a maternal tenderness. How your fa-

ther, with the guardian who accompanied him, became acquainted with this family, you may know hereafter from himself; it is enough that we met. that we loved; but young as I was, the conviction of our love brought the consciousness of its hopelessness, for your father is an Englishman, and I knew your grandfather's implacable hatred to all of that race. He had been injured where he was most vulnerable-the honor of his house-by a base impostor of that nation, and swore eternal enunity to all who claimed allegiance with it. You recollect but you know not how terrible his wrath was on this theme. My kind maternal friend warned me of the danger I was incurring, but the spell of the enchanter was round me. I struggled not to break the golden net. I knew not the nature of the fascination that enthralled me, till your father was summoned to his native country, and in the enthusiasm of youth and passion, urged me to become his wife, that we might be indissolubly united, ere we parted. Infatuated girl that I was, I consented to the clandestine tie. I oven won by my tears and entreatles the sanction of my indulgent but misjudging friend, whose severer husband was then in a distant state. We were married. She was the sole witness of our bridal-by a singular colncidence, the priest who secretly united us died the very day after the ceremony-and her ear, the only one that heard our rash young vows, was soon after closed in death."

"Married!" ejaculated Lorelly, "and you not yet fifteen ?"

"Yes, Lorelly: remember my youth, and let it plead in my behalf—let it extenuate the imprudence of my conduct and palliate, if any thing can.

my succeeding crime."

"Here let me speak," interrupted Mr. Savage,
"and exonerate the innocent from blame. It was
my headstrong, ungovernable pussion, that sweeping over every restraint, triumphed over a daughter's filial scruples and bore down the opposition of
maturer wisdom. But go on, Frances, go on to the
period I dare not name, the consummation of our
wretcheadness and—"

"Forbear, Henry! let me not hear from your lips the sound which the fiends of conscience have nightly rung in my dreaming car. There seemed a blank in my existence after we were parted from each other. The death of my friend-my return to the paternal roof—is all I distinctly remember. I never dared to mention your name to my father, lest my secret should be revealed. I waited till you should return and claim me as your own, as your parting words had vowed. What was my consternation, when he bade me prepare to receive the son of an ancient friend, who had just returned from abroad, as my future husband; declaring that we had been betrothed to each other, by our parents from infancy. When in dismay and trembling, I shrunk from the proposition, and besought him never to mention his name again, he fell into a

fearful passion, and commanded me to obey him as a daughter. What secret bond united him to the father of Mr. Sutherland, I know not. It is one of those secrets which will never be revealed till the judgment day; but I believe this union bad dependencies, which were never to be divulged to the world.

"He spurned my prayers and my tears, and when driven to despair, I fell at his feet, and told him the secret of our love and wedlock—Righteons Powers! how terrible is man in his wrath! The tempest swept over me, but it did not crush me. He declared our nuptial vows nult and illegitimate. There was no witness left on earth—the record was blot-ted in Heaven. He breathed forth dark threats against you; he made your life the condition of my obedience; and I, child that I was, believed that he had the power of life and death in his hands. I would have thrown myself on the compassion of my destined victim, but I was not permitted to be with him alone. The stern eye of parental despotism was forever upon me. Let me not curse a father's memory; in all cles he was kind. That some awful oath bound him to the dead father of Sutnerland, I must ever believe; and the happiness and recitiade of his child was to be the devoled sacrifice. Oh! Henry, how can I recall the agonies of the nest.?

"I saw the preparations for bridal festivity—the paraphernalia more dreadful to me than the winding sheet of the grave. My senses seemed paralyzed—a night-mare brooded over my soul—I was passive and despairing, a kind of connecting link between the living and the dead. With a shivering heart and a fiery brain, I was carried to the altar. Nay, flash not on me that lightning glanee; it withers, it blast me."

"Can I think of such things and look calm? But not on you, poor, persecuted victim, should the lightning fall; on him—the unnatural author—"

"Spare him-he is in the bosom of eternity: Man's resentment cannot pierce the portais of the tomb. Let me hasten to the close, while my failing strength is yet equal to the task. I remember nothing, 'tili I found myself alone with Mr. Sutherland, for the first time, on the evening of the fatal ceremony. He addressed me in the language of gentleness and persuasion. He drew near me, and taking my coid and trembling hand in his vowed to devote his life to my fellcity. The lethargy of madness and despair was broken up-with a maniac shriek I snatched my hand from his grasp, and throwing myself wildly on the ground, implored his malediction, instead of his blessing. I knett in the strong prostration of agony at his feet, and told him the wretch I had made myself and him. Unhappy Sutherland-he was worthy of a better fate; I blighted his opening manhood-I doomed him to an early grave. He did not mock me in my humiliation and woe. He saw that my brain was smitten-my reason wavering; he gave me back my unhallowed vows; he foreswore his own in the name

of the all-hearing God-raised me-forgave me, and left me-I never saw him more."

Mrs. Sutherland paused, overcome by the intensity of her recoffections. Mr. Savage was droadfully agitated, but he did not speak. He only drew his wife still closer to his bosom, as if to assure her by an eloquence more powerful than words, of the depth of his sympathy, and the fullness of his pardon.

"And did he never return? did my father never come back to claim you as his own?" asked Lorelly, with breathiese anxiety, who had sat, with a face as white and still as marble, during the recital of events, which almost bailled her powers of credulity.

"Never," was the reply. "I wrote to him and disclosed the impassable gulf that separated us; I renounced each dear, each holy claim—and bade—

"I never received it," exclaimed Mr. Sayage; "I returned to the spot, where first we met; and the husband of your departed friend gave me this letter, whose truth he most solemnly corroborated."

Mrs. Sutherland took the paper, with a hand that was scarcely susceptible of the contact. It was the handwriding of her father, and contained a relation of her marriage, with a certificate of the clergyman who performed the rite, calling upon the person he addressed, as he valued his own honor, and the honor and life of her whom he had once dared to call his wife, to make an eternal renunciation of his now sacrilegious hopes.

"And thus were the tidings broken to you?" ejaculated she; "Oh! perseveringly cruel and unkind."

well instructed in his task. Every circumstance which could urge to the renunciation demanded, was reiterated and painted in glowing colors. He dwelt upon the honor of an ancient family, which would be forever blasted by my means. He appealed to me, by the memory of his dead wife, whose reputation would be sullied by a publicity of my claims. The name of Sutherland, you, will observe, is so indistinct in this letter, I could not decypher it, and he refused to enlighten me, fearing the consequences of my fury and revenge. It boots not to linger on such a scene, it terminated by my yielding him a solema promise, to return to my native country, without seeking a vengeance, which would but involve us all in Irremediable disgrace. I swore never to approach the place where you dwelt; to discard you forever from my remembrance; to shake you from my heart as a perjured and polluted thing. Fool that I was -as if I were born to love and forget—as if a soul like mine could be steeped in oblivion. I returned to the shores of the old worldyear after year passed on, still the curse of memory clung to me; the ashes of bitterness mingled in my life-cup. In the morning of my manhood, I became a morose and gloomy misanthrepist, a wandering pilgrim 'mid the wide desert of human life; weary at last of every thing around and about me, weary of myself and the world, I sought once more this western hemisphere, where I hoped to terminate my lone and motiveless existence; but Heaven has not willed it thus, and rich in mercy and love, indemnifies me, in the unutterable happiness of this hour, for years of wasting misery and desolution."

"As for me," cried Mrs. Sutherland, "the errin, and forgiven, for me, whose life has been one throf bidden angulsh, the deep, the oppressive joy—her lips closed on the unfinished sentence. The revalsion of her feelings had been too powerful for a constitution so debilitated as hers, and her strength bowed and failed, as soon as the surely of recently lation overwhelmed her with a flosal of resitted and gladness. Through the long watches of that night, her spirit seemed hovering on the confines of death. The silver links in miraculously commended trembled as if again to be dissolved. The golden bowl, whose shattered fragments were just juned in too one, threatened to be dashed into ruins near the fountain from whence it had been filled. But while this chastened martly to her own undisciplined passions lies waiting the decision of life's omalipatent giver and withdrawer, let us return to the valley of Cloredale, and the family from whom we have been to long separated.

So long separates.

Before changing the scene, however, before leaving this remantic and strangely destined pair, it may be well to remark, that whatever objections may be raised against her history, as wild and improbable, it has truth for its outline, and only adds.

another and powerful argument in favor of the remance of real life, and the mysteries and inexplica-

CHAPTER XV.

αPlus p\u00e1e que la p\u00e1le automne, Tu t'inclinet vers le tombeau, Th jeusesse sern fi\u00f6tris Avant l'herbe de la prairie, Avant les nameres du c\u00f6teau."

"Heaven's fire is around these to blast and to burn; Return to thy divelling, all lonely return,

Thu white muslin curtains of that window in the English cottage, which looked down into the garden, were drawn together, so as to exclude the dazzling rays of the sun, which fall with such oppressive brightness on the sad and dying eye. Children were seen leaning over the white railing, and looking up with silent awe towards the chamber, which their young imaginations invested with the pump and solemilities of death—for it had been told them, and they whispered it to each other, that Viola Revingion was dying. There are few, who have one felt the dim, religious grandeur assectiated

with the scene, where a human being is known to

be passing through the mysterious change, which separates that breath which is the inspiration of the separates that breath which is the inspiration of the Almighty, from the cold particles of early if lately warmed and informed. We pass the mod-walled hovel, were Death holds his gloomy yet magnificent court, with a sensation of thrilling veneration, which the purple and gold of royalty never could awaken; for the spot where an immort al spirit is taking its invisible dight, is the most fearful, the most glorious in the universe.

Pale and shadowy, no veitige of her former sel remaining but her spiritual blue eyes, and fair so locks, which had been cut during her illness, an fell in short thick clusters on her brow, Viola la half reclining in the arms of her brother, feeling that death itself was divested of its horrors, while the upheld over the dark, misty valley. Her mother was kneeding in prayer by her bed-side, in a humili atton of sorrow and depth of resignation, which none but those who have passed through the refiner's fire are capable of feeling and Catharine's face was bowed on the pillow in speechless angula, all its living roses wilted by watching, weariness, and

"Is the sun near setting?" asked Viola, in a faint difficult voice, lifting her eyes to the darkened windows.

"Not yet, my sister," answered Russel, while the conviction that it would never rise again for her, pressed cold and heavy as iron on his heart.

If fear the will not come," continued the, still more faintly; "an least till I am gone. Yet I loved he or mirrely, my spirit would linger here a little longer. Has my parting eyes may look on her once more. All that I love on earth will thee to round my; and I can the, Russel—Oh, I can the a hoppy!"

quest of Viola had been summoned to her dying had.

lated; and eternity-God and eternity-pervaded every thought. It was the first time Lorelly had ever stood by the bed "where parting life was laid." and she was oppressed by the awful reality. It was the first time she had ever truly realized she was herself a child of the dust, and doomed to decay. for she saw the consuming of beauty, the vanishing of all those fair tints, which constitute the leveliness of life. Poetry and painting may throw illusive colors around such scenes, but there is no delusion in nature; and there is always something in the last moments of the dying, which fills the living with a kind of holy dread. Lorelly gazed on the sunken check, husbess lips, and glazing eye of the young and late hemitiful Viola. She watched the laboring breath growing morter and shorter, the damp pallid hands clasped closely together, till her own eyes grow dim and her own limbs powerless, and sinking on her knee by Mrs. Rovington's side, the sobs of sorrow and the prayer of faith blended together by

All at length became so hushed and still, the mother rose to look upon the face of the dead; but with one of those sudden illuminations of life's wasting lamp, Viola opened her eyes, and exclaimed with startling distinctness—

"Mother, dear mother, bend over me. I have something to tell you. Let not Russel marry that woman. He does not love her, and an angel just told me that it was wicked. If I had not wept so much, be never would have done it. For us—for me—and now I am going to die. Oh, God forgive

She paused a moment, and her wandering reason mistaking the silence of powerless grief for assent.

kindled into joy at the supposition.

"Oh, mother," she continued, with an angelle smile, "I knew it could not be. In my Father's house are many mansions. Then let them take our little cottage from us. We'll live in the palaces of Heaven. The flowers will never wither there; and there, Russel, your poor Viola's tears will never grieve you more; and Lorelly will comfort you for all I've made you shed on earth. For she's kind and gentle; and then she loves you too."

The voice of the sweet enthusiast died on the ear; the unlocked hands fell heavily by her side, and the lips, just parted with a bowildered smile, were fixed in the immobility of everlasting sleep. The spirit was traveling its unseen path, and the mourners were gazing on dust and ashes.

It was the lone hour of midnight; the clouds swept darkly o'cr a moonless sky; the wind had that low, mysterious marmer which breathes through the pale leaves of autumn when the gale rustles through the forest; while by the dim light of a lamp that glimmered on the table, Russel Rovington watched by the shrouded body of Viola. The eyes of maternal and sisterly affection, that bad for many a weary might kept their unalambering vigils over her, were

at length closed in a troubled sleep; but he felt as if neither "peppy, nor mandragona, nor all the drowsy drugs in the world," would ever medicline him into repose. In the deep stillness of the scene, unbroken save by the sullen sweeping of the night-blast against the windows, the throbbing of his own heart assumed a sound fearful and distinct. He placed his hand on the lanocent heart, now cold and pulseless as marble, so late the unconteminated residence of vitality, and he leathed the consciousness of existence. He bent over the still and placid lips, pale and pure as the fallen snow-drop's leaves, and it seemed that he still heard the solema prohibition breathed forth as her soul was departing—"Let not trains that followed—"Lorelly shall comfort him for all the tears he has shed on carth," floated like angel symphonics on his car.

"Never, never, sweet cherub!" he exclaimed, in Irrepressible angulah of spirit; then finding the contract of her child utter lifelessness with his own stormy emotions too oppressively appalling, he rose, and throwing up the sash, leaned his feverish brow against the casement, and looked steadily on the heavens, then gloomy and heavy as a funeral pall, almost wondering that he could not trace on the night arch,

While he thus gazed, a sudden flash of light flitted across his face; but dazzled by the unexpected brightness he could not ascertain its source. Again the convexation darked through the gloom, and he distinctly

saw the turret of La Grange illumined by a quirering radiance, at first glimmering and uncertain, but soon shining with a steady glow, and rease like a Pharce through the sea of midnight darkness.

"Mr. Marriwood's house is on fin !" was his sudden

To close the sash, draw the white curtains closely round the virgin clay; descend the staircase, and round the virgin clay; descend the staircase, and rush into the street, was the work of an instant. The alarum of "fire! fire!" burst clear and high as a trumpet's call from his lips, and echoed far through the dense atmosphere. It was answered from the upper end of the street, and before he had reached his arenue of tall poplar trees, that led to the dwelfing the bell of the village church was ringing it lings the bell of the village church was ringing to dealering peal. The dames now rolled in gathering volumes from the roof of the let wing, mixed with black coils of smoke, twining like hideous servents with the burning wreaths, undulating in the

Reavens, the blood froze in his veins, when by the Rovington's blood froze in his veins, when by the lurid light surrounding him, he saw a dark figure standing in arch-way beneath the roof, which had been made as a niche for some sculptured divinity, and through the noise of the rushing flames, a shaul

of wild extination was research? screamed the manisc "The oppressor is oppressed," screamed the manisc wice of Lovell; "the bolt is fallen from Heaven's own armory, and hisses in the heart of the destroyer."

Rovington rushed on with the speed of desperation. He understood but too well the words of the modelened prochet; and the scene in the thunder shower, beneath the portice of the old church, was brought fearfully to his memory. Notwithstanding his repugnance to his unhappy suptials, the thought for the imminent danger to which Penitence was exposed, moved all the energies of humanity within him. He could not have winged his way with more breathless rapidity if he had seen Lorelly herself in the midst of the condingration, than he now did to that wing of the building which contained the chamber of Penitence Marriwood. With a strength he had never exerted before, he burst open the folding doors, and run up the first flight of steps, calling on Mr. Marriwood's name in a voice which high the work of the steps with the strength of the steps with the strength of the steps, calling on Mr. Marriwood's name in a voice which high have plerced the "dail cold" car of Viola. Mr. Marriwood who slept in the lower apartment of the sume wing, heard the startling summons, and pening his door, exclaimed—

"Who calls? Good heavens, what is the matter!"
"Your house is in flames," said Rovington. "Save
yourself, Mr. Marriwood; I'll save your daughter."
"Oh, save her!" cried the miserable father, scarcely conscious of the extent of the enlamity. "For Call, sale father, scarcety conscious of the extent of the enlamity. "For the control of the extent of the enlamity. "For the control of the extent of the enlamity. "For the control of the extent of the enlamity."

He attempted to follow the flying steps of Rovington; but his knees knocked together, and he clung to the banisters for support, while cold clamture excels gathered on his brow.

When Rovington reached the landing place, volumes of smoke rolled down through the upper gallery, roddening as they rolled, thickening and

heating the atmosphere, so as to threaten instant suffocation. Smothering, groping in the darkness, he felt by the vibration of the wood, that his hand was upon a door, but the resisting latch showed that it had been locked by the tenant.

"Penitence! Penitence!" cried he, "rouse for your life! Wake, or you perish! The flames are around you, but I'll bear you through them at life's peril."

A horrible shrick, so wild and shrill that it seemed as if the agony of years were concentrated in onebreath, pierced through the barrier that separated them, followed by the sound of a heavy body falling near the door. Another effort and he wrenched it from its hinges, but gasping and choking was driven back a moment by the flames that, bursting through the other end of the apartment, were rushing with bideous roaring to find a downward passage. His recling senses could barely distinguish a white object prone on the floor, which he conceived must be the unfortunate Penitence, probably lifeless through down the staircase fast filling with smoke, while billows of fire rolled fiercely behind him, he knew not -felt not. He was only conscious that he was flying from something terrible, and that the existence of another, dependent on him for protection, was at

At the foot of the marble steps in front of the devoted mansion, he staggered and fell, breathles from preternatural exertion, and gasping from the burning atmosphere he had so long inhaled. A crowd was now gathered round the spot, making fruitless endeavors to avert the progress of the o'ermustering element. Through the confused and juring sounds, he could hear the voice of the wretched father calling upon his child. "My child, my child! Merciful heavens! has she perished in the flames? Rovington! where is he! Good God! is he too lost!"

In vain did Rovington endeavor to naswer the heart-rending appent; his parched lips and dry throat could urticulate no sound; he tried to rise and bring the father to his rescued, though still insensible daughter, but has stillened limbs refused to obey his volition. While he thus remained, his spirit galled by the bondage of the flesh, his eyes, blinded by the smoke and glare, were fixed by a kind of fascination on the supernatural figure, that still kept its perilous station in the lofty arch-way. The fire was raging in the wings of the building and in the relay, but had not yet reached the post, where like a triumphant demon, he stood shouting and laughing over the roin he had wrought. Enveloped in the endaverous light of the surrounding flames, his long black hair, seconingly ignited and sparkling as it streamed back in serpect coils from his brown his uncardily accents mingling with the sallen roar of the conflagration, 1/5 simpossible for the imagination to conceive a more awful personification of a spirit of darkness, in the regions of despair.

"Fve done it, Tve done it," howled the maniac, "yes! pitiles wretches! the houseless and homeless has joind vongeance at last. The hour is come. I waited till the mandate was given. Here I stand till the flames wrap me in their winding sheet. Here I shout till the pillars of the temple bow down beneath me, and crush ye in its fall. Then, hat ha! I'll rise immortal o'er the blazing wreck and laugh at your desalation."

Just as he finished the last exulting sentence, a tremendous roll of flame burst through the arch over his head, the roof fell with a terrible crash, while the deluded avenger of his imagined wrongs, was seen clinging for a moment to the burning rafters, then plunging, sinking down, down into a fiery grave. This horrible sight roused the paralyzed senses of Rovington. He felt as if chains were fallen from him, and the hot, deadly weight heaved

Terrified at the long and total insensibility of Penittence he sprung upon his feet, in the hope of finding at least a draught of water in the confusion, to rouse her from her deadly swoon. The voice of Dr. Chandler sounded like a preserving angel's, and he was soon by the side of his unconscious patient, followed by the half distracted father, who, true to the holy impulses of nature, forgot the wealth he

"You have saved her then, Rovington," cried he; "God bless you, my son; God bless you!" and overcome by the sudden revulsion of his feelings, the late proud and stately Mr. Marriwood sat down on

"We must convey her to the nearest dwelling," and the doctor, "where we can find proper restorative." It seemed but the space of a moment, when they entered a cottage, near the late princely residence, whose female inmates were gazing in terror and admiration on the magnificent spectacle adjacent. Rovingion laid his apparently reviving burden on a bed indicated by one compassionate woman, while another ran for a candle and camphor. The moment the light shone full upon the features of the rescued victim, Rovington recoiled with herror and amazement, exclaiming—"Gracious Providence! what have I done?" While the misserable father, with a cry of piercing agony, fell prostrate on the floor and groveled in the dust. It was indeed no other than Miss Pepperii, who by a strange Providence, had that night shared the bed of Penitence, and thus received the succor intended for the unfortunate believes.

"Is it yet too late?" cried Rovington, rushing again into the street, whither Mr. Marriwood, clinging to the hope excited by his words, immediately pursued him.

"Oh! look there, look there, Rovington!" he groaned, "burning—burning—childless, homeless! Merciless Judge! I ask but to die."

Nature does not portion its affections in proportion to the worth of the object; and with all her imperfections, Penitence was very dear to her father's heart. She was his only child, and all his earthly love was getinered up in her, even as if she were a treasury of "Heaven's own induences". This selfish and high-minded man, who had imagined prosperity immortal, and adversity of plebelan rank, humbled, crushed beneath the hand of the Almighty, felt, for the first time, the powerchessais of earth and the omnipotence of Heaven. Transfixed like a statur, he gazed on the broad mass of living flame, now wrapping every outline of the dwelling, the certain grave of his child, over whose rescue he had just wept in the impotence of joy; then covering his fince with his hands, he would again have bowed himself to the dust, had not the arm of Rovington sustained him, and supported him back to the ab iter they had found; where Miss Peppenil, bewildered and aghast, was yet rejoicing in the consciousness of her recovered existence.

No thought of self entered the breast of Rovington in this hour of unlooked-for diseasy. Every feeling of former repugaance was merged in commiscration for the awful doom of his affianced wrie; and remembering only the devoted affection she had avowed for him, and the relief his family had received through her instrumentality, he upbraided himself for his coldness and aversion, his selfabness and ingratitude. He had done all that man could do; he had perilled his own life to save hers, as freely as if she had been the dearest object in the universe, but destiny had rendered his efforts futile. Never, without a shivering sensation, could he re-

call the shrick that plerced his cars, which he fervently hoped might have been her death shrick, so dreadful was the image of the agonics that must have succeeded.

Through the remainder of that disestrous night, he remained with the wretched Mr. Marriwood, by a sympathy deeper than words, affording him a consolution words are impotent to convey. Thus smitten by calamily, he was an object of reverence in his cyes, for greater than he had ever been in his hour of pride and prosperity,—for sorrow is Heaven's anointing oil, and sanctifies the being on whom its influence is shed.

The morning sun-beams, undinned by the wees of man, shone dazzlingly down on the smonldering wreck of Los/Fr Folip, where the asless of the avenging maniac and the unfortunate Penitence, mingled undistinguished from the rulns of lideless matter, save by some blenched and ghastly bones.

CHAPTER XVI

"Here still is the small that no cloud can o'exam.

And the heart and the hand all thine own to the ran's

Moon

It was rather more than a week after the dreadful event which filled the valley of Cloverdale with nunttrable consternation, when the following letter was not into the hands of Russel Royington.

48.m—A stranger even in name, I would not suctude on you at such an hour, did not the molve that actuate me, lift me above the cold coremoules of society. I know y are history, and long to claim fellowship with you as a brother man; but I have another title, which I trust will offer a higher consideration of regard—the father of Lorelly Sutherland.

wWe are about to return to her native state. Let this circumstance be my apology for invading the anctuary of domestic alliction. I could not depart and leave a question, in which my own happinness is deeply interested, undecided. As the gourdian of a daughter's delicacy, I cannot now add more; but favor me with an interview at Elmograve and I shall then learn, whether I shall hereafter regret having in this instance expressed too much."

In consequence of this mysterious and agitating note, Rovington presented himself at Elm-grove,

and entering the drawing room, found bimself in the presence of a man of mujestic appearance and strikingly interesting countenance, whose faded complexion contrasted singularly with the deep brilliancy of his eyes, which fistening on the faceof Royington, seemed to flash down into the very depths of his soul.

"Your name, sir," said the stranger, advancing towards him, "must be Rovington. I need no introduction; mine is Savage. I am the father of her, whom you know as Lorelly Sutherland."

Rovington's only answer was a silent bow—for strong emotion impeded his utterance; but never perhaps had his person pleaded so powerfully in his favor, notwithstanding the traces of the recent confingration.

The lustre of his dark-brown hair was marred, here and there, by the scorching blaze; and his left arm suspended in a sling, showed how much he had suffered from his humane exertions; while there was that in his pale face, which gave evidence of deeper largead, than those made by elemental power.

"I do not ask you, sir," said Mr. Savage, withdrawing his earnest gaze from the pensive features of Raviagoin, "I do not ask you to pardon the intrusion of my note. I know too well the desolation caused by severed affections, to allow fastidious secuples to triumph over what I consider my first and haliest duties. I would not violate the respect due to the memory of the departed, but the feelings of a father are sacred. Suffer me to ask you one question, and your answer will determine my future conducts. Do you still love my daughter?

"He alone who made me, knows how fervently I love her," answered Rovington, the blood runking high into his temples as he spoke; "but I cannot even cleim a place in her esteem. Bewildered at your unexpected kindness, I marvel at its source."

"I told you that I knew your history; with a character like yours, I scorn all deception and disguise. Separated for years from an idolized wife, a deceived and misanthropic man, I have just been restored to the blessings of domestic life, and find myself doubly happy in a daughter, any father might be proud to own. Jenlous of her felicity, I marked a cloud upon her sunshiny spirit, and learned from her all her heart. The mystery that obscured your character, has since been dispersed, and you are fully vindicated in her estimation. The woman whom you rescued from the flames, is now a guest of Mrs. Elmwood's, and in gratitude to you, has related a conversation which occurred on the banks of the Devon, to which she was an unseen listener. My daughter feels that she has unconsciously wronged you, and does honor to the rectitude of your principles, and the strength of your filial devotion."

Not all the joy which Rovington felt, at being once more reinstated in Lorelly's esteem, could over-power the pain he, experienced, that Penitence's shameful secret had not been buried in her untimely grave. He pever would have justified himself at the expense of her reputation, and little aware of

Miss Pepperil's listoning capabilities, believed his own honorable bisconits only depository. For a moment, however, he yielded with tumulinous extuby to the conviction of Lorelly's love, and the hope that dawned upon his destiny; but a cold recollection came over him, like a death-frost, and holding down the throbbings of his heart, he sought to answer the piercing glance of Mr. Savage, with one that shrunk not from his scrutiny.

"I am most honored, yet most unfortunate, six", said Rovinglon. "You have learned the mysteries of my past life, and I know they will be sacred in your keeping; for not only my own honor, but that of, a most respectable individual is inevitably involved. That I have your dangitter even to idolatry, I dare not dany; but it is in the utter hopelessness of passion, for almostical on every side, weighed down by obligations, it must be the business of my life to cancel, I know that I have but one difficult path to troad. No! sir, prouder than I am poor, I must be content to adore, ione and remote, the excellencies I can never claim as my own."

"Not so," answered Mr. Savage, vehemently; "I am rich in unappropriated gold, and you have wealth to which gold is but dust. Lorelly," continued he, suddenly opening the door, which led into the library, "Lorelly, my child, come hither."

Startled by the unexpected summons, Lorelly came with instant obedience, unconscious that she was ealled into the presence of him, who at that moment was occupying all her thoughts. Arrested by sur-

price and emotion, she stood before then the beautiful coloring of modesty manifing her virginial check, while the face of Rovington 1 - 2000 - pale as the marble bust, placed over the mantle-piece on which he leaned.

"My daughter shall be the umpire," said Mr. Savago, taking her hand in his and drawing her towards him, "Lorelly, this young man is a paradox.
He professes that he lives but to adore you, while
his pride forbids him to claim alliance with your
virtues. What taking you of the strength of that
love, that yields without a struggle to the empire of
pride."

"Without a struggle!" exclaimed Revington;
"Heaven be my winess that you wrong me. Love!
Hy-Miss Satherhad—since first I have known you,
my life has been one continual conflict, between
love and duty. Were I the master of millions, I
should still deem myself unworthy of your acceptance, but now, there is a bond upon my sod!"—here
Rovington's proud blood flowed back with painful
revulcion even to his brows. "Spare me," continued he, "spare the memory of the dead." In bitter
humiliation of spirit, he knell at her feet, oppressed
by the greatness of the sacrifice he was making.
"Pride! Lorelly, does this look like pride! I have
never knell but in prayer before, and now, while I
know I must resign you forever, my soul prostrates
itself in the dast before you, to vindicate its adoration."

"Not inestimable years man, you shall never resign her," exclaimed Mr. Savago. "I had rather a
daughter of mine were suited in such high and honorable worth, these are in placed upon a throne.
Consider me from this monient in the light of a
father, and a such a pensible for every obligation
you have impressed any yourself. You will still leave
me your choice, if you prove a faithful generalian to
this new found, but provides treasure. And now,
Lavelly, bid him was not fell him as he once sacrifired love to failed duty, he must now immedate his
pride as his love."

"If he down me worthy of a sacrifice," said Lorelly, helding out her hand to Royington, with a saidle so lorely in its bashful archives, it would have conferred value on a much meaner offering.

"I am used to de pair, but not to happiness," cried Rovington, budding his head over the trambling hand that raised him from the earth. "I cannot sustain such a weight of gratitude, a bankrupt oven in words."

He remembered the moment when he had parted from Lorelly, so the threshold of that very door—and holding ber icy band in his, had prayed that he might never again clasp it, unless he could retain it forever—and now, as it yielding softness thyilled to his innest heart; he felt the blissful assurance, that it neight be his, by every sanction that paternal authority and maiden truth could give. Even pride, rebelling against the burthen of obligation received from the father, became merged in

"You have rebuked my haughty spirit, sir," said he, turning towards Mr. Savage a countenance indinous with feeling. "I will not blosh to be your debtor, in the confidence of one day redeeming what I may owe; for in our country, the path of honorable distinction it open to all. That path I have sworn to tread, and when I have traveled so fare as to secure even the reversion of fame and fortune, then, sir, and not till then, I will claim your daughter."

"Yan have the reversion now,—you have a secuity in your talents and present reputation. But I have just found my daughter, and cannot yet reliaquish her, now would I have you full in any respit due to the unfortunate family, with which you are in honor connected. To-morrow, we return to the south; I fear, lest my wife should linger too long in your colder clime. In one year from this time, fellow us there, and then we can talk about those worldly triple, fame and fortune."

He approached the door as he was meaking, and opening it, as he attered the last words, turned upon Lorelly a benign smile, and left the apartment.

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One year glided way, and during its silent lagse the valley of Cloverdule experienced those vicissitudes incident to a mutable world. There had been the records of births, marriages, and deaths—the three grand events of human life,

Mr. Marriwood, humbled by misfortune, yet retaining many traces of his former aristocracy, lingered for a while near the secone of his calamities, but at length unable to endure their remembrance, left the valley and returned to the metropolis. It would be an omission, not to remark here, that Mr. Savage, before his departure, had sought an interview with Mr. Marriwood, and with the delicacy which the subject demanded, made known the debt of Rovington, which he immediately canceled. Mr. Marriwood was surprised and egitated, but he did not refuse the offering. He neves mentioned the subject to Rovington, who was fully aware of all he owed to Mr. Savage.

To add to Mr. Marriwood's domestic griefs, his beautiful niece and orphan ward, had cloped with the young coxcomb, of whom she became enamored at Nahant, who proved a heartless, worthless adyeatures, somewhat lured by her beauty, but more by her reputed wealth. Doomed to the sad realities of life, poor Florence wept over her dreams of romance, till finding her fate inevitable, she turned for consolution to the very pages that had led to the ruin she deplored. The ruling pussion governed will.

Miss Pepperil continued a resident at Elm-grove, paying many a long visit to the English cottage, to show her gratitude to Rovington, who had twice preserved her life at the peril of his own. She indulged to the delightful anticipation of installing herself to his bousehold, whenever he should bring home his Virginian bride; and anguled herself with the idea of bother a perfect leafy, if she could command the services of a slave. But as these visions were never realized, and Mrs. Elawood left the country for a foreign land, for the restoration of he declining health, poor Miss. Pepperil was at last obliged to accept of a home with her despised and neglected sister, where she repined at the degradation of her lot—the fretful ghost of departed zero tility.

Catharine Rovington was about to be married to Dr. Chandler, who in spite of the levity which sometimes degenerated into folly, possessed one of the best heads and warmest hearts in the world. He had always admired Catharino's noble, independent spirit, but it was only during the illness of Vivola he learned to love her domestic virtues; and it was his gentleness and kindness to her suffering sister, that won the grateful sflection of Catharine.

Royington, his year of probation having expired, claimed the reward for which he had tolled with unremitting ardor. He had fuffiled his promise to Mr. Savage, for fortune and fame already beamed with reversionary brightness upon his path. In the proud confidence of futures independence, obtained by honorable exertion, his spirit ceased to chafe under the remembrance of uncanceled obligations.

In the prospect of as pure felicity, as man is capable of enjoying. I leave him, for happiness, like the

celestial light of heaven, though it impacts a divine influence to every thing around, is itself indescribable. The patinter, when he stretches his canvar to receive the imitated tints of nature, watches the cloud, the mountain, and enhance—something that will stand out in bold relief, to arrest the passing glance—but turns from the unshadowed blue, the level plain, and placid wave. The elements of sub-limity may be defined, while the softer ones of beauty molt in undistinguishable loveliness into each other.

PENER.